

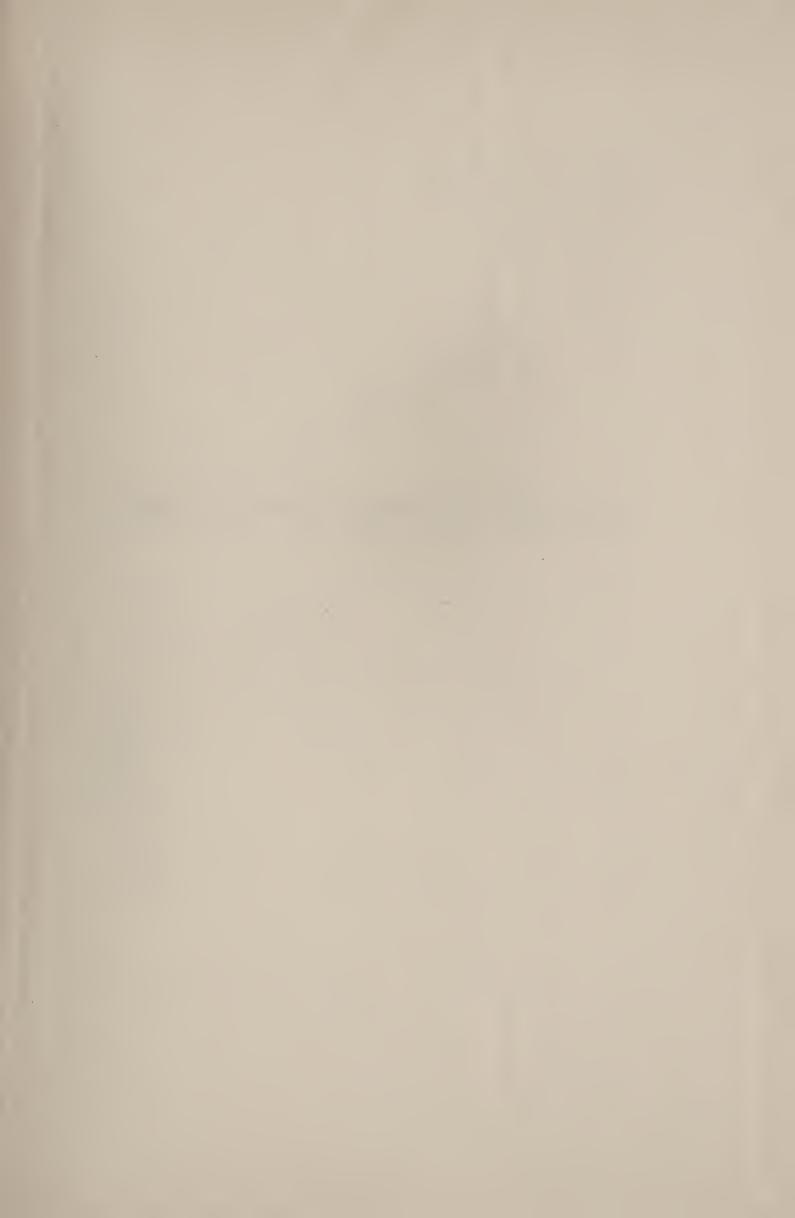
DOROTHY PLUMMER



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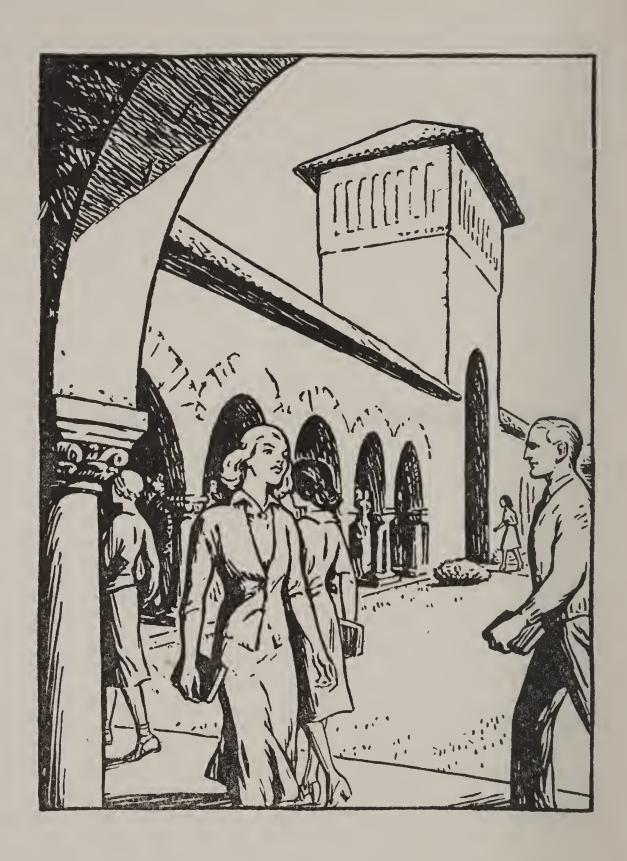
Book

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AN'S FR	ESHMAN	YEAR	AT	STANF	ORD



By

Dorothy Plummer

Boston 1939 New York
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD
COMPANY

7-13: Jo Copys

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DEC -7 1939

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

OCIA 134670

J.M. 2 50,00

PREPARED AND UNAFRAID

Publisher's Note

It is our hope that, in some small way, JOAN'S FRESHMAN YEAR AT STANFORD fulfills the concept of modern education expressed in the Commencement address of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur to the Graduating Class of 1935.

A war can consume time or take life; a depression can reduce property or destroy income; but only disease or degeneration can take away trained brains.

Many of you are here today because your families have wanted to give you security and the power to proceed with a normal life in the face of perplexing changes. Change and the unexpected are good stimulants. You need not fear them if you are prepared and change with them while still keeping your own life course. Stanford has tried to give you both training and a sense of values and direction. Without these one is apt to merely flop around. Too rigid following of narrow objectives for too long a time results in prejudices and pettiness. Sometimes, as I see men persist in selfish aims I think of the old darkey who was navigating a boat across the Chesapeake Bay at night. The North Star had been pointed out to him and he was told to hold the course

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upon it. In the middle of the night he woke up the owner and asked him to pick him out a new star, as he had lost the old one. As we grow we must be on the lookout for new stars and for new directions. You will find life full of new and brilliant stars if you look out for them. But you will also find the sky full of stars, so that choices must be made by you all of the time. Those choices determine where you go and how fast and far you travel.

The training you have received makes your sense of values such that your selections should be wiser than those of many others. Your sky should be filled with more guiding stars—since through teacher, library, and laboratory you have been brought into contact with the results in literature, history, and science of a myriad of the more significant human lives that our world has known. A prepared mind is like a good tool. It can be used for diverse tasks; but it needs constant sharpening to keep ready for the next job that comes.

To be prepared is to have confidence and to be unafraid. Keeping your record clean, so that you can look every neighbor in the eye without shame or excuse, is the surest way to happiness and content. Your own personality is your own greatest possession, and it belongs only to you. No one else ever has or ever will be you. Around it you have built that covering shell with which youth early learns to protect itself. Sharp experiences, disappointments, and disillusions have hardened it; but you must not withdraw into its

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cover like a disturbed mollusk to avoid trouble or pain.

Now with graduation comes the time for you to act positively, for your personality to count, and for the development of your own morale. Let others, if they must, whine or whimper about the rules or hardships. Get into the game of life and play it hard—but play it with others, respecting their rights and their personalities. I envy you the chance to take a part in the next fifty years, with the world made small, intense, and dangerous but full of wonderful possibilities. Anyone can fish in a quiet and reposeful inlet; but it takes real men to fight the tides and storms where the best fish are.

Stanford has tried to make you respect facts, to permeate you with a sense of loyalty and honesty, to fire you with a desire to be of service to neighbor and nation. With confidence in you and in our state and nation we set you free with our distinguishing marks of parchment or hood, in the high hope that you are prepared and unafraid.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

President of Stanford University



OF

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

S TANFORD UNIVERSITY, a living, ever-changing memorial to Leland Stanford, Jr., opened its doors on October 1st, 1891, with four hundred and sixty-five registered students. Its inception goes back seven years earlier to March, 1884, when Leland, Jr., a boy of sixteen and the only child of the Senator and Mrs. Stanford, passed away while traveling abroad.

In the midst of this crushing sorrow, the Stanfords expressed their wish that thereafter "the children of California should be their children." Thus, they sought some form of memorial that would at once, not only immortalize the memory of their beloved son, but which would be a lasting contribution to the well-being and happiness of the youth of the Golden West. That they should choose education as this greatest gift was not strange, as Leland, Jr. himself had once expressed a desire to aid those students who were not financially able to secure a university education. But many Californians doubted the wisdom and the practicability of such a university as the Stanfords planned.

Were there not universities enough? Why duplicate what the state was already doing? Why divide the friends of education in California, compete for students with the then struggling University of California, thereby bringing in the element of unwholesome competition and rivalry?

There was another reason for hesitation. The Stanfords proposed to emphasize the practical nature of higher education. In university circles, fifty years ago, this was an attitude looked upon with suspicion. Lowell would have a university where nothing that is useful is taught. The Stanfords seemed to want an institution where nothing that is not useful would find a place. The intention of the student as to what he proposed to do in life was to be early declared and steadily kept in view. Yet, the charter was broadly drawn, and all those courses which the educators think of as the "humanities" were included as contributing to the preparation and development of the practical individual.

The choice of its first president determined the aims and scope of Stanford University, and determined, for a generation at least, and possibly for all time, the kind of institution which was to grow up upon this far western rim of the continent. For it was Dr. David Starr Jordan who formed Stanford University in all its essential features, and who gave it those characteristics which we instinctively associate with the Stanford way, the Stanford spirit, and the Stanford life—on the Farm

and in the world of affairs. The internal organization of the University was modeled upon Cornell and Indiana, a combination which maintained the classical American form of education and exalted the ideal of scholarship and scholarly training. But with characteristic western audacity, the dead weight of tradition was cast aside, and modern problems were approached wholly in the modern spirit. Dr. Jordan chose a faculty of young men with their spurs yet to win. He gave them complete independence, and freedom of thought and action. He set up the equality of subjects. He inspired each department to propose for itself a definite goal of attainment, and to train its major students, from the beginning, toward that goal. He carried out, in his own relations with faculty and students, a frank democratic comradery which gave to Stanford society a notable distinction and charm.

The history of the University, in outward events, divides itself easily into a number of quite distinct periods. The first covers that of the two initial years, from 1891 to 1893, ending with the death of Senator Stanford in June of the latter year. This was preeminently the Golden Age. It was the period of discovery, of unlimited possibilities. If there were unexpected obstructions also, these only added to the zest of existence. Excepting only the Business Office, no cloud larger than a man's hand showed on the horizon. The enrollment of the first year was larger than that of the State University, then nearly a quarter of a century

old; the second year showed an increase of forty percent. There was pioneering in the dormitories and on the Row, unexpected limitations, mistakes, misunderstandings, misfits, but the glow of achievement and of promise spread over everything that was undertaken during these two years.

The second period began with the death of Senator Stanford, followed immediately by the financial panic of 1893. Since the University's endowment was only prospective, not actual, this calamity should have wiped Stanford University off the map. But Mrs. Stanford's steadfastness, courage, resourcefulness, and personal sacrifice saved the financial situation. Dr. Jordan's unfaltering optimism, and wise and daring expediency, together with the unwavering loyalty of faculty and student body, brought the University through, unimpaired in ideals and practical accomplishment, retarded only in its development. At the end of the period the returning wave of financial prosperity had restored their former values to the Stanford properties, and the estate was at last out of the probate court and in the hands of Mrs. Stanford, still sole trustee of the University.

The third period, 1895 to 1905, may be characterized as the age of expansion, of great building activity. The whole of the Outer Quadrangle and the Memorial Church belong to this period. Its second noteworthy feature was the establishment of the rule of the trustees and the end of the era of personal government. All the

dreams of the founders as to the external university seemed about to be realized. It was the period also when the majority of fraternity and sorority houses were constructed, when the University generally seemed at the beginning of its greatest development. It was brought to a close in February, 1905, with the quiet passing of Mrs. Leland Stanford, and the assumption of leadership and responsibility for the University's future by a Board of Trustees.

The fourth period had its actual beginning with the earthquake of 1906 when a number of Stanford's new buildings were destroyed with an estimated loss of \$2,500,000, and may be thought of as closing in 1913 when Dr. Jordan laid down the presidency he had held uninterruptedly for twenty-two years. Outwardly this was a period of rebuilding, inwardly of bewilderment, of vanishing expectations, of student turmoil, of many readjustments. The trustees were discovering financial limitations. The general atmosphere was one of inertia. Underneath, though, the Stanford spirit, the Stanford viewpoint, the Stanford ideal remained untouched. There was actual growth, even if the pace were not rapid, and a heartening faith that the next turn in the road would bring the promised land again within the range of vision.

The fifth period may be thought of as covering the presidency of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, beginning in 1916 and scheduled to end in 1942. The two and a half years of Dr. Branner's presidency (1913–16) was a

prelude in which, while no large undertakings were started, steady progress was made. With the coming of Dr. Wilbur, doubt and uncertainty were left behind, and an era of rapid expansion and unexampled growth began. In the twenty-three years already passed, eight million dollars have been added to the investment funds of the University, and the income available for academic uses has increased more than four-fold. The number of students has more than doubled. An extensive building program has included, among the most notable structures, the Art Gallery, the Library, the Women's Gymnasium, two dormitories each for men and women, Memorial Hall, the Laurence Frost Amphitheater, the Cubberley Education Building, and, under construction, is the War Library planned to house the extensive collection of material covering the World War assembled by ex-President Herbert Hoover. Undergraduate instruction has been reorganized, the Independent Study Plan introduced, and the Food Research Institute and the Graduate School of Business added to the departments of research and instruction. In all departments and "schools," graduate and research work has been emphasized and made largely possible by special grants and appropriations from many sources. Dr. Jordan thought the pioneer classes were attracted to Stanford because "all its finger posts pointed forward." Under the leadership of Dr. Wilbur this has become the university's strongest characteristic.

And to the Future. . . .

Stanford is unique among the great universities of the world, not alone because of the natural beauty of the surrounding country and of its campus, nor yet because of the perfect planning and construction of its buildings—any great university can develop these. But there is an unusual quality about "The Farm." Beneath the friendly informality of the campus and the gracious manner of living is an ever restless spirit of change—of modern seekers for romance, adventure and truth in science and in the arts; of youth ever challenging the unknown, respecting the established, but not accepting it without question.

Yes, though we cannot hope to predict the amount of power this still young and vigorous university shall wield through future generations we know that its students will keep alive Stanford's ideal of quality and usefulness, and will take with them to all walks of life and to the far corners of the earth the creed that David Starr Jordan gave them, "Let the Winds of Freedom Blow."

ORRIN LESLIE ELLIOTT
Registrar, Emeritus

Stanford University September 1, 1939

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author and the publishers thank the Stanford University Press for permission to use the address by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur from *Stanford Horizons*, and Mr. Edward R. Martin for permission to use "A Historical Sketch of Stanford," which originally appeared in *Where the Rolling Foothills Rise*, and which has been especially revised for this publication by Dr. Orrin Leslie Elliot.



Chapter One

I "Dora, please hook me up."

"There, I've found my shawl! Bunny was sitting on it."

Joan leaned back in the makeup chair and closed her eyes. It was her first moment of rest that day. In spite of the relaxation, however, her heart beat high and every nerve tingled. Around her, the babel of voices went on.

"Don't forget, your entrance is after I say, 'Be polite if it hurts.'"

"Miss Hamlin, do I take a bow with the rest?"

Knock at the dressing room door. "Box for Joan."

More flowers! Joan straightened up and wiped cold cream from her eyes.

"Just a minute." Miss Hamlin, the high school dramatics teacher drew her back. "No time for interruptions. Bunny, take them for her. Curtain goes up in less than an hour and I've most of the cast yet to do."

Joan sighed and closed her eyes again. This was the hardest part of all, this interval of waiting.

"If I could go on right now," she murmured, "I wouldn't be a bit nervous."

"I wonder!" Miss Hamlin laughed. "At any rate, you'd bring down the house. Look at yourself."

Joan sat up, glanced into the big mirror and gasped at her reflection. It was hard to realize that this creature with hair screwed back, face a mask of powder and one eye deeply shadowed with blue pencil was Joan Whitney, and would soon be winsome Lovlya of the senior play. She dropped back hurriedly.

"Dear me, how dreadful," she giggled. "I don't think I'll ever have any self-respect again."

Another knock. "Programs, Miss Hamlin."

"Oh, let's see them!" Everyone crowded about.

"Aren't they darling with that cunning little woodcut of Joan in costume at the top."

When Joan looked into the mirror again, it was to see herself transformed into a winsome and provocative Balkan peasant girl. Bronze curls caught back into a gay kerchief and a bright, embroidered provincial dress made her naïvete complete.

"My, what a complexion!" She turned her head this

way and that. "Just like a marshmallow, with all the tan covered up."

Miss Hamlin smiled. "Don't be too vain. Wait until you see the rest of the cast. Dora next."

Joan, thanking her with a smile, slipped from the chair and hurried over to a table where the box of flowers waited. On the top, a card offered best wishes from Mother and Dad and the lifted lid revealed an old-fashioned bouquet: pink camellias, violas and lilies of the valley in a ruffle of silver lace. The perfect accessory to her quaint white net second-act costume. Such a happy little surprise was so typical of them both. In her turn, she would manage to smile at them during the play, and, if it were possible, would give them cause to be proud of her tonight.

Humming softly, Joan laid the bouquet in a window where the air was fresh and ran out into the hallway in search of Don, who was to play opposite her lead. At the turn of a corner, the two came upon each other and stepping back, they both gasped,

"Joan!"

"Don!"

For Don was no less transformed than she. A uniform of royal blue and white, glittering with medals and braid, had turned him into a splendid prince. For a moment, they stood, gazing at each other.

"What a really distinguished man he will be," Joan thought to herself, for the uniform and the striking makeup displayed to advantage his tall, lithe figure

and broad shoulders, and his well-set head with its pensive eyes.

"The eyes of a dreamer," Joan's mother had at one time remarked, "and the long, tapering hands of an artist."

"Look!" Don exclaimed finally, pulling a paper from his pocket and offering it to his partner as they seated themselves on a chest just outside the wings. "Evening Times."

"Oh!" Joan unfolded it quickly. "Is it in, Don? Did you find it?"

He indicated a paragraph. Joan read the headlines,

ALL IS READY FOR OPERETTA

Fresno High School Students To Present Original Comedy Drama

and under it,

The lilting and picturesque operetta, "Two Times Three," a comedy of Balkan peasant life, written by a group of the senior girls, will be presented this evening in the auditorium of the Fresno High School by the senior class. The cast will include many of Fresno's most talented young people. Lovlya, the leading character, will be portrayed by Joan Whitney, whose dramatic ability this city has already, on several occasions, had opportunity to enjoy.

Donald Bishop will interpret the role of Prince Delitu, ardent suitor of the fair Lovlya. He has also designed the settings for the production, which show refreshing originality and an able grasp of

modern stagecraft.

JOAN'S FRESHMAN YEAR AT STANFORD "And look, right under it,"

SENIOR DAY PROVES GREAT SUCCESS

The Senior Day held at Fresno High School yesterday was one of the most interesting in the history of that institution. The track meet between the seniors and the school-at-large was full of tense moments. Preceding the meet, a mock funeral procession, carrying in state a coffin, supposed to contain the goat of the seniors, was buried with great ceremony. Later,—.

"Pardon me, Joan," Don interrupted, "but read that." His finger indicated a paragraph tucked down in a corner of the page.

Mr. Holman, Principal of the Fresno High School, is proud to report that eighty-two percent of his graduates are planning to attend college in the fall. The great majority of these will register at the Fresno State College. A few, however, plan to go further afield. Of these, Joan Whitney and Donald Bishop will matriculate in Stanford University. Joan's course is undecided, but Don will register in the art department.—

"But Don," Joan dropped the paper in her surprise, "I thought you had decided to enter the law school."

"That's true. But dad must have known that I was agreeing to a career in law only to please him; that I would have much preferred some form of art. And finally, just yesterday, he suggested the change himself."

"Well, he's a peach!" Joan gasped.

She realized what a sacrifice it must have been for Mr. Bishop, who had grown with the town to be one of its outstanding lawyers and a citizen interested in all worth while municipal enterprises, to have given up the thought of having D. W. Bishop, and below it, D. W. Bishop Jr. printed some day on the frosted glass of his office door. In addition he had been for many years a widower and all his affection now centered in his son. Yet, cheerfully recognizing and accepting this parting of the ways between his boy's interests and his own, he had himself suggested the break.

Don, caught again into the excitement of the moment, jumped up and stepped over to the curtain.

"House is filling," he whispered excitedly. "I see your folks and my dad sitting in front to the left. And the Kenyons and the Bangs next to them—all six of the Bangs."

"Let me look!" Joan stretched on tiptoe to see through the tiny hole in the curtain. "Oooh, doesn't everyone look nice! Betsy Bangs in that adorable white organdie run with black velvet and Mrs. Erling in peach chiffon printed in gray. And—. It just looks like a flower garden. My, they're coming in fast."

Bunny Bangs, strolling past with some of the boys, caught sight of Joan and Don and dashed over. "Let

me see! Please! Oh, look, there's mother! I'm going to whistle."

"No, no!" Joan and Don dragged her forcibly from the hole.

"Come on," Don took each girl by a hand. "Back you go to the dressing rooms. Give the boys a chance to get the stage in order. I want to look it over a bit myself, too."

In the girls' dressing room, all was now excitement and confusion. Tables and chairs were strewn with a mass of clothing and props; bouquets stood about in bottles and here and there from the walls, Joan was confronted with her own eyes laughing back at her from left over posters of the evening's entertainment. In the midst of this, Miss Hamlin stood, giving the girls a final inspection while Grace Kenyon, who had misplaced her slippers, crept about on her hands and knees peering under tables and chairs in search of them.

"I know I'll never find them," she wailed. "What shall I do?"

Joan was about to join her in the hunt, when they were all brought to attention by Miss Hamlin.

"Five minutes more, girls," she announced. "Better be sure you're ready to go on. And have your props handy."

Someone clutched at Joan's elbow. She turned to find Bubbles Harris at her side.

"Why, Bubbles, what's the matter?"

The pink of Bubbles' made-up cheeks stood out

abruptly against her real pallor and there were tears in her eyes. Joan drew her out into the hall.

"Joan—all those people—I—I'm afraid to face them," she wailed. "I just can't. Oh, what will Mother and Dad think?"

Joan put her arms around the panic stricken girl. "Nonsense, why you probably know 'most everybody out there. It's just this standing around waiting that makes you feel so. Once you start, you'll be quite all right. Come on, now."

Bubbles smiled uncertainly. The dressing room door opened and Grace bounced out in her little high-heeled slippers.

"Found 'em, thank my stars!" she whispered, taking Bubbles' hand. "Come, we two go on together."

Just then Don, dashing down the corridor, caught up with them and the group was off to the stage entrance, lost shoes and stage fright quite forgotten.

At the end of the first act, the success of the play was assured. At the end of the second, wave upon wave of applause beckoned the cast to a round of curtain calls; first, the entire group; then, all the principals; and finally, Lovlya alone. Flushed, smiling, her eyes shining, she bowed to right, to left, to the balcony, then looked down at her parents and waved.

"Speech!" someone called and others repeated it. Joan caught her breath, then smiled back at them bravely until they were silent.

"Dear everybody," she said breathlessly, "thank you

so much—for liking our play. We've done our best—all of us—and we're so happy if it has pleased you."

She made a movement as if to bow; then, with the kindly faces of her neighbors raised to her, hesitated. "We want you to be even more proud of us, when we leave high school. And we know you'll be wishing us well wherever we are and whatever we do. We'll always try our best, I'm sure, to be worthy of your loyalty. Thank you."

Then, she did bow, to a storm of applause, and as she beckoned, the whole cast came on again.

In the meantime, ushers had been coming up the aisles with flowers and now the girls' arms were filled with bouquets. Joan and the rest had never before realized how many friends they had. She was so happy that it seemed life could never again hold anything half so perfect as this. And yet, there was Stanford, ready to welcome her in the fall; Stanford and her big brother, an outstanding senior on the Campus. She laughed aloud in sheer joy.

In a minute, they were off the stage and making hurried changes of costume; then, the group assembled again for the last act.

* * *

There was a rush to the dressing rooms on the falling of the final curtain, while eyes sparkled in anticipation of the fun ahead. For the senior class, the evening was only half over; the remainder of it was to be spent at

Oasis, the graceful Georgian Colonial house set in the midst of broad fig and prune orchards which Don and his father called home. Everyone knew from experience what a party there meant. A student band from the state college, dancing in the drawing rooms; afterward, supper by candle light from the big girandoles that would twinkle merrily over the silver and the fancy icings on the cakes and the salads that were almost too wonderful to disarrange.

Soon, the winding, palm-fringed avenue was dotted with lights from cars. Then, the halls were a hubbub of gay voices as the guests began to arrive. Finally, greetings and congratulations having taken place along the receiving line, the dancing was under way.

Later in the evening, Mr. Bishop discovered Joan, by herself, curled up in a big chair in the library.

"Tired?" He smiled, remembering how, from his seat with the patrons and patronesses, he had watched her being whirled from one partner to another during the last hour or more.

"No. Not really. But I never can resist taking a peek at all of your wonderful books. Even the lovely bindings make me feel scholarly. I'm going back in a minute, though."

Mr. Bishop settled himself in a chair near her. "Are you glad to be through with your high school days, Joan?"

Joan was thoughtful a moment. "I'm not sure. Sometimes, the future seems so perfect—college, new

friends, everything different and interesting. Then again, it means I must leave all this. Do you suppose we'll ever all be together again?"

She paused for a moment, while her fingers touched some tiny jade figures perched on teakwood stands on the table beside her. Then, glancing up with a confiding smile, "Maybe, too, I'm a little frightened. Everything will be so new and strange."

"Frightened? With that big brother of yours at Stanford? Why, he'll have everything so well adjusted for you that you'll never have to worry that little head of yours about anything."

"I'm sure he will. No, I'm not afraid of that part of college. But I hear that scholarship standards are very high over there. Do you suppose I'll be able to make my grades?"

"Joan!" Mr. Bishop looked reproving. "And you an honor student in High! Of course you will, and outside activities, besides. But be sure you mix them both. It's the student with personality and initiative as well as brains who is truly successful in college."

He stepped over to Joan and took her by the hand. "Come, your friends will be missing you. This isn't a time to be serious."

At midnight, supper was announced. The boys and girls gathered at one end of the dining room where there was a table covered with a buffet spread. Then they scattered to small tables.

"Tell me," Hester, editor of the school paper, leaned

across to Joan after they were all seated, "what did you think of when you were standing out in front of the curtain at the end of the second act all alone? What is a celebrity's reaction in the moment of her triumph?"

"Oh yes, do tell us," the girls nearby encouraged her.

Joan laughed. "Now you're teasing me, but I'm not that conceited."

"No, really," Hester urged.

"Well, if you must know," Joan looked pensive, "I kept saying, 'If only Hugh were here. I do wish Hugh could see his little sister now!" She glanced up with a disarming smile. "Was that very vain?"

"Not at all," Mr. Bishop answered her. "And when is this brother of yours returning from Stanford?"

"He isn't coming home this summer, Mr. Bishop. He's working during vacation in a law office in Palo Alto. I won't see him until I arrive on the Campus this fall."

The candles were burning low when Terry, president of the senior class, finally rose and lifted his glass.

"To our host, the best friend a senior class ever had."

At once, there was a rustle as chairs were pushed back and the class rose to its feet. Then, a toast was drunk to the principal, the senior president, the senior class, to the leading lady, the leading man, the cast. Soon, arms were placed around their neighbor's shoulders and with only the tapers illuminating softly the

young faces, the high school and class songs were sung. Suddenly, as eyes were growing a bit moist, all the lights went on again and here was Bill Winn, on a chair, ready to give the school victory cheer.



Chapter Two

Hello! How can you look so cool?" Don ran up the steps of the Whitney porch and, dropping to a seat near Joan, mopped his brow, "Hundred in the shade, but you'd never know it here."

He glanced about him appreciatively at the old-fashioned verandah, vine-shaded, with its invitingly cushioned chairs and couches. As Joan leaned back, immaculate and comfortable, in the rustic swing, Don envied her quite openly.

"Didn't last evening tire you one bit, Joan? Dad's decision that I might 'trade Blackstone for a sketch-book' as he put it, was too much for me. I didn't go to sleep till almost dawn and I've been driving about the

country ever since breakfast trying to imagine having four whole years in a really fine art department."

"I'm so glad for you, Don. I think your father realized that you'd never be happy in a law office. But what course are you going to take? Stage design, painting, architecture, illustration? Or a sample of each until you find out which you really want to specialize in?"

"I already know and you should be able to guess."

"How can I guess? This year, you did most of the illustrations for the year book, designed the sets for the play and painted a mural in the cafeteria. Too many clues. It might even be architecture, only I don't think you've done much of that lately."

"It is architecture. And I've done quite a bit. Right in your father's office. I told you I was going over there. Don't you remember?"

"You said that you dropped in once in a while, and I know that one day you had some of his books. But I didn't know you were seriously interested."

"Very seriously. Over a year ago, he fixed me up a space there with a drawing board and everything I needed and I got to work. He's a grand critic. And full of new ideas. Gym was the only thing that kept me away after school. The rest of the time, I was hanging around causing him trouble."

Joan laughed. "I can imagine how much trouble you were. He probably had as much fun out of it as you

did." She sighed. "I only wish dad had as much of it to do as he would like."

"Things are pretty slow in the building line around here, aren't they?"

"Utterly."

"Why doesn't he open another section of that land he owns near Visalia? Remember the last time he subdivided? The buildings went like hot cakes. The display home was open one hour when it was sold."

"It wouldn't be any good, Don. He's thought of everything. I know. Even cutting loose and trying some place else. But tell me, did I hear you say you'd been riding around ever since breakfast?"

Don nodded.

"Then, you haven't had lunch."

"Oh, bother lunch."

"Why, Don Bishop!" Joan jumped to her feet. "It's no wonder you're feeling wasted away. Now, don't move 'till I come back. No, I won't listen," and she ran into the house as Don tried to protest.

In a few minutes, Joan was back with a tray. As Don jumped up and took it from her, he felt his appetite returning. The tray held a tall pitcher of iced lemonade, a bowl of salad with crisp lettuce leaves and a plate of cheese crackers.

"Joan, you shouldn't have."

"Hush!" Joan's expression reminded him again of winsome Lovlya. "I'm famished and you're giving

me an excuse. Being a celebrity seems to have affected my appetite. You serve us please."

Joan, leaning back in the hammock again, rested her head among the cushions and gazed up at the bees blundering lazily in the honeysuckle. "You know, Don, I'm especially glad that you came today. Mother and dad won't approve of my idea, so I'm going to try it on you. It's about this summer. I want to find a job."

"But Joan, your family always goes away for the summer, to Huntington Lake, or Tahoe, or Monterey. You're not used to staying here through the hot months."

"They always have. Yes, and they want to send me this year. But they're making excuses about going themselves, and I know what that means. You see, for a long time now, dad's securities have been paying very little. And we've been depending almost solely on them."

Don's face was serious as he thought for a moment. "I see. But after all, is the situation any more serious than it was last year?"

"Yes, it is. With two of us in college, dad will have a double load. Hugh is doing the best he can to help, but a law course is pretty hard. There isn't much time left over for part time jobs. I'd feel happier if I could at least buy my own clothes. Can you think of anything I might be able to do, Don?"

"Well, if you really have your mind made up, I might approach dad. One of his stenographers goes on her vacation soon and when she comes back, the other will leave. So, he'll be one short for several weeks. I know you were good at secretarial work in school."

Joan's face lighted up. "Do you really think there's a chance? I hadn't dreamed of anything so grand. Oh, Don, I'm getting all thrilled. But suppose he says 'No'? Will you ask him? Right away?"

After Don's departure, Joan spent the rest of the afternoon drifting about uncertainly. It would probably be days before she heard from Mr. Bishop, she told herself. And then, his reply might be unfavorable. Yet, she could not bring herself to remain too far away from the telephone. All during dinner, a pleasant affair served in the rose arbor, Joan listened for its tinkle and felt a growing sense of importance. She was grown up now and capable of making decisions. Even though the position should not be available, at least she would have tried for it, would have taken the first step toward financial independence. A doubt assailed her. Should her parents be told now? Oh dear, it seemed impossible to keep it to herself another minute. And yet, how much bigger thrill it would be to wait until she knew positively. That is, if Mr. Bishop offered her the position. If he didn't- She played with her spoon abstractedly, gazing off into space.

"Joan," her mother's voice recalled her, "that's your

favorite fresh peach ice cream. I just wanted you to know, because I don't believe you've tasted a thing you've eaten this evening."

Joan glanced at her, met her eyes crinkled into a smile and laughed. Then, on the verge of confession, she jumped up, excused herself and rushed toward the house. It was the telephone. She was sure of it as she reached the side door, and slammed it after her. Its tinkle became a command as she answered.

"Hello?"

"Why yes, I'm sure mother would. She's always glad to give recipes. I'll tell her right away."

Why did people want to call up around dinner time to ask such perfectly silly things? Joan knew she was being unreasonable, but it relieved the tension of waiting, somehow, to fuss over even such an inoffensive old lady as Mrs. Haley.

It was not until two days later that Joan, roused from a nap in the hammock, answered the phone to hear Mr. Bishop's voice. He told her that Don had spoken to him, and invited her to drop in at his office to talk the matter over.

So there was a chance! Joan cradled the receiver with trembling fingers and picked up her hat from the hall chair. She couldn't wait, she told herself, as she hurried down the quiet, tree lined street; she just couldn't wait the minutes that it would take to get there. Then, suddenly, she stopped and turned around and slowly retraced her steps. This would never do at all. If

she was grown up, she must act like a mature person. Not come flying into Mr. Bishop's office with her hair every which way, and her dress mussed, and not knowing at all what she was going to say. Once in her room, she took time and pains to make herself as attractive as possible; then, adjusting the pink scarf on her blue jacket dress, she went out again. This time, she turned in a different direction, and soon was riding up in the elevator to her father's office.

"Well, well, and to what do I owe the privilege of a visit from this dream of loveliness?" Her father turned at his desk and surveyed Joan with a real pride that belied his bantering tones.

"Dad, a marvelous thing has happened. You'd never believe. I've got a job, dad. At least, I think I'm about to have one maybe."

"That's worth congratulations, even with the 'maybe.'
Tell us about it."

"Well, the other day Don was over and I told him I wanted to find something to do this summer. He spoke to his father and now I'm invited over to Mr. Bishop's office to talk it over. There may be stenographic work there for me."

Mr. Whitney responded to Joan's enthusiasm, but his face was troubled. "About how long do you suppose this work will last, Joan? I wouldn't want it to interfere with your vacation. How does your mother feel about it? Does she think you should accept it at all?"

"I don't know. And mother wasn't home. But Dad, I'm not taking a vacation this year. Not if I can get this. Think of it! A job, earning money, buying my own clothes. Oh Dad, please, please don't object."

Mr. Whitney could not help but respond to the earnestness in her face. He smiled. "All right, Joan, go pay your call. Perhaps after all you may not come to an agreement. But good luck to you since you wish it that way."

The offices of John Bishop were on the third floor of the old Deacon Building on Fresno Street, which faced the domed white Court House, graceful relic of the city's early days. From the windows, one could see, far out beyond the roofs, the fertile country which produced the crops that the city depended on for its prosperity, or look down upon the pageantry below. Streams of dusty, inexpensive cars passed constantly, up one side of the street, down the other, with now and then a dark, shining one, driven by its uniformed chauffeur, or a gay sport model, filled with laughing boys and girls. On the busy sidewalks, brisk business men, farmers, and tired foreign women with children wove back and forth continuously. Twice weekly, the farmers and their families brought their produce to the free market in Court House Park. Here, while their wares were arranged at improvised stalls under the trees, the atmosphere was full of excitement and hubbub.

Mr. Bishop's offices, themselves, were old and shabby enough, but there was a feeling of solidity, of long-standing security, about them. Business flowed in and the big land deals were consummated there. In fact, much of Fresno's, and the rest of the San Joaquin Valley's most important legal business, was transacted across the worn oak desk in the inner office. Joan, although the Whitneys and the Bishops were life-long friends, had never before been there. She opened the door, with its prim black lettering, to be faced by two efficient-looking women behind desks across the room. She hesitated until the younger of the two glanced up at her.

"Mr. Bishop is busy just now. Will you be seated?" Joan was glad of the chance to collect her wits and look about her. She had often had occasion to drop into the principal's office at high school, and her father's office was familiar to her, yet never before had she been so impressed as now. She was measuring herself by these two women sitting neat and cool and efficient, and deciding that never, never would she be able to take either of their places. Trying would only result in failure and it would really be better if she got up right now—

"Mr. Bishop will see you." The younger woman glanced over at her and smiled.

At once, panic seized Joan, and then, it left her. She must make good. There wasn't any other way out now. She must go in and succeed.

Mr. Bishop, smiling at her across his desk, somewhat

restored her poise. It was hard to think of him as an employer after having known him all of her life as a friend. The feeling was heightened by his interested, personal remarks.

"How is your family, Joan? I've missed my evenings with them during the last couple of weeks. We've a big case coming up over some water rights and it's kept me working."

"Dad has spoken of you several times. I think he's mourning over his chess. He thinks there's no player like you. But he knows you've been busy. Dad and mother are fine."

"And Hugh? All going well with him?"

"Yes, thanks, Mr. Bishop. He's so much interested in his work this summer. Being in the law office in Palo Alto is giving him some grand experience. Mother worries over his not having any vacation, but his letters sound full of pep."

"That's fine. And now I hear that you don't want a vacation, either."

"Well, I'd rather find something to do."

"Want to enter the business world, eh? Just how much secretarial training have you had?"

At the question, all of Joan's misgivings returned. "Well, I took the course at High School."

"Any experience?"

For a moment, Joan was at a loss. The room seemed terribly quiet, as she stared up at a picture of Jefferson and tried to think of something, anything at all that she had done outside of class.

"Well," she suggested finally, "there was some typing for Miss Morris in the English Department and—and Dad lets me type some of his specifications since he had to let his secretary go."

It sounded wholly inadequate, and for the first time she wished she were back in the safe little world of High School where you learned things instead of being expected to already know them.

Mr. Bishop nodded, rose. "Come with me, Joan, and I'll introduce you to Miss Hedge. You will take her place when she leaves next Monday. Later on, my secretary, Mrs. Bent, will have her vacation. Then, Miss Hedge will take her place."

"Mother! Dad!" Joan rushed up the porch steps, two at a time and threw herself into their arms. "He gave it to me—the job—Mr. Bishop. I'm to have twenty a week, and I'm to start Monday. Isn't that wonderful? Oh, Don, I didn't see you," as a movement disclosed to her a long figure in white linen sprawled comfortably in the hammock. "Don, I'm so thrilled. You must have given your father a wonderful sales talk to have put me across."

"Didn't give him any at all. Guess he just hopes you're a chip off the old block."

"Oh goodness, it would reflect on the whole family, wouldn't it, if I didn't make good?"

"Just what are you to do in the office, Joan?" Mrs. Whitney poured a glass of iced tea for her.

"Why, I'm to take the place of a very nice girl, Miss Hedge. She speaks to people when they come in, and flicks a little doodad and speaks in a phone and tells Mr. Bishop there's someone to see him."

At this, she was interrupted by a whoop from Don. "'Flicks a little doodad'! That's rich. Wait 'till I tell dad—"

"Oh, Don, you wouldn't," Joan protested as he went on.

"My dear child, I gather you're to be at the reception desk, which means making appointments and doing filing and copying work. And you may feel gay now, but I don't envy you the filing or the copying either. Dad's a whale for accuracy."

"Well, I'm glad you don't. Otherwise, you might have taken my job this summer. Oh, and just think of Saturday afternoons! A salary to spend, and the stores loaded with grand things to buy. I won't shop 'till later, though, when all the fall models are in. Then, I can select clothes that will be good for all winter at Stanford."

"Oh-hoh, so that's why all the interest in a job," Mr. Whitney nodded his head knowingly. "Money for fluffy ruffles at college. I thought at first it might be budding ambition for a career."

Joan laughed. "Of course I want fluffy ruffles. But there is another reason. How can I say it? It—it makes me feel grown up."

Mrs. Whitney nodded gravely. "I think we all

understand. You feel that you're going to become a part of the world, doing instead of just preparing to be. Isn't that right? When your father first told me, I didn't want you to work this summer, but now he has convinced me that it is best for you. It's your trial flight, my dear, and I know you'll be successful."

* * *

At six o'clock on Monday morning, Joan was up. She wanted to have plenty of time for everything; for the selection of the right dress, one that was crisp and well-tailored like those of the two women in the office, for a leisurely breakfast, for any last minute suggestions that her father might have to offer. Also she wanted time for the walk to town. Finally, she decided on a simple dark blue linen and a big blue hat. Then came breakfast, a meal which Mrs. Whitney insisted on keeping as a time for the family gathering.

"I'll drive you down, Joan, and Dad too, if he likes," Mrs. Whitney suggested as they pushed back their chairs. "It's a little warm for a constitutional."

Joan hesitated. "If Dad walks, I'd just as soon. I know what Monday morning's like at home. You always say Martha needs moral support."

"Yes, and I suspect she gets a good deal more than that," Mr. Whitney shook his head.

A long and two short toots sounded from outside. "It must be Don!" Joan hurried to the door. "Taxi!" he called back.

"Oh, Dad," Joan called, "he'll take us. I know he'll want to drive you too."

Mr. Whitney shook his head. "No use asking him to ramble all over the city. Besides, you know I really enjoy my morning walk."

Joan took a deep breath. "Well, it's the big moment. Wish me well. 'Bye, 'bye." She kissed the two solemnly and marched out of the door and down the path to the waiting roadster, with a sedateness born of her new-found responsibility.

"Don, I'm too excited to speak. Do I look right?"

"You always look right. You haven't the jitters, have you?"

"Jitters! I'm full of them. It's this first day. If I can get through this, nothing will be quite so hard again."

"Nothing will be as hard as you think anyway, Joan. And if it is, someone will help you. I won't get out," as he turned in at the curb. "Better to do this without a sponsor. Here's luck. I'll give you a ring tonight."

In the outer office, Joan was greeted by Mrs. Bent, who showed her where to hang her hat. Then, she seated herself at the vacant flat-topped desk. For a time, she listed to instructions, even making notes of some of them on a small pad. Don had been right in his estimate of her work. Presently, she settled down to copying briefs. When the first client called,

she tried to sit extra straight and speak in a crisp, pleasant voice.

So the morning passed and the afternoon. Briefs were followed by a bit of filing, and the filing by briefs again. Mr. Bishop stopped for a word with her just before closing time, assured her that her day's work was satisfactory and hoped that she would not find the office routine tiring. Going home that evening, Joan was surprised to find herself already feeling like a seasoned business woman. From the supervised routine of High School, she had graduated to the supervised routine of the first rung of the business ladder.

* * *

"I saw some new fall dresses in the window of Wise's this morning." Bunny and Grace and Inez were seated in the Whitney living room, while Joan, in the mellow glow from a bridge lamp, hemmed a peach silk slip.

"There was a rusty red," Grace went on, "and a bright red, and the most perfect green. I'd love any of them with brown accessories."

"Oh, I love green and brown." Joan's eyes sparkled. "I must see them if they're really the new styles. I'll run in after scho—I mean, business tomorrow."

"Well, I want the rusty red," Grace, at the other end of the couch, picked up an end of the slip, "so I hope you do like the green. If you want me to, I'll

go on hemming this and you can get at something else. Your work basket looks like it's overflowing."

"It is," Joan agreed gratefully.

"Deal us each a piece," Bunny suggested, "and we'll have you in order in no time. Such ambition! How you find time to hold down a job and make most of your things for college, I fail to see," and she sighed and fingered the pile.

"Give me something fancy. I love putting lace on things." Little Inez, dainty in a flowered frock, selected a blue batiste gown with tucking and insertion, and set to work.

"Mother's giving me a fur chubby of some kind this fall." Grace, her near-sighted eyes with their horn-rimmed spectacles close to the sewing in her hand, carried on the popular topic of fashion. "That's a sure sign I've finally grown up, because I've been begging for one ever since I can remember. With accessories to match the coat, and one of those dresses, I'd have a perfect costume, what?"

"Perfect," agreed Mrs. Whitney, who had just entered. "I wish you could have a short fur coat too, Joan. There'd be so many uses for it in college. Well, my lamb, maybe some other year. We'll call it something to look forward to."

Joan smiled and hummed an old song that was one of her father's favorites.

"Day dreams, visions of bliss-"

Mrs Whitney, seating herself in her favorite chair,

reached for her knitting and rocked as the blue yarn took shape under her flying fingers. For a while, there was a preoccupied silence. Then, suddenly, she laid down the partly finished sweater and looked over at Joan.

"Why, I just happened to think. There's that sheared beaver of mine. Why couldn't that be made over?"

Joan shook her head. "I couldn't take your coat."

Mrs. Whitney laughed, glanced down at her well-rounded figure. "It's too worn to remodel as a full length coat, and can you image me in a beaver chubby? My dear, I'd look like a big mama bear. Even with slenderizing lines, that coat made me look ample. No, thank you just the same, but I've my mind set on a well-tailored black cloth coat with back full-ness."

"Really mother, you actually don't want the coat?"

Joan was all eagerness now. "Oh, I can't wait. Where is it? I'll go get it now."

"In the back of my closet in a moth-proof bag. The big one with the zipper."

In a moment, Joan was back, parading in front of the group and talking possibilities. "Of course, it'll make a grand one. Look at these big pieces, not worn a bit. And the sleeves and collar can be renewed from the bottom of the coat."

"I'll take it down to the furrier tomorrow and inquire if you like, Joan," Mrs. Whitney suggested.

"Then, on your way home in the evening, you could stop in there and decide on a becoming style. Or, you might even go during your noon hour."

"Yes and afterwards, we could meet you at Wise's, and we could look at dresses together."

"Yes, all of us. Wouldn't that be a grand way to choose! Only, let's make it the day after, so you'll have plenty of time, Joan."

During the days toward the latter part of the summer, Joan, alone in the office just around closing time, occupied herself with finishing up odds and ends. She took pride now in her ability to carry through any work that was given her with growing speed and accuracy. Her cheeks still burned at the thought of some of her early blunders and mistakes, and she was full of gratitude for Mr. Bishop's and Mrs. Bent's patience. But she knew that she had improved. Often, she wondered just how much. In the work that was given her, there was little chance to prove her initiative. Did she have any? Or was she really still, in spite of her efforts, just a raw recruit? Almost, she was glad never to have had to make the trial and yet— The telephone buzzed at her elbow and automatically, she lifted it. Then almost at once, she became taut with excitement.

"Hello?"

* * * *

"No, he has left the office."

* * * *

"Long distance from Chicago? I'll try to locate him for you."

* * * *

"Ask him to call Chicago Operator Number Five. Right?"

Joan rested her hand on the telephone, then lifted the receiver and gave Mr. Bishop's home telephone number. After a slight delay, she learned that he was out. What to do? That the Chicago number meant an important client, she was well aware. That the call had come after office hours meant that it was urgent. She must find Mr. Bishop. Where would he be likely to go during the dinner hour? There might be a banquet at the Californian Hotel, even a small party. He could be paged there.

The idea was proved fruitless. Well then, the Hotel Fresno. Again, no results. Well, private homes, then. But he was so well known in the city, so well liked. Better leave that long list until last. Lodges? There were no meetings on this night. Suddenly, an idea occurred to her. Absurd! But she smiled and reached for the telephone. In a moment, she spoke to a familiar voice.

"Dad, I'm trying to locate Mr. Bishop. He doesn't happen to—"

"Bishop? Just a minute."

Oh, could it be? It was. He was there. At her own home, playing chess and waiting for his favorite dinner of spare ribs and cabbage. She laughed aloud in sheer

relief, then, hurriedly told him of the long distance call. "It's Mr. Emery, isn't it? That important client from Chicago? Shall I wait for you? Will you be back at the office? You're to call Chicago Operator Number Five."

Now, Joan thought as she waited in the office for Mr. Bishop, what would Mrs. Bent be doing if she were here? How many times Joan had watched her as she collected papers preparatory to a conference, and had laid them all out neatly. That was what Joan must do now. Recklessly, she searched among files and in the wire basket on her neighbor's desk. Then, carefully, she sorted and arranged her collection. The last paper was laid down and she was opening the drawer for her shorthand notebook when the door opened.

"Well, mighty good of you to stay." Mr. Bishop smiled on her uncertainly. "It seems you've been arranging things for me. Let's see." He leaned over the desk. Gradually, his face relaxed. He began to pick up a letter here, a document there. Then, with the sheaf in his hand, he straightened up.

"There, I guess I've got everything that might be in question. Now, get me the operator. We've no time to lose," and he passed into the inner office.

Minutes later, he emerged, smiling. He patted Joan on the back. "Congratulations, Joan. That was good work. I'd no idea you had picked up so much of the routine. Mrs. Bent could scarcely have done better and she, of course, is far more familiar with my affairs.

Besides that, I admire your ability to act in an emergency. You saved my client a great deal of money by locating me. He'll be mighty grateful for that."

"Well," he reached for his hat, "let's hurry along. Those spare ribs your mother is fixing ought to be done by now, and I could do with a few. How about you?"

Joan was still too excited to be hungry, but as she slipped into Mr. Bishop's car, she sighed. "Do you know, Mr. Bishop, less than an hour ago, I wanted an emergency of some kind to happen. And then, when it did, I was frightened to death. But it did prove to me that I have learned a lot—and that I have a lot more to learn."

"Everybody's having that proved to him all his life long," Mr. Bishop philosophized.

As the days went by, Mr. Bishop found more and more to approve of in Joan. Although he had known the Whitney family for years, and had talked to Joan since her baby days, the acquaintance had been a casual one. He liked her level-headedness, her quick response in an emergency, her attractive appearance, her efficiency and the fact that she never presumed upon their friendship for favors.

"She's a credit to herself and to her family, too," he would think to himself, "and if her brother is like her—Well—why not? I'll need someone for the place Don would have filled. We shall see," and he would nod with satisfaction over his conclusions.

One day toward the end of summer, Mr. Bishop de-

tained Joan as she was leaving some papers on his desk, and questioned her. "How's that brother of yours been coming along lately in college?"

"Very well, Mr. Bishop." She smiled and her eyes grew bright. "We're all very proud of him. He's—well,—he's supposed to be one of the outstanding men there."

"I've heard a lot about football and class honors, but does he rank as high in scholarship as in college activities?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bishop. He's third in his class. And of course you know that only men whose class work is up to standard are accepted on the team anyway."

"Still interested in law?"

"It's what he's preparing for. But he has four more years at Stanford before he receives his J. D."

Mr. Bishop dismissed her with a nod, and then thought for a long time. Plans were taking shape in his mind that would make for the happiness of several people.



Chapter Three

THERE!" Joan closed the top drawer of her ward-robe trunk with finality and turned to Bunny. "Now everything's in. At last! I won't close the trunk 'till the last minute so my dresses and coats will stay fresh, but it's a grand feeling to know that I'm all ready to go."

"Yes, a grand feeling for you." Bunny's plump, white fingers deftly adjusted a snap on the green wool dress that Joan was to wear on the trip to Stanford. "But how'll I ever live without you all this whole winter?"

"Well," Joan suggested philosophically, "why don't you go to college too? I've begged you often enough. Of course, it's too late for Stanford now for you have to

have your application in months ahead. But there's Fresno State, or U. C."

Bunny yawned. "Oh, darling, my poor head! It gets dizzy when I even think of cramming it with zoology and sociology and—and—" She paused in her attempt to think of a few more impressive names.

"Well, then," Joan laughed, "take art, or law, or something with a short name that won't frighten you before you even get started."

"If it didn't frighten me before, it would afterwards." Bunny snipped a thread decisively. "Anyway, I'll be seeing you Christmas. There's no use asking you to write. No one in college ever has time for letters. I learned that from my darling elder sister. There, the dress is ready."

"Thanks. It's been grand of you, Bunny, to help me. I really don't know what I would have done without you this last week. Mother was so busy finishing Hugh's sweater, and I seemed to be dashing about every minute. You and your little thimble were certainly a welcome sight every morning."

"Well," Bunny sighed, "now that you're shipshape, I believe I'll amble off home. But I'll see you before you go."

For a moment, after the bedroom door closed on Bunny, Joan paused and looked around her. The room was bare now of all her belongings except for a picture or two on the walls, a pile of old letters, her travelling clothes on hangers in the closet and the luggage stand-

ing ready for her departure. She remembered the jolly confabs with the girls, the hours of study at the green table before the vine-covered window. All the good times that she had dreamed of here, prepared for before the mirror of her green dressing table and looked back upon afterwards, crowded into her mind. A knock at the door brought her back to earth.

"Come down to the porch, Joan," her mother suggested with a smile, "and rest awhile in the cool air before you go to bed. And I've made you a glass of chocolate malted milk. I don't want you to be tired out when you start on your great adventure."

* * *

The next day was Friday. It was warm before sunrise, and hot by six o'clock in the morning. Joan was up and dressed by then.

It was hard to eat breakfast when one was so breathless with excitement, harder still to face good-byes that must last until Christmas. Joan's heart thumped uncomfortably for a moment at the realization that she was leaving all that was familiar behind.

At the station, she stood with her parents, her bags beside her, listening for the oncoming train. Few people were about. She glanced at her watch. Ten minutes to wait. They had certainly been on the safe side. Looking up again, she caught sight of a car, overloaded with boys and girls, which was drawing up to the side of the platform.

"Hi!" Bill Winn jumped off the running board, followed by Bunny Bangs. Inez and Grace and all the rest of Joan's most cherished friends piled out and ran toward her. After the hubbub had subsided, Bill stepped forward and made a formal bow as he handed her a large box, gaudy in pink tissue and wide gold paper ribbons.

"Joan," he began, "I have the honor of presenting to you, on behalf of this delegation, a little token of our friendship and esteem. May it ever remain with you to remind you of those you have—"

"Hi! Hurry, here's the train!" Bubbles reached forward and pushed the box into Joan's hands and Terry snatched up her bags, as, with last hugs for her mother and father and Bunny, she ran for the steps of the Pullman.

Breathless and confused, a moment later she was leaning close to the window, waving at the little group outside. Then, as her view became obscured, Joan turned to settle herself for the journey. On the rack above rested her bags, but in her arms she still clutched the enormous pink box. She giggled convulsively, and then realized that she was attracting the attention of a girl seated opposite her. Well, after all, it wasn't her fault, Joan told herself. She hadn't wished the pink box on herself. And the thought of what it might contain was too interesting to speculate upon another instant. She pulled the ends of the big bow, whisked back the tissue and brought to view a box with a bakery label on it.

The girl across from her was frankly curious now, but she tried to hide her interest by turning the pages of a new magazine. Joan lifted a corner of the cover and looked inside. Then with an admiring gasp, she lifted it off.

"Mmmmm," she cried, "cake!" In her surprise, she had forgotten that she and her fellow-passenger were strangers.

Placing the box on the floor between them, she leaned over and the other girl followed suit. They were both silent for a moment.

"My, it's beautiful," the girl sighed.

"It's really a cake of cakes," Joan agreed. "It seems dreadful ever to think of spoiling those beautiful icing roses and violets and blue bows and the 'Good Luck.'"

"Well, perhaps. Of course, it was made to eat, though. My name's Bobby Wellman. I'm on my way to Stanford and I'll bet you are, too. I saw you and your gang before you got on."

"Oh, did you? Yes, I am going to Stanford. My name's Joan Whitney. Are you a freshman, too?"

"Well, yes and no. You see, this will be my third quarter. Butch and I entered last Christmas. Butch is my twin brother."

"I see. Then, you're not alone."

"Yes, I am. Butch is driving up with friends. We've all been at Huntington Lake for the summer. I just left this morning. Haven't a thing to wear, of course, but I'll do my shopping in San Francisco and Palo Alto. It's a

wise idea, anyway, because after you've been in college a week, you know just what you want."

Joan thought it must be, unless one made most of one's things, or, like the fur coat, had them made over. She reached over to where it lay, neatly folded on the seat beside her, in anticipation of cooler weather when she reached the coast, and gave it a pat. Then, she glanced down at the cake again.

"Let's celebrate. If we cut off the edge, it won't spoil the frosting—much."

"All right. I could cut a lot of that cake without spoiling the frosting—much."

Joan reached up and pulled down her case. After some fumbling, she produced a shoe horn. "Do you think we can use this?"

"Let's try."

Carefully marking off a straight line, Joan plunged the shoe horn downward. The creamy frosting gave under its impact, but the cake remained firm.

"Let me." Bobby seized the horn with determination, but in a moment, she looked up, her face pink. "I don't think we can eat that cake. It must have rocks in it."

"Why, it couldn't." Joan wiggled the horn, trying to pry the piece loose. The result was the same.

"Maybe we had just better leave it until I can investigate properly."

"I guess we'll have to." Bobby sighed, gave the rich frosting a last, long look, and leaned back.

Joan closed the box and set it aside. "I wonder if there are any more Stanfordites in this car."

"Yes, there are. Two that I know of. And another I suspect. Two seats down and facing you, see the girl with the brown hat with rose ribbons? Well, she was mentioning Stanford to the girl with her when I passed coming in. Then, if you sort of turn your head, you can see a girl with very light hair and a little black hat. She's sitting with a boy who went to Stanford last year."

Joan glanced back discreetly and then turned to Bobby. "Oh, isn't she gorgeous!"

"Well, she surely has stunning clothes. And lovely hair." Bobby leaned back, inspected her companion. "Tell me about yourself. We'll probably never have so much time on our hands again."

"The most important thing just now is, of course, that I'm going to Stanford. I'm terribly thrilled. I've a brother there, too." Joan could not help the note of pride that came into her voice when she mentioned Hugh.

"Whitney. Why, not the football Whitney? My dear, when you were picking brothers, you took one right out of the show window."

Joan laughed. "Now, it's your turn."

"Well, I'm going to college because I want to be a business woman. Definitely. I'm from Los Angeles and new ideas are popping there every day. I'll probably begin as secretary to the head of some big firm. When I understand business, I'll start out for myself,

and won't I have fun! It's in my blood. All my family are good at it. Even Mother has started two art shops, three specialty shops, and a tea room. And, when they were going well, she sold them out at a profit. But I'm going in for something bigger than that. What's your ambition?"

Joan shook her head. "I haven't decided. But I am ambitious, believe me. I did stenographic work in a law office all summer and I liked that. I think, though, that something creative is more in my line. Or, creative work and business combined. Like, for instance, working on a newspaper, or designing for some firm. I'll keep an open mind for a while in college and I think I'll probably drift into the right courses."

"Of course you will, and Stanford will help you. Or, in case you want a business manager, I'll leave you my card."

Joan laughed. "I'm going to take some purely cultural courses, too. Political history, psychology, anything that makes me understand the world and people better. Hugh and Mother and Dad all suggested that, and Hugh marked some courses in the schedule that he had particularly enjoyed."

"Good girl! I agree with you absolutely. If I ever forget about culture and the world, I want you to remind me. Remember, you're appointed."

"Look, that's the gateway to Yosemite. Have you been there?"

"Yes, and I love it. Have you?"

"Yes, and ditto. Isn't it dreadfully warm? When the man comes through, let's have a lemonade."

"Let's. Did you get your notices this summer, and your freshman bible?"

"You mean the little book about Stanford? Yes, I did, and I read it from cover to cover. I'd already learned a lot, though, from Hugh. But I didn't know that Stanford was called 'the Farm' because it was originally Senator Stanford's horse-breeding ranch."

"Yes, and that's still the right name for it. Almost nine thousand acres, and most of it is hills and fields and forests."

"I know. I've roamed around it a bit with Hugh."

"Of course. You live in Fresno, don't you?"

"Yes, and you, South."

"In the San Fernando Valley. We've a rambling farm house. It looks old but it is new. Father fancies himself a real farmer with four dogs, an aviary and a dozen espaliered fruit trees."

Over the arid country the train sped, shrieking around corners, slowing into towns, until at last the burning heat of the Valley gave place to a cool breeze from the ocean. Reaching the Oakland Terminal they changed for the ferry ride across the Bay to San Francisco. The world seemed silver now, with the sun glinting on the Bay, on the tall aluminum painted columns of the bridge, and on the fog banks beyond the Golden Gate. From the city, the trip down the Peninsula would be a short one.

Through the changes, the girls remained together, Joan still clutching the big box with its strange contents. Landmarks faded away as she left San Francisco. She was not sure now where she was.

"Palo Alto! Palo Alto!" The brakeman passed down the aisles and threw open the doors to the vestibules. Slowly, the train drew to a standstill. Most of the passengers were making ready to leave. Joan rose to her feet, tense with excitement. Through the windows, she could see a crowd of girls and men in front of the station. Hugh would be among them. Already, her eyes were searching for him, confident that his blond head would be visible above those of his fellows. Finally, she reached the platform, stepped to the ground, her eyes dancing in spite of her efforts to appear dignified and worldly-wise. Six months since she had seen Hugh! It was impossible to wait another minute. And there he was! No. Yes!

"Oh, Hugh!" In an instant, she was in his arms, her new grownup-ness lost in her old role of little sister.

"Hugh, it's so good to see you. And you look grand. Hugh, is it true that I'm here?"

"I hope so, Sis. It'll be swell having you around."

"And Don," as she caught sight of the familiar dark face over Hugh's shoulder. "I wasn't looking for you. I thought you'd be too busy getting settled at Encina."

"Plenty time for that. I stayed over with Hugh last night, you know."

Suddenly, she remembered Bobby, and turned about to find her. But Bobby, however, had vanished. Whether diplomacy, or the appearance of Butch had prompted her, she was by now, evidently, on her way to Stanford. Joan felt sure she would see her later.

Hugh picked up Joan's bags and guided her to a roadster while Don ran back with her baggage checks, and at last, the three were settled in the car and Hugh turned it into the main street. Almost immediately, they left Palo Alto, crossed the highway and passed through impressive sandstone gates into the broad palm-fringed drive that led straight toward the Campus of Stanford. Opening up before them was a broad vista of ruddy, tiled roofs and buff walls and arches framed by lawns and trees and dominated by the Chapel front, glowing with its mosaic Sermon on the Mount. Reaching Encina, the men's dormitory, they dropped Don. Finally skirting the Campus, they arrived at a large, Italian-type building, isolated from the other buildings in its own grounds. This was Roble Hall where Joan was to live.

Roble, on Joan's approach, presented an appearance of beehive activity. Cars backed and filled, searched for parking space. Taxis dropped their passengers and hurried away. At the door, she became one of a group which was entering.

Hugh paused to deposit her luggage by the door as she stepped inside. For a moment, she wanted to turn

back to him and away from the crowded room with its hum of excitement. So many faces, all strange to her. So many people intent upon the business of becoming adjusted. Hugh joined her just as she was being greeted by a girl with a friendly face.

"Are you new here? I'm Betty Presley. How do you do?" At Joan's introduction of herself and her brother she included Hugh in a hearty handshake.

"Now, I want you to meet our House Director." She guided the two through the crowd to where a white haired woman in blue silk stood, the center of a group.

"Whitney?" Mrs. Willis smiled on Joan and her brother. "The name is quite familiar to me. I've a nephew here in Stanford who keeps me in touch with news of his associates. So, I know that Mr. Whitney was President of the Sophomore Class, and last year, was Student Body President. Then, too, I'm quite a football fan. I don't often attend games, but I do enjoy my knitting and the radio. So I've heard much of Mr. Whitney's prowess. It's often left me quite breathless."

She turned back to Joan. "I hope you'll be very happy with us, Miss Whitney. I think the entering girls who have brothers or sisters already here are especially fortunate—"

The conversation was cut short by the efforts of two boys who were attempting to move a trunk past them. Hugh drew Joan aside, and then the two, after an

added word with the Director, followed Joan's greeting committee member into a room to the left of the lobby. Here, over a desk, Joan gave interminable information about herself. Her name, her age, her religion, and what seemed a hundred and one notes for the House Director's files. Then, at last, she was handed a room number.

"Hi!" Someone touched her sleeve.

"Bobby! I lost sight of you at the station."

"Well, Butch came along and he's not a man to wait. Besides, he was taxiing a dozen boys up to Encina and they seemed in a hurry. I knew I'd find you here. And Hugh, how are you? What's your number, Joan? Maybe we're neighbors. I've got Matthew on the third floor to the right."

A glance at Joan's slip of paper and Bobby shook her head. "No such luck. But you're not far away."

"But Bobby, 'Matthew'?"

Bobby laughed and Hugh, who knew many of Roble's customs and expressions, chuckled too.

"Why," Bobby explained, "on second and third floor there are suites of three bedrooms and bath, each with a door leading into a private hall. We call them Matthew, Mark and Luke, and the bathroom, John. I had my name in for one this summer and got it. Did you send in a preference?"

"No. I didn't know enough about Roble for that." "Well, I want to find out who my suite-mates are.

See you later."

Betty Presley was waiting for Joan on her return to the lobby, and guided her up two flights and down a corridor to her room, while Hugh, with a boy to help him, followed, carrying Joan's luggage. In the third floor corridor, the group was met by a very efficient looking girl with sandy hair drawn straight back into a twist.

"Joan, this is May Helm, your sponsor," Betty explained.

Introductions acknowledged, May consulted a list of rooms and occupants, told Joan where she might get her room key and pay a deposit for a pillow, and then went off to join another newly-arrived group.

It was a small room that Joan entered, with a closed door on either side and a window opposite the door leading to the hall. A desk, a bed couch, and a chair made up its furnishings while a long shelf with a curtain served as a closet. A small room and a plain one, but to Joan, it was lent enchantment by the fact that it was a part of Stanford. The luggage disposed of, Hugh sat down on the couch. Idly twirling the curtain pull, he looked out of the window.

"Pretty good view, Sis. You won't miss much in this room. Lucky they didn't put you in a room facing toward the back. Have you got your bearings?"

Joan came and sat beside him. "Over there a little toward the right are the Campus buildings," she half inquired.

"Right. And gazing in front of you, on the walk

below, you can get the low-down on all the dates coming to and going from Roble." He rose. "Come on, let's go down. The Axe Society is over at Encina now doing its bit and that's where I belong. The new men were coming in there pretty fast when I left."

"Axe Society. That's that new service club you wrote about, isn't it? Well, goodness, if the freshman over there know as little as I do, Hugh, the lads shouldn't be deprived of your help."

When they were again down in the lobby, Hugh led Joan to where Bobby stood with a group of girls. "I'll leave you in good hands. I've known Bobby and her brother ever since they first came here. He's up at the house a good deal."

Bobby smiled. "Joan and I are old friends. We got acquainted this morning over a cake."

"What! Have you got a food complex, too? I thought maybe that was confined to Butch. Well, Sis, good luck. I'll give you a ring as soon as I'm free," and, with a pat on her shoulder, Hugh was gone.

"Joan, I've just managed to round up my neighbors. Joan Whitney, this is Dixie Calhoun—and Geneve Anderson."

From the moment that she had joined Bobby, Joan had been aware of the blond girl in black. She was the girl Bobby had indicated to Joan that morning on the train. Now she was meeting her. Joan caught her breath. Geneve was even lovelier than she had sus-

pected from the first brief glimpse. The tiny black hat with its broad ribbons down the back emphasized the fairness of her hair and skin. The simple black wool dress accented her well-poised figure. On her shoulder, a great bunch of Parma violets matched her eyes. Joan became suddenly conscious that her own nose was shiny and that, still breathless from the rush and confusion, she had forgotten to stand straight. It was an unpleasant thought, and it suddenly made her feel tired and inadequate. Dixie smiled at her.

"We'll all be seeing lots of one another. Your suite's next door to ours, Bobby says. You don't rate a private hall with yours, but you'll be comfortable. That is, unless you've drawn the center room."

"I have drawn the center room. Why?"

"Well, you see," Dixie went on to explain, "the suites used to consist of two bedrooms with a sitting room between. That was when there were only five hundred girls in Stanford. Now that we're a thousand, they've had to use all the rooms they can find to accommodate us. That's why your room has no clothes closet or wash bowl. My sister used to live in Roble, so I know all about it."

"Well, never mind, Joan," Bobby was consoling, "you'll never be lonesome with someone on each side of you. And you can use their wash bowls—"

"Joan," it was Betty Presley, "I've discovered one of your suitemates. Selma Bogart, this is Joan Whitney." Standing next to the sleek elegance of Geneve, Selma

made a study in contrasts. She was an Italian type, with soft dark hair falling loose and held away from her face by a narrow red ribbon. She wore a full pleated skirt and a little white blouse tucked in. Joan could discover no trace of makeup on her face. It was fresh as a camellia. Probably due, Joan thought, to an obviously placid disposition. Or maybe she had just arrived. No ordinary person could have come through this afternoon at Roble looking like that.

Selma extended her hand. "I'm so glad to meet you. I promise to try not to be a nuisance. With my entrance door in your room, it'll be hard, won't it?"

"I think it'll be grand," Joan smiled. "I wish I knew who our other suite-mate is to be."

"So do I. I guess she hasn't come yet."

"How about going upstairs now, gals, and getting a bit straightened out?"

In accord with Bobby's suggestion, the five went armin-arm up to their rooms.

"I'm dead," Selma yawned. "I guess its change of climate, or something. I'm from Portland. After a snooze, I'll be much better company," and she dropped down on her bed in a careless rumpled little heap and shut her eyes.

Joan closed her door softly so that her efforts at unpacking would not disturb Selma. Then, she noticed that the door into the room opposite was open. At a slight sound from the other side, she knocked gently, and peeped around the corner. A small girl in a travel-

ling suit was curled up on the bed writing a letter, and mopping her eyes with a very damp ball of a handkerchief. They introduced themselves and, at Joan's questioning look, Yvonne immediately blurted out her trouble.

"Oh, Joan, I'm so homesick! I'm writing Mother and Dad right away for permission to go back to Garrettville. Everything's so strange here, and there isn't a person I know, and s-sitting in this room is t-terrible. It's just terrible!" She burst into another shower of tears.

"But, Yvonne, you're not alone now," Joan reminded her. "You'll have me right in the next room with an open door between. And we'll be together a lot. Weren't you introduced to some of the girls downstairs?"

"Oh, a few. But I ran up here as soon as I could. I'm not used to meeting strange people. In Garrettville—" and she dropped her head into her hands.

"I'm terribly sorry. Suppose you tell me something about yourself, and then, if you like, I'll tell you about me. Here, let's have a bite and maybe you'll feel better."

Joan pulled out some cellophane bags from a suitcase, and the two nibbled nuts and dates and sweet graham crackers, while they exchanged information about themselves.

"Shall we unpack now?" Joan questioned, later.

Obedient to the suggestion, Yvonne rose and searched

in her bag for her trunk key. Joan, returning to her room, began to open trunk and grips.

Yvonne soon appeared in the doorway and glanced around. "What lovely things. And what a beautiful coat." Going over to the bed, she stroked the silky fur. "How lucky you are. I've a fox fur, but I'd love to have a chubby like this."

Joan smiled, glanced at Yvonne's trim new suit. "I know you must have all sorts of nice clothes. May I come see?"

Soon, the two were busily at work on Yvonne's ward-robe. Yvonne unpacked and Joan hung the garments in the closet as she exclaimed with admiration over Yvonne's good taste. Yvonne, she could see, was well supplied with everything she could possibly need, and with many luxuries.

The contents of trunks and grips disposed of, Yvonne settled herself at her desk to write a more optimistic letter. Joan, warm and tired, finished straightening her own room and then prepared for a shower. Later, fresh and relaxed, she lay down on the couch by her window for a moment of rest. The air, however, although balmy with Indian summer, was electric with a tonic quality usual near the Northern California coast. Sleep was impossible. In addition, she knew that under the quiet and peace of her surroundings smouldered a suppressed excitement which would soon bubble up and absorb her in its thrilling activity. She was ready for it, attuned and

waiting, and wondering just how long it would take to reach her, when a knock sounded on the door.

Joan sprang up hurriedly, smoothed her hair and called, "Come in."

The door opened to admit May Helm. At Joan's invitation, she sat down, and looked about her.

"Joan, you've done wonders for this room already. Someone must have told you just what to bring. Or else, you've been reading your Freshman Handbook. I love the soft greens and yellows in your draperies. And this darling little tea table! How on earth did you ever carry it? Oh, I see. It folds up. And the cute little crackle-ware tea set!"

"I'm going to get some braided rag rugs in Palo Alto," Joan explained. "It seemed so much easier than sending them."

"Isn't this an interesting picture!" May Helm stepped close to an excellent framed print on the wall. "As a math major I ask you, what is it?"

"Why, it's Van Gogh's Haystack. It's so vibrant and alive that I love it."

"I do, too. It's a grand thing to live with. All those golden tones. Especially on a rainy day.

"Joan," she interrupted her train of thought, "are you and Yvonne and Selma coming down to the sponsors' tea? It's started already."

"Oh, goodness," Joan glanced at herself in the mirror with dismay, "I'd forgotten all about it. Or did I ever

know? Selma went to sleep, and Yvonne will probably have to be persuaded."

"I know. I'll go see Yvonne, if you'll wake Selma. There's time, because it's three-thirty now and the tea lasts until five."

"Grand, and I'll hurry."

Joan selected a soft light dress and was just combing her curls and chatting with Selma, who had decided not to change, when the call bell in her room sounded.

"Oh, I know, it's my brother." She turned to May, just opening the door from Yvonne's room. "He's planning to come over. When shall I tell him I'll be free?"

"Five to six," May hastened to advise her.

When the three girls returned to the lobby, all was quiet and in order there. The hubbub had been succeeded by more gracious sounds, the tinkle of tea things, and a patter of conversation. Joan and the rest of the freshmen met the sponsors informally and so gained their first acquaintance with upper class college women.

"Will you always live with us at the Hall?" Joan asked May hopefully. She liked these gracious girls who were succeeding so admirably in their efforts to put the freshmen at ease, to make them feel themselves already a part of Stanford. And especially, she liked May with her straightforward manner.

"Only for one quarter. You see, the junior sponsors are here just for the fall quarter. Senior sponsors stay two quarters, fall and winter. In spring, Roble is self-governing. There will be no sponsors here then at all.

Then next fall, Women's Conference will appoint a new group. These may be chosen from any group living on the campus. I'm from Lagunita Court."

"Well, I'm glad you'll be here for a while, anyway," Yvonne sighed. "Someone's got to be around to give me good advice. I've never been away from my family before."

"Joan, someone for you." A tall girl, in a white angora sweater and plaid jersey skirt, and with freckles across her short nose, made the announcement.

"Oh, thanks. It must be my brother," she explained to the group with whom she had been talking, as she set down her tea cup. Then, glancing after her messenger, who was disappearing across the room, "Isn't she an attractive girl!"

"Yes. She's Sandra Hollister. Rooms on your floor, I believe. She loves horses. Rides in Gymkhanas. Oh, and I think she has a pilot's license."

Excusing herself, Joan made her way toward the door and out to where Hugh stood waiting. The two found seats overlooking the terraced lawns and the drive, and sat for a moment relaxed. Joan leaned back and looked at her brother appraisingly. How tremendously proud she was of him. Not just of his athlete's figure, disciplined by years of football and golf and tennis and by months at the Varsity training table, but of the man that he was making of himself. Four more years and he would be out in the world, battling for a place in it. The going would be hard, but he would succeed.

"Hugh,—" Then, she paused. Hugh was regarding her just as she had him. They both laughed.

"I hope it was flattering," she answered his look. "Wait, I'll tell you. 'Well, so my little sister is growing up. Do I like her this way?'"

"Yes, you do! Anyway, neither of us can help it. Hugh, it's been the grandest day. I'm all settled," and Joan was launched on an account of new friends and new interests. As they talked, going from college topics to news of Fresno and their family, the hum of conversation from the lobby finally died away.

"Tea's over I guess," Joan announced hopefully. "I've been waiting to go up and get all the packages Mother and Dad sent you. I didn't want to carry them through the crowded room."

She was gone, to greet Hugh a few moments later with her arms filled with packages. He jumped up to help her.

"Pretty good weather we're having for Christmas."

"Well, this does look a little festive, doesn't it? Just put them here on the pavement by our chairs. Be sure to open these right away. Mother made your favorite date bars. That's the round tin. And the big soft one is a sweater she's been knitting since June. Then, Mr. Bishop insisted on giving Dad that law book you need. I'm afraid I was the guilty one. I was dusting off the books in his office one day this summer and I said, 'Oh, this is the book Hugh has us all watching out for. Sometimes, second hand bookstores get them.' Of

course, I never dreamed—and I wouldn't accept it when he offered it to me. But he got around Dad later, some way. Probably said he had six more at home, or something."

"I was surprised, Sis, that you were working in his office. Was it necessary?"

"I think so, Hugh. It's a year since you've been home, or you'd understand. Of course, when we came down here last spring, everyone was in a party mood. But I do know that they worry."

Hugh's face was serious. "I'm sorry Dad's business hasn't picked up yet. But don't try to earn anything here. Especially while you're new. College is a full-time job just now. I'm going to keep on with the work in Palo Alto. Do as much of it as I can, anyway."

He laid his arm around her shoulder for a moment, and then gathered up his bundles.

"Surely have everything I need now," he laughed, "and I mean it. That law book. And look!" He turned his arm so that she could see where his sweater had worn thin at the elbow.

"Mother was just in time, wasn't she? I'm sorry you have to hurry. I guess it's almost time for dinner, though, isn't it?"

At the door, she stood for a long moment after he had left her, watching his straight figure swinging along down the drive and vanishing into the early fall dusk as he turned toward Fraternity Row.

The girls were already gathering for dinner as Joan

entered. Bobby, wise in the ways of Roble, led the group to the seating chart, posted on the bulletin board. They looked it over hopefully.

Bobby sighed. "We're all miles away from each other, but at least, most of us are in the same room. For just one of us to have been parked in the other diningroom would have been fatal."

Later, Joan found herself at a table with a new and unfamiliar group. Even the sponsor who played hostess there was not known to her. She felt a bit uncomfortable and, looking about the room, discovered that the groups at the rest of the tables also seemed tense and formal. Across the room, Bobby appeared to be eating unconcernedly, but with her eyes on her plate. Yvonne, close by, looked as if she were about to burst into tears again and Geneve, at May's table, seemed utterly remote. Then, as the prune whip was being served, a name crossed the silence. "Saxon." How odd! Joan raised her head, glanced across the table at the speaker.

"Saxon, a cookie?" That was all, but enough to direct her attention to a tall girl opposite. Her eyes lingered appraisingly. Her first impression was of a girl who must have had few of the advantages of life; her second saw past the ill-fitting blouse, the reddened hands, to a glimpse of a personality and a beauty that were arresting.

Mrs. Willis, at the head table, rose just then, giving the signal for the rest to follow.

The girls, as they left the dining halls, gathered in the lobby for a brief talk to be given them on social regula-

tions. Joan, curled up on one of the semi-circular couches in front of the fireplace, listened to the speaker with real interest. The "Do's" and "Don't's", she found, left her less impressed than did the general spirit of the talk.

"All of one's actions at Stanford are based upon a spirit of honor. The way we work and study, our social conduct, depend upon personal honor. The self-government, delegated you by the University, gives you power, but it also gives you responsibility. The responsibility of maintaining these high standards for yourself and helping others to do likewise.

"Students are expected to show, both within and without the University, such respect for order, morality, personal honor and the rights of others, as is demanded of good citizens.

"We also ask you to maintain a spirit of equality. Excessive spending of money, the development of exclusive or undemocratic castes within the University, would be running counter to its principles."

"Let's all go for a walk now. We'll sleep better," Dixie suggested later. "I don't know where, though. They say the lake's only a hole in the ground this time of year."

"I think I'd better write a letter," Joan stifled a yawn.

"And I don't need a walk to put me to sleep. I'd take one if it would keep me awake." With a "Good night," she left the group and went up to her room.

Taking paper and pen from her desk, she had just started to write when a knock at the door was followed by Bobby's piquant little face, peering around it. She slipped in, glanced about to see that they were alone, and closed it after her.

"Joan, what in heck do you suppose was the matter with that cake, anyway?"

At the mention of the gift cake and the sight of Bobby's serious face, Joan suddenly burst into uncontrollable laughter. She covered her face with her hands, dropped to the edge of the bed where she sat rocking with mirth. Each time she looked at Bobby, who stood eyeing her with disapproval, her laughter became more violent.

"Of course, if you don't care to investigate, why—or maybe you already have." Bobby turned to go.

"Oh, no,—no! Please stay. I—I don't know why it's so f-funny, but it is." Joan, with a valiant effort, controlled her giggles.

"Well, I'm starved. Let's get the old thing out again."

The cake was finally laid on the table, resting on its pasteboard base, and Bobby, a dinner knife in her hand, set to work in earnest.

The results were the same.

Joan tried, too. Finally, as she bore down hard, the knife slipped, pushing a part of the frosting away. The two looked closely at the exposed section. It was bright, shining tin!

What was it Bill Winn had said to her in his presentation speech? Something about its ever remaining with her as a souvenir. Well, as far as eating it was concerned, it surely would.

"Shall we eat the frosting?"

"No, let's leave it as it is, I'll put it on my shelf. There's room and it might be useful some time."

Bobby sat, disappointment written on her face, as Joan, balancing on a suitcase, lifted the cake in its box. The next instant the suitcase, up-ending, slipped from beneath her feet. Joan clutched at the shelf and the curtain as she and boxes and clothes came spilling down together.

"Oh, are you hurt?" Bobby was on her knees beside her. Seeing that Joan was unharmed, she turned to look at the debris.

"Why,—what—! Why Joan, where on earth! If I'd known you had cookies like these!"

Joan sat up and stared. The floor was spangled with little circles and half moons and stars, white with icing and gay with colored decorations. Suddenly, with a shriek of laughter, she pointed toward a corner of the room.

"Oh, Bobby, look! The old tin cake. It was a box of cookies. It's still almost full."

Later, after Bobby had gone, Joan, munching a final citron-decked star, seated herself again at her desk and picked up her pen.

Dear Mother and Dad,

This is a wonderful place. It'll take just ages to tell you—

Yvonne, returning later from a fudge session with a new friend, found Joan still at the desk, her head on her arm, fast asleep.



Chapter Four

THE chimes from the bell tower close at hand awakened Joan the next morning. Could that be seven o'clock? With a bound, she was out of bed and, bath robe drawn hastily about her, was running for the shower. Selma had just finished dressing when Joan returned to her room. A few minutes later the two, with Yvonne tagging after, were on their way down the stairs to the dining hall. Seven fifteen wasn't so very early for breakfast, except when it followed a day as long and as exciting as Friday had been.

Joan discovered a vacant seat next to Saxon and slipped into it with a thrill of interest. Soon she introduced herself and Saxon did likewise.

"Aren't you excited over today?"

"Of course." Saxon's eyes were as bright as Joan's. "It's the beginning of our college life. I'll go around the campus today for the first time. And when my study card is made out and signed, I'll feel that I belong to Stanford. Think of it! Our campus. Our University. It's what I've been waiting for for years."

Joan nodded. "That's just how I feel, too. Have you any idea of what courses you want to take, or what you want your major to be?"

"Yes, education. I want to be a teacher."

"But Saxon, why?" The idea of teaching had never especially appealed to Joan.

"Well, because I like children. I think it would be interesting to have them around me and to feel that I was helping to build them into fine men and women. Later, I might even teach in a college. I'd still be carrying out the same idea."

"I hadn't thought of teaching in just that way," Joan admitted. "You do make it sound attractive. I'd love to hear more of your plans. Will you come see me some time?"

"I'd love to. And will you visit me? I'm on the second floor. A wing. In a room by itself."

"Mine's on the third. Don't forget."

The girls exchanged room numbers and drifted, arm in arm, into the lobby.

"Hoo-hoo!" Yvonne, standing in the doorway with Selma, signalled to Joan. As she spoke, Bobby and Geneve joined them. Saxon drew back.

"I've things to do in my room, Joan. I'll see you some other time."

"Gals," Bobby was advising her proteges, "we'd better stick together today. If we separate, we never will find each other again. Remember, assembly at nine, conference groups after. Campus tours at—ah—" she pulled a rumpled slip of paper from her pocket and consulted it, "at two-thirty, jolly-up at nine-thirty tonight. We should leave this morning at twenty after eight so you can get your boxes at the post office."

"Bobby," Dixie, joining the group, squeezed her arm, "it's grand of you to take such an interest in us freshies."

"Yes," Joan agreed, "how would we ever get along without you!"

"How'd I ever get along without you, you mean. Most of my old pals from here are up the Row this fall, so I only see them now and then. Maybe next year I'll be joining them there. They may pave the way for me. I suppose you'll all be joining sororities, too. Wouldn't it be grand if we all belonged to the same one!"

As they talked, the girls locked arms and strolled out into the sunshine. With time on their hands, they drifted down the drive.

"I do hope you get what you want." Joan had heard that Bobby, with not much time to make herself known during the January rushing season had not received the bid she wanted. So she had preferred not to accept any.

"You know," Bobby really became serious, "sometimes I wonder if I'd care to live up the Row after all. It's pretty swell right here."

"Just the same, I think a sorority would be lots of fun," Dixie answered her. "My sister was a Gamma and she had a grand time. Of course, there are a few of the women you don't like, but most of them, you do. You study with them and play with them and borrow their finger-nail polish. And go on double dates. I only hope I'm rushed."

"Well, you do all of those things here, too. I've lived in the Hall two quarters, so I know. And if you lose a few friends to the Row, you can soon find others to take their places."

"I think Dixie is right, Bobby," Geneve's voice was firm. "A sorority takes a more personal interest in you. For instance, they say the women leads for shows have come from the Alpha House for two years now. That isn't accidental. They choose girls with possibilities and then they push them along. You're given all kinds of opportunities in a sorority. And then too, your social standing is better."

"My social standing's quite all right as it is, that is if you judge it by my friends. However, I don't want you to think I'm taking this attitude just in case I may not be rushed. Sororities have their points, I admit. They're smaller and more intimate, for them as likes that."

"Oh, I'm sure that would be nice," Yvonne sighed.

"It'd be much more like a home. But there's such a small chance of being asked."

"Yes, they can only take about one-fourth of the women I hear," Joan agreed. "I think I'd like to be in a smaller group, too, but if I don't make a sorority, there are places like Elm and Mariposa that are the same size. And one doesn't have the bother of annual rushing, or house duties there."

"Selma, haven't you a word to say?" Joan was interested to know where her suitemate stood.

"Well, of course, I know that here on this campus, there's a lot of debate about sororities, pro and con. But, I'll have to be here a little longer before making up my mind. It's all very interesting, though."

"Yes," Bobby agreed, as they entered Roble again, "we don't have to decide for months. My watch says twenty after eight. Just time to run upstairs for our bags. And be sure your pens are filled."

At nine, Joan and the rest entered the basket ball-pavilion and found seats for the Welcoming Assembly. This was the first time that the class had all gathered together and Joan looked about her with interest. Don was, she knew, somewhere among the groups of men already seated, or just entering. And, of course, many of the girls she had already met.

Yet on the whole, the large hall, filling so rapidly, held for her only unfamiliar faces.

As the President of the Associated Students held up his hand for silence, a hush fell over the assemblage.

Joan and her friends listened intently to his brief words of welcome, followed by those of the Vice-President.

Then came the various coaches, and—why, wasn't that—? It was! Hugh! He was going to talk. Joan was thrilled. Oh, how her mother and father would have loved to be here at this moment. Well, she would write and tell them all about it.

Poised and friendly, his shoulders broad under the Varsity sweater, Hugh, as football captain for the coming year, welcomed the new students. He hoped they would take from Stanford knowledge and inspiration, and would give back to her loyalty and an interest in helping and encouraging their fellows. This was a hard year for football on the campus. Many of Stanford's finest players had been graduated the previous spring. It was up to the students to encourage those who had taken their places, and to give them the spirit again to make Stanford's a winning team.

Joan, when she and the others finally rose to sing, felt a deeper note in her voice, a new enthusiasm that was to grow stronger with each year of her stay at Stanford.

"Oh, dear, just think, classes haven't started and yet we've got to have a test. It just seems like they've begun the quarter backwards." Yvonne twirled her pen in her fingers nervously, as the group quitted the pavilion and turned toward Memorial Hall.

"Just a reading test," Bobby encouraged her, "anybody can pass that. They want to find out how fast you

read and how much of it you can remember. Save your jitters for later on in the quarter. You'll need 'em."

"Hi!" She waved at someone in the distance. "That was Butch. But he's with a couple of boys."

The girls found the reading test much as Bobby had described it and no one was greatly worried as they handed in their books and quitted the room.

"Now, have you all got your slips with the names of your academic advisors?" Bobby questioned them, with a maternal note in her voice.

Joan giggled. "Bobby, I agree. You certainly are going to be a grand secretary some day. I can just picture you telling the president of some steel corporation what day his appointment is to have his hair cut."

Bobby grinned at her just as Yvonne exclaimed, "Oh, girls, I haven't any slip. All I can find is one that says 'For furniture rentals, see Holcombes in ——'"

"Yvonne! Here, give me that bag!" Desperation shone in Bobby's eyes. "You've got to have that slip. We haven't time to go running all around for information. Here!" and triumphantly she lifted out a small piece of paper.

"Oh, where was it?" Yvonne looked much as an average audience does just after the professor of magic has pulled the rabbit from the hat.

"Just there, that's all, in your bag. Come on."

It was ten o'clock when Joan found herself part of a group facing their academic advisor.

A tall, gray, thoughtful man, he succeeded, with very few words, in familiarizing them with lower division requirements.

"Lower division," he explained, "consists of the first and second years of the University curriculum. Certain subjects are required during these years. The work is divided into three groups; first, arts and letters; second, natural sciences and mathematics; third, social sciences. Every student must take at least fifteen units in each of the groups.

"An average grade of C is required before the student can be given Upper Division standing.

"The selection of a major subject will ordinarily be made at the end of the second year. However, Lower Division students may make this selection at the beginning of any quarter."

Following the group conference came the individual discussions, for which Joan waited her turn. She was glad of this chance to meet her advisor, Professor Black, of the English Department, and to ask questions and receive suggestions from him.

"I'm glad that I don't have to tell you my major," she admitted apologetically, as she took her place before him, "because I haven't decided on one yet. When I do, I want it to lead to something useful, though."

"Of course you do," Professor Black agreed. "And, that being the case, I advise you to make up your mind as soon as possible. The Dean of Women can help

you in this. Have you heard of the tests given to reveal a student's capabilities? Then, too, through a file and contacts with outside advisers, students are provided with the latest vocational information.

"Look for a bulletin called 'University Training and Vocational Outlets' at the Registrar's Office. And watch for a series of lectures to be given by department heads, outlining vocational possibilities for which training is given.

"Now, to get back to mapping your course, you'll find it will include one subject from each of the three groups I mentioned. Tell me, which group interests you most?"

"Oh, arts and letters. I know I want to take some English and some art. And I'd like to go on with my French."

Shortly, under Professor Black's expert guidance, Joan's study list card was made out and signed. It included history, biology, French and art. And now, for Joan, the first class day could not come quickly enough.

In contrast to the first two meals, Joan had taken at Roble, luncheon was accompanied by a hum of conversation. Study lists were compared, aims and ambitions talked over and the experiences of the morning reviewed.

Later, the girls gathered in the lobby and on the lawns and then drifted off in groups toward the Library and the Stanford sight-seeing tours. In front

of the Library, the buses stood waiting. And a large crowd of freshman had gathered.

Joan, as she neared the Library, was conscious of a familiar figure standing isolated in front of the fountain.

"Hi, Joan!" Don came toward her. "I missed out on seeing you this morning. Where did you hide? And I couldn't risk not finding you again this afternoon, so, I've been on the lookout. Shall we do this together? I could get some chaps for your girl friends and make a party."

Dixie whistled a few gay notes, and then smiled as Don went in search of his friends.

"So things are beginning to pick up," she exulted. "I'd been wondering when we gals were going to get a break."

"I wish Bobby had come with us," Joan sighed. "But I suppose she and Butch don't need a sight-seeing tour after two quarters here. I believe he's taking her for a spree in that soda fountain they call the 'Cellar' and after that, they're going shopping in Palo Alto."

"Yes, and the last thing those two need is food. Have you seen Butch? Well, you'll know what I mean when you do."

Geneve glanced over to where Don, with a group of men, was coming toward them.

"Tell me, who is Don, Joan? Have you known him long?"

"Yes, all my life. He's from my home town."

"He dresses awfully well. Has he a car?"

"Oh, a grand new cream colored sport model. You must come riding with us some time, Geneve."

Don returned in a moment with his friends. After Joan's introductions, he presented the boys.

"This is Bill Grady. They tell me he weighs a hundred and eighty and comes with a rep at football, so you better be nice to him, or else— Then, this little guy is Holt Emery—good things come in small packages. Matthew Russell, otherwise known as Babe. He keeps that school girl complexion by using vanishing cream every night." Don smiled blandly into the enraged face of one of the handsomest men Joan had ever seen.

"Milt and Buck Haseltine are brothers. You'd never guess it, would you? That's because Buck is always passing it to Milt. He lets him do the worrying, that's what keeps Milt worn to the bone."

"Listen," Buck protested, "you never even saw us until this morning. What gets Milt down is boning. He needs a year on a dude ranch instead of at a college."

"Do you think I'm a rambling wreck?" Milt questioned Joan under his breath. She glanced up into nice gray eyes in a lean, sensitive face, and smiled.

"What do you think?"

"Let's find a seat in the bus," he suggested and the two walked toward where the buses were parked.

"Hey, you can't get away with that!" Don caught Joan by the arm. "Joan's my gal!"

For a moment they stopped to listen to a guide. It appeared from his directions that they were to proceed first, and on foot, to the Memorial Chapel. Then return for an inspection of the Art Gallery and the Library. From there on, the tour would be by bus.

As Don put his arm possessively through Joan's, Milt complained woefully, "There's an extra man somewhere and maybe I'm it. Can't Joan manage to take along two of us?"

"Okeh, since you put it that way. Only remember, I get the seat next to Joan later in the bus."

As the class started, Joan was not surprised to see that Geneve and Babe had found each other. They made a fine pair. She was frankly admiring them. After a moment, however, her attention was drawn to Dixie, just ahead of her. She was trying a pronounced Southern drawl on Bill with telling results.

They entered a wide quadrangle, surrounded by classroom buildings opening on a continuous arcade, and dominated by the Chapel.

Circular gardens dotted the enclosure, planted with shrubs and palm trees. The effect was picturesque and suggested the type of architecture which the Spanish fathers had used in the California Missions.

"This," the guide explained, "is what is called the inner quadrangle, or Quad. Another similar row of

buildings surrounds these, with smaller courts here and there between, and is called the outer Quad. In time, two other new quadrangles will be completed. The Library and the Art Gallery will become part of one of these."

Traversing the Quad, they entered the Chapel. Joan was at once impressed with a feeling of deep quiet. Above the altar and along nave and transepts, Byzantine in style, glorious stained-glass windows turned the sunlight into a rainbow of rich color. From the mass of shadows it picked a profusion of lacy carvings and intricate colored mosaic pictures.

Joan drifted about, gazing at the great panels depicting the Bible story from the creation to the Cross, patterned in small, bright stones; glimpsing the apostles in the windows; enjoying the detail of Roselli's, *The Last Supper*; reading the inspiring inscriptions carved on the walls.

"The Chapel," the guide explained, "was built as a Memorial to Governor Stanford. All of the mosaics came from Italy, but the designer of the Chapel was a Californian. To Mrs. Stanford, the Chapel was the most important building on the Campus. For this reason, she chose its dominant position, and lavished beauty upon it. It is the sincere wish of the University, as it was of Mrs. Stanford, that it may be a place of inspiration to all."

After the soft twilight of the Chapel interior, the sun outside seemed over-bright. The long line of

freshmen was subdued and rather quiet as it returned to the Library. Entering the lobby, they inspected the Reserved Book Room on the ground floor, where most of the books used by freshmen are kept. Then, they climbed the broad stairway to the second floor.

At the head of the staircase they saw the lending desk and the card index system. Later they wandered about through the reference room and the periodical room, containing valuable files of newspapers and magazines, and peered at rare books through the glass cases.

"The Library contains seven hundred and ten thousand volumes and is one of the largest in the West," the guide explained.

Returning to the lobby, they turned into the rooms devoted to the Hoover War Library. With interest, they stood before the tables and cases, turning the pages of old books, looking at pictures and trophies, trying to imagine what Stanford and the world was like in those days that were still so vivid to their mothers and fathers.

"Oh, dear," Joan sighed to Selma and Don, with whom she was looking at a book, "it must have been dreadful! Dad says everything at Stanford was going on about as usual. The girls were dating for Junior Week, and the boys getting ready for the track meet, and then, suddenly, America was in the war and the boys who were over twenty-one had joined up in the Ambulance units or enlisted for regular service and were starting to go overseas. It

wasn't any time before they were all in the service."

"My Dad was here, too." Babe, from across the table, had been listening to Joan. "That is, he wasn't at Stanford, but the next year, when they started the Officers' Club at Camp Fremont, he got to know a lot of co-eds."

"It must have been grand to have had a camp like that almost in the University's back yard, with officers' dances all the time."

Geneve sighed.

"It was, I guess. They used a Victorian mansion nearby as the club house. Dad said it was beautiful. And then, they sent out invitations to the four most important sororities."

"Listen, you kids. You'd think that war was just one grand party, to hear you talk." Don was reproving.

Selma looked at him quietly. "I lost two uncles in it. They were around your age then. And they were in college, too."

"Yes, and the flu was dreadful here, too. Lots of students died of it. Everyone was frightened it would be his turn next." Joan was very serious, remembering tales her father had told. "But," she added cheerfully, "they did say the flu masks were awfully funny. Everyone wore them on Quad and scarcely anybody knew who anyone else was. Some of the girls wouldn't go in for white cheesecloth, but made net and lace ones instead."

The voice of their guide attracted their attention. "The Hoover War Library is the world's largest collection of data and original material on the World War and subsequent treaties. Priceless letters and reports, complete portfolios on the League of Nations, entire rooms filled with propaganda posters and newspaper files of war times—these and much else attract research scholars from the East and Europe to study here."

Quitting the Library, a short walk brought the group to the Art Gallery.

"Oh, Oh," Dixie whispered as they entered the room of permanent exhibits, "What is that statue?"

"She is magnificent, isn't she? Let's take a peek at her inscription. Why, it seems she was presented to President Hoover by the Belgian Government in gratitude for his reconstruction work there. I suppose, after the War." Joan looked up at the great veiled bronze figure that confronted them with greater respect.

"I am the same yesterday, today and forever," she translated.

"Look at this, Joan." Don took her arm and led her to a room of temporary exhibits. "Originals of modern illustrations by Mausser. I've seen some of them in leading magazines, haven't you?"

"Oh, that one—I read the story of that in a woman's magazine. And this one. Doesn't he get vitality in them?"

"And composition. They're good, for all that the work is hurried."

"But Don did you see that painting on the wall as we entered. It's perfect! Let's go back. I really want to get a good look at it."

Returning to the outer room she nodded toward a canvas some two-and-a-half by three feet in size and mounted in an elaborate gold frame. "Pio Ricci, Florence, XVI Costum," she read. "Just look how perfectly the artist has reproduced the texture and gleam of satin in that lady's dress. I simply must find out a little more about it."

"We don't know very much about it ourselves," the guide was rather amused at her eagerness, "except, of course, that it is an original painting and was purchased by the Senator and Mrs. Stanford on one of their trips abroad, probably in Florence. The artist undoubtedly specialized in painting satin and other fabrics. We've actually had to put the canvas high on the wall out of the reach of visitors because they were continually touching it to make sure that it really wasn't cloth. He did make a very balanced composition though, and we consider it one of our best paintings."

"Well," thought Joan, "for the next four years it's going to be under my very special, if unofficial care." She instinctively wanted to adopt a few landmarks and Stanford possessions as her own. It gave her more of a sense of "belonging."

Returning to the buses, Joan climbed into one and

found a seat and Don followed. As she turned to him, she was surprised to find seated beside her, instead of Don, a long, lazy-looking youth with sleek black hair and a blue line already about his firm jaw. At her look of surprise, he grinned.

"Sorry, but there's only one way to fix men like Don. He's the persistent type and you have to take 'em off guard."

"Well, I like that!" Don appearing, folded his arms and glared at the interloper. As the aisle filled with girls and men, he was pushed forward and Joan had only time to call, "I couldn't help it."

The dark chap, having achieved his purpose, was content for the moment to sit quietly and listen to the guide.

They were now going to cross in front of the outer quadrangle to the Museum, and, farther on, to the Founder's Tomb. Stanford had, as doubtless everyone knew, been conceived as a memorial by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford to their son, Leland, Junior. He had died at the age of sixteen in Florence, Italy, while engaged in collecting objects of art for a museum which he had hoped someday to build for the people of the West. These objects, together with valuable additions, were now housed in the Stanford Museum. This building, architecturally a copy of the Museum at Athens, was the first building anywhere in the world to be constructed of reinforced concrete.

"Now," Joan's partner turned toward her, "let's get

acquainted. You're Joan Something-or-other and I'm Pierre Duval. Don can have you the rest of the day, but I just wanted to be in time to date you for the Registration Dance."

"Why,—but—" Joan protested, "you don't know me at all. What makes you think you want me for a partner?"

"I don't know anyone at all. I'm from France via England. But I'm not shy. I've looked 'em all over and you're my pick," and he tipped his head and peered up at her with such a droll mixture of eagerness and hope that Joan could not help laughing.

"Swell!" he exclaimed, rising as the bus drew up before the Museum, and before Joan could give an answer, he was clambering out before her in order to help her down.

In the entrance hall, which is dominated by its bronze group of the Stanford family, the class turned to the right, where, through a door, Joan caught sight of mummies and the reds and blues of ancient Egypt.

"Oh, what a thrill," she gasped. "I've studied so much about things like this, but I've never seen any."

"Oh, ugh," Yvonne backed away from the open mummy case with its gruesome contents.

"Come on. Don't be a sissy," Holt pushed her forward. "It won't bite you. It's dead."

"Th-that's the trouble. And look! What's that? It's a hand. Oh, Holt, it's a dead hand. I want to get out of here. Let me go."

Holt, pretending annoyance, but really as amused as the rest over Yvonne's jitters, led her away from the offending case to where a group of clay tablets were arranged.

"Look, see here, Yvonne," he soothed her. "These were used as letters in the good old days of two thousand odd before Christ."

"Let me see, let me see." At his words, Joan and several of the others gathered around.

"It's cuneiform," she queried, "isn't it? Do look at this one." She read a label by the side of the small lump of clay. "'Receipt for one ox and two sheep dated in 2350 B.C.'"

"It makes time seem nothing, doesn't it?" Milt answered her. "Like the saying, 'Time stays, we go.'"

"Look-a-here," his brother was poring over the little collection, "'Contract bearing name of Darius, Persian king of Babylon and dated second year of his reign."

"Yes, and lookie," Yvonne was interested now, "Contract with name of son of Nebuchadnezzar, 560 B.C.' Nebuchadnezzar! I know him!"

"You're sure an old woman, Yvonne," Don teased her.

"Why I—well, I know who he was. Don't be silly!" as her words brought a laugh.

"Look over here at these necklaces," Geneve called to them, "don't they look modern? I'd love that

amethyst and gold beaded one on this blue dress of mine."

"Oh, and wouldn't the coral be pretty on my white knit!"

"It would, wouldn't it, Dixie? Look, they used snoods then, too. And the gold bracelets are really very Victorian."

"The curator would think we were crazy."

"Unless his wife may have said the same thing."

"Joan, Joan, look at this! And Don, too. You're interested in art." Selma's eyes were wide with excitement. "Why, this portrait is as modern as anything that's being done today."

She drew them to a cabinet in which the pictures of a man and a woman were displayed.

"'Portrait of a mummy painted by Greek with spatula and bees wax,'" Don read. "And the other one's of tempera. That's not in such good condition. But that woman's head!"

"It even has a little highlight on the nose."

"Aw, what's the use!" Don turned away in mock despair. "There's nothing new under the sun. Why even try to be original?"

"Look at all the stone scarabs! I wonder why they had so many."

"They used them in mummies," Milt explained, "to take the place of the heart. You've heard the expression, 'heart of stone,' haven't you?"

"Milt, what are you, a walking encyclopedia!" Bill groaned.

"No, but I want to be an archeologist. Get me around a pack of modern stuff and I wouldn't know a thing."

Hastily, Joan and her group followed the rest as the room began to clear.

"Purple and fine linen," she murmured to herself as she passed by a wall case filled with old Phoenician pieces, and, "Oh, look at the toys," she exclaimed as a case came into view that she had not seen before.

"No," Milt explained. "When an important Egyptian died, his wives, servants and horses were killed to keep him company in the next world. Later, these ushabtiu were made by priests to take their places. It saved a lot of slaughter."

Reaching the door, they were just in time to hear a guide's concluding remarks. "Egypt had three arts which are lost to the modern world, fine weaving of linen, mummifying and cutting of basalt stone."

"Oh, I want to see the peach blown vase. Hugh told me all about it years ago. And that there are only five in the world because the originator died with his secret," Joan remarked as they entered the Oriental rooms.

"Say, in just a minute, you'll be in the same class as Milt," Dixie warned her. "Just two encyclopedic pals."

"That sounds nice and I like it," Joan laughed.

"Here it is. Look, 'Value, twelve thousand five hundred dollars.' Can you imagine! It's pretty, but so small and plain."

"I wonder how much it would have been worth if the secret hadn't been kept," Bill speculated matterof-factly.

Past groups of cloisonné hundreds of years old, and delicate gilt bronzes, and embroideries and carvings they wandered, only able to take a swift glance at the treasures that promised to yield them much when they made a later and more leisurely return.

"This, the best Oriental exhibit in the West," the guide announced, "is the Ikeda collection. Ikeda was one of Japan's greatest connoisseurs. After his death, his family planned to send the collection to the British Museum in order to raise funds for a memorial to him. His son, accompanying the collection, visited Mrs. Stanford. She was permitted to view it and purchased it at once."

"Oh!" Looming out of the semi-darkness of a room beyond, Joan was confronted by a huge black locomotive with red lights glinting along its sides. It looked sinister with its great bellied smoke stack, and the pointed cow-catcher directed her way.

"That's the Governor Stanford," the guide, close by her, explained. "First locomotive purchased for the Central Pacific Railroad, shipped to California by way of Cape Horn and arrived in Sacramento October seventh, eighteen sixty-three. Stanford was Governor

of California at that time and President of the Central Pacific Railroad. This was, as you doubtless know, the first transcontinental railroad to connect California with the East. Governor Stanford, together with Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins, was a builder of this railroad. It did more than any one thing, outside of gold, to develop California."

On the walls of the room, great murals depicted the days of Forty-nine. Cases were filled with relics.

At the head of the broad marble stairs, the class viewed the exhibits of Guatemalan weaving, Javanese batik, and Venetian glass, delicate as flowers. Then, they came upon the Indian collection. Joan, one of the first to reach it, was able to hear it explained by the curator.

"This collection is representative of the various pueblos in Arizona which make pottery. In all the designs, they use symbols for harvests, rain, and so on. Some are very old, some new."

Joan looked intently at the clay pots and vases, trying to discover where each symbol was. The curator sought to help her.

"This is a bird." He pointed to a black design, looking to her very much like a pagoda. "It's body is divided in half by a black line. The lower section is filled with dots, or grain. In other words, it has had a good meal, or harvest.

"Incidentally, notice the spirit line on so many of these pieces."

"Spirit line!" Yvonne looked as if she were about to retreat again.

"Yes. The black painted design around the top. There's a break in it. It doesn't meet. You see, the women who make these vessels believe that something of themselves, of their spirit, goes into each piece that is made by them. In case the spirit wants to get out, an opening in the design on the rim is left."

"I'd draw an unbroken circle around my 1930 Ford," Bill, stooping, hissed in her ear, "only I'm afraid it's too late. The spirit has already left it."

At last, in a room some thirty by fifty feet in size on the second floor, Joan found the answer to the question that had been subconsciously bothering her all morning. Leland and Jane Stanford had given more than 83,000 acres of priceless land and more than \$33,000,000 to found Stanford. Why did they do it? Was it really a memorial to Leland, Jr., or had they built it for a selfish motive like personal prestige? Joan despised herself for wondering, but she couldn't help it. The sums involved were so huge. Now, as she looked across the room she really began to understand. In cases standing alone were the personal possessions of Leland Stanford, Jr. Toys that he played with when still a small boy, not elaborate ones chosen for their showiness, but those which only a mother could, or would, choose. His first attempts at boat building, a crude little hull carved out of wood; a few worn cars of his model railroad, for one of his greatest dreams was to become a

railroad man like his father; the notebooks and art supplies he once used; his guns, his first watch, and a letter to his father describing Mount Vesuvius. In another case was a mirror he had made for his mother with a hand-carved handle and back, flanked on either side by his first two efforts that did not satisfy him. Yes, in a thousand homes throughout the country one might find similar collections, but none more honestly or painstakingly assembled than that contained in this room. There wasn't any real difference, Joan reflected, between the idea of creating this great university and Mr. and Mrs. Hodges' gift of a library to the school back in Fresno in memory of their son, except that the Stanfords were able to do it on a grand scale.

"Gosh, it was tough, wasn't it?" Joan, her thoughts far away, almost jumped at the remark, made close beside her. Then, she looked up into Bill's eyes.

"Yes, it was, Bill. A tragic reason for building a University. Most people would have just sat down and howled."

From the museum, they strolled through a maze of trails bordered by cacti which led into the deep shadows of oak trees. They paused where, in a clearing of lawns and flower beds, the sphinx-guarded Stanford Mausoleum arose. The guide quoted, "Theirs the power to mold unborn generations for good; to keep one's hands mightily on human affairs, after the flesh has been dust for years. Thus does

man become co-worker with God in shaping the world to a better outcome."

The remainder of the tour led past the men's dormitories, Encina and Tayon and Branner, and the men's athletic plant, all isolated to the east of the Quad. Down Lasuen Street, commonly called the Row, bordered by the Union, the bookstore, the Post Office and the majority of fraternity and sorority houses, the bus rumbled. As she passed, Joan took a long look at these latter, standing stately among trees on their deep lawns.

Then, they were driving by the now familiar Roble, with Lagunita Court close by, newest and most modern of the University's residences for women, and, across from it, the gymnasium. Finally they turned back past the post office to stop at the Union.

"Last stop," announced the guide, "will be the Union Cellar."

"Cellar! What does he mean by that?" Geneve looked skeptical.

"I've heard it's a soda fountain," Joan explained, "and a place for between-meal snacks, in the basement of the Union. And am I ready for a long, cold drink!"

"I really feel as if I belonged at Stanford now." Dixie and the rest, perched on stools at the long counter, sipped their drinks and chatted with animation.

"Yes, but, oh, it's a much grander place than I thought," Yvonne was ecstatic, "and you can tell

that it's going to go on growing and growing."

"Yes," Don agreed. "Take that Cubberly Education Building for example. It was so late we didn't have much time for it today. Five hundred twenty-five thousand dollars to build, auditorium seats five hundred and library rooms alone accommodate over one hundred and fifty students. That's just one building of what will be a whole new quadrangle. It seems perfect now, but fifty years hence, we won't even recognize the place."

"Well, I really like that," Joan agreed. "I wouldn't be so interested in a University that had stopped growing and depended on its past history for all its interest. I'd rather belong to a place that's alive and on its way."

"There must be lots of traditions and things," Yvonne sighed. "We'll be sure to be booed before we learn all of them."

"I know one. Women aren't supposed to use the Law Steps."

"Oh, well, Joan, you'd be supposed to know that."

"Isn't there something about an axe?" Yvonne questioned.

"I should say. Has anyone heard it?" Joan glanced around the circle.

At a few shakes of the head, she started. "Well, it seems, my children, that many years ago, forty, to be exact, Stanford forged an axe to scalp her rival, California, with. She may not really have meant it, but

it was a good big axe, just the same. California got clever and stole the axe a month later and kept it for thirty years. Once a year, they brought it out for their football rally. In nineteen-thirty, a bunch of Stanfordites sneaked into their rally disguised as photographers, threw a little tear gas around and snatched the axe. Now, it's used as a Big Game trophy. Oh, dear! Do you suppose we'll have a ghost of a chance to win it this fall?"

"Cheer up, Joan. You ought to know. Anyway, if the team doesn't, it won't be from lack of trying."

"I know it won't, Dixie."

"I found out another tradition," Geneve laughed. "No smoking on Quad. How do I know? The boy I was with tried it."

After the amusement at this little confession had subsided, Selma suggested the boys' corduroy trousers. "Only upper-classmen can wear them. My cousin did in the mad twenties."

"Yes, that's right," Bobby agreed. "Only now, nobody wants to wear them. Look around you on Quad and you'll see. And gals, have you all ditched your prep school pins? They're just not the thing here."

"Oughtn't we to hurry?" Joan finished her ice cream soda. "We'll be late for dinner."

"What are you wearing to the Jolly-up?" Dixie asked as they walked toward Roble.

"It isn't a dress-up affair."

"I know, but after such a day I feel the need of freshening up a bit."

"So do I. Let's scramble." Dixie led the group as they hurried up to their rooms.

"I say, we might as well make use of my brother at the Jolly-up tonight." Bobby joined the group after dinner, "I've arranged a signal with him. If any of us isn't happy with her partner, Prince Butch Charming will rescue her from the dragon by cutting in. We have simply to nod twice."

"Bobby, I don't know what any of us would do down on this Farm without you. I never knew that brothers could be so convenient."

"Think nothing of it my dear. I'm enjoying my mission immensely."

"What I think is peculiar, though, is the way the girls have to go unescorted. I'll feel so foolish just standing around there. You know, like I was overanxious to go."

"You'll get over that when you see all the rest doing the same thing."

"Lucky for us they had the Jolly-up tonight. After all the excitement we've been through, it would be a dreadful let-down if we had to go to bed at eight o'clock on our first Saturday night here."

"Remember, just sports clothes. Most informal, you know," and Bobby again guided the group in her course of Etiquette A, as she called it. "I'll meet you downstairs in ten minutes."

"Wasn't it lucky Mother made me this outfit!" thought Joan as she pushed her auburn curls up under the gold-colored felt sport hat that matched the knitted suit, and selected a rust sport handkerchief to blend with her bracelet and clips. "I've everything that I can ever need this winter and I paid for it all myself. But we did work, Mother, Bunny and I. And we did bargain hunt!" And, humming a little tune, she hurried down the stairs to the others.

"You certainly will knock 'em dead," pronounced Bobby as she looked Joan over briefly, and propelled her hurriedly out of the front door and across the street to the gymnasium. "But I warn you, if you keep your future dates waiting as long as you did me, they'll either do a run-out on you or fall dead asleep from boredom."

"Wait right here, chummies," commanded Bobby. "I see Butch over there, and I want to explain matters to him. He doesn't know it, but he may be taking the four of us home tonight."

"Oh, Yvonne, don't you feel lost?" Joan mourned, as the girls stood huddled together. "I don't see a soul I know here. Suppose we stand by this wall all night and never—oh!" Someone had tapped her arm.

"Shall we dance?" and Joan was whirled away.

"You live in the Union, don't you?" questioned her partner. "I've seen you go in there five times to-day."

"Why . . ." Tag again and Joan was whirling,

dipping, flying about with what seemed no system at all.

"Wonderful dancer," came a new voice. "Haven't I met you before?"

"Well, hardly. I..." Tag. Joan was growing a bit bewildered. At home, it had been easy to follow, no matter how intricate her partner's steps. Here, they had dancing techniques totally unknown to her. Tag again, and Joan glanced up to meet two laughing blue eyes above a snub nose, ridged with freckles.

"Come on, let's get a breath of cool air for a moment. My friends call me, Del."

Joan followed her escort as he guided her through the crowd about the door, and out into the wide patio with its placid fountain in the center.

"One can't stand too much of that without sustenance," and Del nodded back toward where the strains of an excited saxophone dominated a very good band.

Joan giggled. As she left the dance floor, she had noticed Yvonne frantically nodding off into space, while her partner, blissfully unconscious of her intentions, carried on an animated conversation.

"Now, I don't think that's very polite. Laughing at me when I merely tried to rescue you."

"Oh, I wasn't laughing at you!" Joan for the moment had forgotten her escort. "I'm most grateful." "Then, why the snicker? Oh, well, never mind.

I should pry! Until I know you better. How about a tall lemonade, or something?"

"Perfect."

"I sat back of you at the sponsor's meeting this morning and I've been waiting for a chance to meet you."

Joan looked skeptical. "That's an awfully old line. The same one the lad used who watched me go into the Union five times today. I live at Roble. Somehow, I didn't think you were that sort."

"I'm not. It's the truth. I sat just back of you and said 'Ahem,' and you can ask a friend of mine, Butch Wellman, if it isn't so."

"Butch! Why, that's Bobby's twin brother."

"Yes, and we've a bet on, that I'll tell you about some day. It concerns you, too. Butch is a great guy."

"Why not tell me now?" Joan's curiosity for the moment got the better of her desire to be nonchalant.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but remember the snicker. If your secrets are inviolable, so are mine. That is, for a week or two. Of course, I may at last give in. Here we are. What'll it be?"

For awhile the two were content to be silent, as the tall drinks disappeared. At last, Joan breathed a deep sigh of contentment. "I feel lots cooler now. Can we rest any longer, or should we go back to the party?"

"I should take you back. This is your get-acquainted

affair. But first, let's have this settled. May I see you home? I probably won't have another chance to ask you during the evening."

"Why, yes," Joan assented with a distinct feeling of relief. Now it would not be necessary to rely upon the unknown Butch's generosity. In addition, the prospect of seeing the breezy Del again was distinctly pleasant. Returning to the gymnasium, they started to dance as they entered.

"Aha, so that's what you've been up to, Del! No fair! It looks to me as if I've lost out after all," and Joan was tagged by a jolly-looking young man with a very round face—in fact, he was round all over.

"You know, Bobby promised me a first class introduction earlier this evening, but we couldn't find you, and I was sold on my Prince Charming role. I'm Bobby's brother."

"It was certainly grand of you to offer your services. We aren't used to such attention."

"You mean, you don't need such attention. That's where I miscalculated. You see, far from being a great sacrifice on my part, I figured to gain by it. As it turns out, I think I lose. What's the answer?"

"How should I . . . Oh . . . !"

Joan had been tagged at such an interesting point in the conversation that she felt cheated. Should she try out the signal? Why not? Especially since Butch seemed to be watching her so intently. She caught his

eye, nodded twice, and, with a celerity surprising in one so plump, he was at her side. He pounded her partner on the back.

"Quick work, don't you think? Really, do you prefer my company to his? I'm honored."

"Won't you please go on from where we were interrupted?"

"I'll have to find a quiet corner for that. Come on, there's one on that marble bench. You see, I know all the ins and outs of this place."

"Del told me you two sat back of me in sponsor's meeting this morning."

"So Del has been discussing me. Did he tell you about our argument?"

"Well, he did say that when you were both at the meeting . . ."

"That's the argument . . . Well, of all the nerve. That couple should know this space is reserved. That's better. Now, to make a long story short, two chaps sit in back of a certain girl in a certain meeting. Said individual looketh mighty good to said bohunks, but unfortunately they find it difficult to make any sort of impression. Hence, a debate. Thence, a wager between said chumps. Whichsoever of the two shall meet said damsel first . . ."

"Oh, I see it now. Really, Butch Wellman, I don't think that's so funny. And I suppose Del won by meeting me first?"

"Right the first time."

"Well he deserved to, because you really had a much better chance as Bobby's brother."

"Thanks a lot, you little flatterer." Butch seemed quite annoyed.

"There goes 'Home, Sweet Home' and . . ."

"And I suppose you've promised that to Del. I guess I am slow on my feet, all right. But believe me, from now on, I'll try to correct that."

"Anyway, Butch, I appreciate your rescuing me and . . ."

Del appeared from among the crowd and took her by the arm. "I knew Butch would get even. Had you sidetracked over here in a corner all evening."

"Only following your lead, my lad. I was just explaining our little bet. It appears that you come out on top," and Butch gave Del a friendly whack, as he and Joan whirled away in the direction of the exit.



Chapter Five

"I managed to wake her up about a half hour ago and I haven't heard a sound from her since. That is," she corrected herself, "I thought I woke her up. I called and asked her if she were up and she said, 'Sure!' Seems to me she sounded rather sleepy though."

"Well, let's investigate," Selma suggested, "and if she isn't, why—" She chuckled gleefully.

Very softly Selma knocked on Yvonne's door, but there was no answer. Then, quietly turning the knob, the girls peeked in. The picture before them would have made a pleasing advertisement for a mattress company. Snuggled beneath the blankets with one hand

under her cheek, her dark curls tousled and a happy little smile on her lips, Yvonne reminded the intruders of a little kitten curled up for an afternoon nap in the sun.

Selma and Joan looked at each other. "I just haven't the heart," Joan whispered. "You do it."

Selma looked doubtful, "Gee," she commented, "there ought to be a law against having so much fun sleeping." Walking over to the bed, she sighed, and then, "Hey, sleepy-head, wake up! Come on now, be a good girl and get up and hear the pretty birdies sing." The only response was a faint stir from Yvonne. Gently, Selma tugged at the pillow only to have Yvonne's hand attempt to brush away the disturbing influence. Selma retreated. "Well, Joan, there's just one way to fix this. Come on." Returning to the bed Selma grabbed one end of the sheet under Yvonne's head and motioned Joan to do the same at the foot. Then, together, they gave one sharp pull. The result was that a very sleepy looking girl sat on the floor, blinking as she watched the hasty retreat of her two suite-mates.

* * *

"Well, we made it." Joan was out of breath. "It's just eight-forty-four and a half to be exact. But this last minute dashing is going to wear me down I'm afraid, that is, unless we fix a method that will really wake you up on time."

Yvonne smiled contentedly. "It was such a beautiful

dream," she reminisced, "he was a Doctor of Philosophy, and Captain of the football team, and in his spare time he was the Student Body President, and oh, he had such a beautiful yacht—"

"There's Saxon and Selma," interrupted Joan. "They're at our table. Hello, everybody!"

"Oh, goodness!"

Bobby had come up. "Don't say 'Hello' this morning. That's one tradition which is going to make a wreck out of me yet." As they sat down, she went on explaining in answer to the rather startled, questioning looks. "I really learned to say 'Hello' the Stanford way, that is every time I passed another student, the first few weeks I was here, and it was fine. It created a grand friendly feeling. Then I fell into a rut," she continued mournfully. "I'd say 'Hello. How are you?" and the reply would inevitably be, 'Fine. How are you?' And then I'd say 'Fine' and start all over again ten feet further on. Finally, I decided to do a little streamlining, for I figured out that in four years' time I'd spend about six hundred hours doing nothing except saying 'Hello.'" She paused, and hopefully searched the group for a spark of sympathy. There was none. Instead, all were valiantly suppressing a desire to laugh.

"How did the streamlining work out?" Joan asked the question innocently, but with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"Fine, until yesterday," Bobby continued dolefully. "Butch and I went on a tour of the entire campus and

I'll bet I said 'Hello' to every one of the four thousand students at least twice, and I think some tourists who were wandering around too. See," she ended, her voice gradually dropping to a whisper, "I can hardly talk at all today. Do you think I had better report myself as ill?"

At this the girls could no longer restrain their chuckles, but realizing they were attracting the attention of the other tables they quieted down abruptly.

"My ambition at the moment," Selma proclaimed, "is to find a real honest-to-goodness Stanford Rough, a real live one like I read about a long time ago. I mean the kind that used to wear a hat they called the Senior Stetson, eleven gallons, shellacked and battered until it reached a point where its surface tension was equal to a brick bat. That description has always fascinated me."

"Well, you're just out of luck," Joan pointed out firmly, "for the Stanford women have made a Vanishing American out of the traditional Rough."

"And good riddance," Bobby chimed in, her voice having made a surprisingly quick recovery. "Butch's greatest ambition in High School was to own a pair of slacks that would pass the old Rough 'stand in the corner alone' test; that is, until he accidentally brushed against a brand new white dress I was wearing one day." She smiled at the memory. "I guess that was the only time I've ever really been angry with him."

"We'd better hurry up," Joan commented. "You

know we're scheduled to pay Lagunita Court a visit to meet some of the upper-class women right after breakfast."

As the group left the dining room Joan saw Geneve just ahead. "Hi! Geneve! Wait a minute. Are you going to Lagunita with us?" Geneve stopped, and waited for them to come up. "I have a few odds and ends to straighten out, but they'll only take a few minutes. I'll see you over there."

"Oh, Geneve, have you met Saxon Barnet? Saxon, this is Geneve Anderson."

"How do you do?" Geneve spoke without the slightest warmth in her voice.

"Hello," Saxon replied slowly, "I still think that sounds nicer than formal phrases." And she winked at Bobby.

"Gosh, but Saxon and Geneve look alike," Yvonne commented to Dixie who had just come up. "And yet they're not at all the same type. I guess it must be their hair—" A sharp kick on the ankle silenced her, and she frowned at Bobby, the offender.

"See you later, Joan. I've got to get busy." And Geneve hurried off.

"What did I do wrong?" Yvonne asked when Joan and Bobby and she were finally alone.

"Nothing that you could help. But Geneve and Saxon are really first cousins."

"Then, why on earth—" Joan began.

"Well the difficulty lies in the fact that Geneve thinks

of Saxon as a poor relation. She feels that their lives should be on different social planes. A lot of the girls know, and they are rather disgusted with her attitude. I suppose, though, she'll eventually snap out of it."

"I surely hope she does," Joan looked very thoughtful. "It's rather awkward for everyone this way, especially for Saxon. Though she doesn't seem the slightest bit concerned about it."

* * *

"Come on, hop in," Sandra greeted them, from the depths of an enormous black roadster with chrome exhaust pipes and a torpedo back.

"Where did you pick up that little trinket?" Bobby asked. "Or am I seeing things?"

Sandra giggled, "Well, Dad said I could have a car when I entered Stanford. And I thought I might as well make a thorough job of it."

"You did!" they chorused.

"But it's only a few feet to Lagunita," Joan demurred.

"I know. But what of it? We can at least make a grand entrance. That's all this blamed bus is good for. Dad didn't say anything about the upkeep and these twelve cylinders gulp up twenty gallons of gas like it was a mere teaspoonful. Come on. I haven't the nerve to ride this alone. They'd claim I was going highhat and throw me out."

Slowly, Sandra maneuvered the big roadster out of the driveway and turned down the street. She had barely time to shift gears before they came to the en-

trance of Lagunita and then, with an innocent expression, she flicked the muffler cut-out open and jammed her foot down on the throttle. Practically every window in Lagunita flew open as the ensuing rumble turned to a roar and the car shot up the roadway to a slithering halt in front of the door. Very demurely, and carefully ignoring the outraged countenances above, the four girls hastily joined the other girls from Roble inside.

But they did not escape entirely. A moment later Joan saw a senior bearing down on them with what looked like mayhem in her eyes. "Oh, Sandra," she whispered, "I think we're really in hot water. What'll we do?" she asked, nodding toward the approaching girl.

"Just wait a minute," Sandra didn't seem in the least disturbed, "I got you in and I'll get you out." She walked across the floor looking more sorrowful at each step. "I'm terribly mortified," she began to the angry senior, "I do hope you'll forgive me for creating such a disturbance and offer my apologies to the other women. The cut-off lever on my car came open and, in trying to get it closed, I kicked the throttle."

The senior eyed her sternly, and then with a shrug of hopelessness, walked away, pausing only to remark over her shoulder, "The next time you come up a driveway like that you'd better have a new story ready. I used a version of that one a long time ago."

It was a very subdued Sandra who rejoined the trio.

Lagunita Court was the most fascinating building the girls had yet seen. Divided into six *casas*, each one an independent club organization, the beautiful Spanish type building had accommodations for two hundred and ninety women.

"I understand that there is a possibility that this type of dormitory will some day take the place of sororities," Bobby told Joan, as they strolled out on the large court, after meeting their hostesses. "It would give all the students more of a feeling of equality."

"If they only could." Joan carried on the thought, "Why, no sorority could possibly be as attractive as this. Just look! Each club has a private terrace of its own. And they don't even look the same. That idea of planning the awnings, shrubbery and garden furniture so that they will all be at different angles and heights and yet harmonize is really smooth."

Bobby glanced at her watch. "Oh, it's almost eleven o'clock. We'll have to run for it. The Matriculation Service is not till next Sunday, you know, but we shouldn't miss your first service," she added.

"I did want to see a little more here." Joan wished she didn't have to leave the delightful spot with its central square of grass planted with trees and the bubbling fountain at the back. But Bobby was growing impatient. "Come on, if we can get Sandra to put her chariot to some practical, and, I might add, more staid purpose we can still get there on time."

After lunch that afternoon an informal discussion of

Stuart, the President of the Women's Council, presiding. The girls, perched on chairs, sofas and practically everywhere else they could find a comfortable spot, relaxed into easy friendliness as the Dean of Women ended a little welcoming speech with a humorous account of the adventures of some of the previous occupants of Roble.

"She seems grand," Joan whispered to Dixie who was sitting beside her.

"She is, I understand," the other replied, "only don't get into mischief when she's around, if you have to get into mischief at all. I hear that she turns even the most nonchalant freshman into something resembling a badly scared bunny with just one look. On the other hand, though, she's the first one to go to if you ever really need help."

"Yes," Joan agreed, nodding. "Hugh told me practically the same thing. Why one time—"

"Sh-s-s!" Yvonne on her other side interrupted. "Listen!"

Mary Stuart was speaking. "The right given to the students of Stanford to govern themselves is based on responsibility, and the proving ground of that responsibility is the honor code.

"Academically, it merely involves signing the honor pledge before examinations—No unpermitted aid given or received—but behind those simple words rests a tradition of honor built up through years of experi-

mentation with student government, and backed by a plan for its enforcement.

"Most Stanford students believe in the honor code and obey it implicitly throughout their four years. The others, those who take advantage of its simplicity, fail to count. And for those others—not simply as a reminder to the men and women who uphold the code—exists the judicial organ of the Associated Students—the Men's and Women's Councils."

She stopped and looked around the room. "I think," she commented, "that we'd cover the ground more quickly, and much more thoroughly, if we started open discussion right now. I'm not very good at speeches anyway," she added. "Are there any questions?"

"If the instructor doesn't stay in the room during an exam, what does one do if a question doesn't seem clear?" a girl in the background spoke up.

"Why he always leaves the number of the room he's going to be in, and you just go and ask for whatever information you need."

"You mean," questioned another girl a little incredulously, "that one can just pick up her paper during an exam and go blithely out of the room?"

Mary smiled, "Well I don't know about the 'blithely' part of it, for that, of course, would depend just a wee bit on how hard a student had studied. However, as far as leaving the room is concerned, the Council or faculty wouldn't seriously object if an examination paper were written anywhere on the campus, provided it was

turned in on time, and with the student's signature on the honor pledge. We then assume, naturally, that the student has abided by both the letter and spirit of the code."

"Well, then," asked another, "just how does an examination differ from a theme or paper written out of class? That is, in respect to the provisions of the honor code."

"It doesn't," Mary replied. "If any quotations or references are used, the source and credit must be clearly stated. In fact, many of the professors will ask you to sign the honor code pledge on each sheet of paper. Others just take it for granted that the provisions of the code have been observed."

"Just how does the Library enter into the picture?" Selma inquired. "It hasn't any direct bearing on the student's academic standing and we surely won't have to turn in any papers there."

"No," Mary agreed, "it doesn't enter into your academic work except indirectly, but remember, every time you have to write an outside paper you'll probably be searching the Library for reference material, and also before exams. Now just think of all the inconvenience and hardship a careless person could subject his classmates to if he or she took a key reference volume from the Library at a critical time. It has happened in a few cases. The honor code, however, carries severe penalties to curb such violations with the maximum sentence of expulsion. Naturally, no student

is going to violate it for the sake of the few seconds it takes to sign for books before you take them out of the Library."

For the next hour the questions continued until every conceivable contingency that would affect the code's operation had been discussed. Joan felt worn out by the time the meeting finally adjourned, and she and Dixie assented eagerly when Yvonne suggested a trip to the Cellar for a cool drink.

"When I first read about that code," Yvonne complained, "it was perfectly simple and clear. And now everyone's gone and made it seem complicated."

"No, they haven't," Joan reassured her. "It still is a simple straight-forward promise to play fair. But, gosh," she added solemnly, "Stanford surely places responsibility on one."

"On one?" Dixie inquired.

Joan laughed, "I guess everyone feels just the same way about it. Going to the barbecue this afternoon?"

"Wouldn't miss it, but how are we going to get there?"

"Let's worry about that after a while. Right now I'm mainly interested in a tall glass of cold orangeade or sumpthin'."

"I second that motion," Yvonne chimed in.

"I'll give ten to one odds that we find Butch and Bobby already there," Dixie prophesied.

She was right. Not only were Butch and Bobby there,

but it seemed that most of Stanford had had the same idea. The Cellar was packed.

"Hey," waved Bobby as she sighted them on the landing as they were speculating on the possibility of getting a seat. "Come on over! The clan is gathering," she proclaimed as they joined the two in the booth. "Sandra promised to round up Geneve, and then, if she can find Del and some of the other lads we're going over to the barbecue together. Which gives me an idea. Butch, I think you're wonderful!"

"Huh!" Butch, startled, momentarily stopped burrowing for a missing cherry in his ice cream.

"I said," repeated Bobby firmly, "you're wonderful."

"Yes," said Butch mournfully, with a wistful eye on his unfinished dish, "that's what I thought you said, only I hoped it wasn't. What is it this time? Did you forget your purse again?"

"Of course not. But I was just wondering—" Butch groaned, "And I was so contented."

"Hush!" Bobby rebuked him. "Now, as I was saying, it would be rather nice if somebody could round up Del, and Don and Holb and— Oh, never mind. You can relax, Butch. Here's Don now."

"Hello everybody," Don grinned. "The Stanford Cellar, the crossroads of the world. If you want to find anyone on the campus the surest way is to come here and wait, and, sure 'nuff, sooner or later he'll turn up."

"And here comes Sandra!" Bobby cheered and then stopped short. "For the luvva Pete!" she exclaimed, "just look who she has with her! Del, Bill, Mathew, and who are the other two?"

"Milt and Buck Haseltine," Joan supplied.

"Well, Sandra," Bobby greeted her, "we'll really have to treat you with respect after this."

"Oh, 'twas nothing, nothing at all," Sandra breezily waved her hand. Dropping the pose, she excitedly explained, "Wow, what a time I had! I took my baby locomotive and circled the campus trying to find Del, but with no success. So then I drove over to Encina. Gosh, I had scarcely pulled up to the door when one of their famous bags of water came sailing down and missed me by inches. I pulled away to the end of the driveway and then really got an idea. I figured that if there was enough excitement out front Del would come to the window, and that if he saw me he would come down. So I started to circle around the driveway. At first it was simple for there was only one would-be water bomb expert at the window, but it seemed as though there were hundreds before Don finally put in an appearance and rescued me!"

"Another stunt like that, Sandra," Joan warned, "and you're really going to get into trouble. They're awfully strict about driving regulations around here. It was a wonder they didn't catch you today."

"Where is Geneve?" Bobby asked.

"She'll be along in a few minutes. She wanted to put

on something a little less formal than that linen suit for the barbecue."

* * *

It was eight-thirty that night when a happily tired group returned to Roble. Then a "bull-session" got under way in Bobby's room as the events of the past few days were reviewed.

"Stanford Hill would make a nice painting," Selma remarked. "That blanket of golden stubble dotted with oak trees could be done perfectly in oils."

"The landscape classes often do go up there," Bobby told her. "Why don't you try it a little later in the fall?"

"I believe I shall," Selma nodded.

"Didn't you think Lagunita is about the swankiest place to live on the campus?" Dixie asked.

"It certainly is grand. But of course we haven't seen any of the sorority houses yet, and they certainly do look attractive from the outside." Yvonne's eyes were dreamy and far away.

"They're very impressive," Selma put in.

"Everything's impressive at Stanford it seems."

"What do you think is the most impressive thing you've seen to date?" Dixie was only half serious.

"The Chapel." Yvonne's answer was prompt.

"Oh, I don't know. I thought the approach to Stanford was," Sandra put in.

"Well, gals, I vote for the barbecue we went to to-

day. You can have your approach, Sandra, but what a bang-up feast that was!"

"Bobby, you would think of the food," jeered Sandra. "It was really meant as a grand get-together."

"Well, the food and I did get together."

"And you Dixie?"

"I don't know. Today when everyone stood and sang the Stanford Hymn up on that hill—" She stopped, embarrassed. "I must be going soft," she finished selfconsciously.

"No, this place gets under one's skin," Joan spoke for the first time. "I've been thinking though, and I still can't remember anything more impressive than the honor code discussion today. It made me feel important to know that Stanford trusted me and all the others enough not to spy on us and supervise us, even during examinations."

"That's true, Joan," Selma agreed thoughtfully, while the others murmured approval.

"What do you say we turn in," Yvonne yawned sleepily, "you know breakfast's at seven-fifteen to-morrow."

"Motion seconded," Joan responded.

"And carried," Selma finished off. With little formality the group broke up with promises to meet at breakfast.

The next morning Joan awoke restless and eager to be off to register at the Administration building. It was a beautiful morning, but to Joan there was something almost sacred about it. *Today* she would

officially become a part of Stanford, and would really start working toward the fulfillment of all her dreams. Under the shadow of these arches she would work, and study, and try to understand until she had prepared herself to meet the world outside. After breakfast she clutched her fountain pen in a hand slightly moist from excitement, and joined the other freshmen moving in bright streams that converged on the Administration Building.

Once inside, dreams were forgotten. Confusion ruled supreme. The big lobby was jammed. Freshmen were scribbling away in their registration books. They perched on the stairs, at tables, against the walls.

Into the good-natured and excited crowd Joan plunged, and finally she reached the window where she exchanged a signed yellow card for her registration book.

"Hello, how are you making out?"

Joan turned, "Oh, hello, Don. I've got my book but where in the world can I go to fill it out?"

"Come on outside. You'll at least have more room out there."

"What about yours, Don?"

"Oh, I'm all set. Got my student body card and duplicate program left. The desk kept all the other twenty-eight pages."

"How did you manage it so quickly?" Joan asked as they went out of the building. "I got here only a few minutes after eight."

"'Tis a gift," Don grinned. "No, Butch tipped me

off that being here first was half the battle," he admitted. "But the book's easy to fill in, just the honor code to sign and the usual questions."

An hour later, Joan hurried back to Roble a full-fledged Stanfordite, filled with a burning desire to proclaim the fact to the world in general. But Roble was filled with girls who had the same idea. She finally telephoned Hugh who invited her to lunch in Palo Alto to celebrate.

Looking across at him over the little table Joan could see that the strain of his work was beginning to take its toll.

"Hugh, can't you relax a little? You seem terribly worn out?"

Hugh grinned. "Poor, frail, little me! A hundred and eighty pounds, and on the Varsity, and you'd have me in a wheel chair!"

"But I'm serious, Hugh."

"So am I," he replied, "but I didn't bring you here to talk about me. You're the one who's going to be the subject of our conversation today."

"I?" Joan looked startled. "What did I do?"

"Nothing yet," Hugh explained. "That's what 1 wanted to talk to you about. You've already found out that the Farm is a lot different than High School haven't you?"

"Entirely," Joan agreed.

"Well, as you continue you'll find that it differs in many more ways, but the most important one is that it

is a little world in itself, but still very much like the real world outside that you're going into when you leave here. There are a million things to do on the campus outside of your academic work and the natural impulse is to join in every activity. I know I had that idea as a Freshman." He shook his head ruefully at the memory.

"What happened?" Joan interrupted, her interest fully aroused.

"I tackled everything in sight the first two quarters and found I had bitten off a little more than I bargained for. It ended by my chucking everything during my last quarter and having one continuous cram session to keep from flunking. You know, even if you do fairly well in a subject you're apt to be given a failure if the rest of the class does better. They use the class average as a measuring stick, and the fifteen percent of the students who have the lowest averages are generally in danger."

"That's what Bobby told me," Joan commented thoughtfully. "What do you suggest that I do?"

"Just take it easy during your freshman year, and give yourself a chance. It's much easier to start out slowly and wind up one's Upper Division quarters playing a leading part in campus activities than it is to go after fame immediately, crack up, and then have to start all over again from scratch."

"I see what you're driving at," Joan admitted. "And darned if I didn't intend to do just what you said you

first did. I listed about twenty different things I intended to try for when I filed my activity card this afternoon. I guess I had better concentrate on one to begin with."

"Honest Injun?" he teased. "You know the reviewers on the *Daily* are as tough as the Broadway critics. When the average student pays a quarter one has to give him a combination of The Birth of a Nation, Buffalo Bill and Greta Garbo all rolled into one or be prepared for a quick get-a-way. And as for actresses—" Hugh shook his head sadly. "You can't ever say I didn't warn you," he added virtuously.

"It's getting late." Joan ignored his teasing and looked at her watch. "Hadn't we better get back? And thanks, Hugh, I do appreciate your advice."

"Gosh, yes!" Hugh jumped up. "I didn't know it was almost two. Oh, one thing more. Don't worry about that English matriculation exam tomorrow. You'll probably just have to write a five hundred word theme on some simple subject."

* * *

When classes began on Wednesday, Joan's head was a whirl of rules, information, and ideas. "I wonder if I'll ever get them all sorted out," she mused, as she walked toward her nine o'clock French class. Both that class and her following period, Introduction to Social Problems, proved quite easy on the first day,

for the classes were still in the process of settling down and the usual routine did not actually begin until the following Monday.

Arm in arm, Saxon and Joan left the Social Science class at eleven for both were free until afternoon.

"Let's go sit in one of the oases," Saxon suggested, glad of a companion who fitted in with her quiet mood. Joan agreed and the two cut across the gravelled path to find seats among the palms and shrubbery of one of the eight circular garden plots.

"You know," Saxon tucked one foot under her and rested an arm along the back of the bench, "I like to sit here sometimes and pretend that I'm on a desert island, especially between classes. There are dozens of people passing all around me, and I can see them, but I feel almost invisible. I've never seen the ocean, but they say it's not far from here." She laughed at her own fancy. "All these people—it's fun to pretend they're fish in the big ocean all around. There are eels that wriggle through, or out of, anything, and whales that are the prominent men and women, and small fry like myself, and cat fish. Perhaps," and Saxon's smile was disarming, "it's the only time I feel a bit superior. For the rest, I'm only too glad to try to fit in.

"Oh, I know I'm different from the other girls," she went on as Joan looked as though she might interrupt, "but it's grand, even so, to be here."

"I don't see why you say that," Joan protested. Saxon shook her head. "I'm not like all of you, and I'll tell you why. That is—are you in a hurry?"

As Joan shook her head, Saxon's eyes regained their faraway look. She was seeing past the tiled roofs to the little, unpainted farmhouse with its big barns and fields in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley.

"We haven't much money, mother and father and I. Mother and I kept house for father and cooked for the hands. Aunt Mary helped us, only she was almost an invalid. We did like having her with us though. Father had to mortgage the place a few years back, and last year he had to do it again. When Aunt Mary died two years ago, she left me two thousand dollars. It was for me to use to go to Stanford she said. I thought we ought to pay off the mortgages, but Dad wouldn't have it that way. And it had to be Stanford, even if it did cost more, because once Aunt Mary had driven through the Campus and she loved it. She had a picture of the Chapel over her bed. I don't know how far the money will take me, but I may find enough work to do around here so that I can make it last quite a while. I'm staying with children some evenings on Faculty Hill, and I've a promise of dinner dishes to wash during the holiday parties.

"I rode to High School on horseback back home, and believe me I hurried. There wasn't any time to make friends, or to go to parties, and if there had been, I wouldn't have had anything to wear. Just keeping clean was all I could manage. When the neighbors heard I was coming here, they collaborated and rigged

me out. This skirt I have on was made from an old coat of Ma Simpson's, and the satin lining made the blouse."

Saxon rose with an odd little smile on her lips, "I didn't mean to slip into the 'pity poor me' class." She paused, a little embarrassed now, and went on hesitatingly, "I just wanted to tell you myself, before someone else did. It didn't seem that it would sound quite so badly that way—" she stopped.

"I'm glad you did, Saxon," Joan responded sincerely. "You know both Hugh and I are just barely managing to make ends meet too. I intend to copy themes and papers on my typewriter to help a bit and maybe I'll get a bit of stenographic work to do. But right now," she added briskly, "let's go back to Roble and dig up something to eat. I'm nearly famished."

* * *

In art class that afternoon, Joan straightened the fresh white sketch pad on her desk and stared at the block on the table in front of her. One was supposed to draw a straight line for the top front edge of the figure, another for the bottom, connect them at the sides, and then start on the mysteries of perspective. It was going to be fun, this perspective business, something like geometry, Joan told herself.

The assignment was repetition for a good many who were taking the course, for they had advanced beyond this in high school, and those students, viewing the

block from an angle, started to draw immediately. It had not been until recent months, however, that Joan had felt that art might be a form of expression out of which she could fashion a career. She appreciated color in dancing waves, in crowds of people, and whereever she encountered it in everyday life. Of course, there were more interesting things than squares and cubes and balls, but one had to begin at the beginning to make any progress. Again Joan squinted carefully along the edge of her pencil, and laid it on the paper at what seemed the proper angle. Something must have happened though, for the line shot up at such a peculiar slant. Better try again. Laboriously, she worked at the lines, straightening, erasing, straightening again. Most of the others had already finished when, finally, she began on the table line.

"I'm afraid this side isn't in line. Hold your pencil more this way. Isn't that more as you see it? Try it again, Miss—ah—Whitney," commented the instructor.

Joan tried. And just as the bell for intermission rang, she straightened the last line, and leaned back with a sigh. Her shoulders felt cramped. It wasn't easy. But oh, the gorgeous prospects that lay ahead. Portraits in glowing colors, outdoor sketching in pastels, and later in oils, and then illustration. The last would be the best of all for it contained action and suspense.

A blue smock slipped past the groups of chattering students and paused beside Joan.

"Selma!"

Selma leaned toward Joan's sketch, her blue-black hair catching the north light on its sleek surface. "Look, Joan, they converge. Like this." She flicked off a thumbnail sketch in one corner of the paper. "Run them all to one point."

Joan thanked her gratefully. "I wonder if I'll ever be able to do it?"

"Of course you will if you try. You're just new at it."

After Selma left, Joan hurriedly revised her drawing, leaving the tiny sketch to show that she had been helped. Then, carefully she removed the sheet of paper, laid it aside and turned to inspect the next model. There it stood defiantly, a cylinder smudged with use and completely baffling. Following directions carefully, Joan went at it with determination. Time ran away from her as she worked intently, tongue caught between her teeth, hair drooping over her forehead. At last, the bell! Final criticism would be reserved for Monday's class.

Out in the sunshine, she walked across the Quad alone, drinking in the fresh air, and relaxing her tensed muscles. Goodness! French, history and biology rolled into one were nothing compared to the intricacies of art. To her, Selma assumed the proportions of a genius.

"Hi!" a familiar voice broke in upon her reverie.

"Don! Where did you come from?"

"Look upon an expert on modern housing problems, that is, practically an expert. I've attended the first lecture already, and in only ten or twenty years you'll probably pick up your evening paper and big, black headlines will shout 'Donald Bishop builds model low cost development on the rim of the Grand Canyon!' Have to suggest it to the professor," he reflected jovially. "The river just below would practically eliminate both the sewage problem and costs. Don't let me forget, Miss Whitney."

"Yes, Mr. Bishop." Joan tried to look meek. "But joking aside, Don, what are you going to have to do in class?"

"It looks like we're going to have to work. Yes, after due consideration, I believe that is Dr. Martin's plan. And you know," he added confidentially, "I don't think he was fooling when he mentioned that fact to us today. Anyway he started off with a bang. Outlined the entire course and told us that he expected us each to complete plans for a model development by the end of the quarter!"

"That should be easy for you, Don, fun in fact."

"I hae me doots about that, but it will be interesting. That professor can generate enthusiasm more effectively than anyone else I've ever seen. Why he got me so wound up that I started to make sketches of a little house before class was over."

"May I see it, or does it go in the 'private and confidential' file for a while, like some of Dad's sketches do?"

"Of course you can, if you want to." Don had been

hoping that she would ask. "The only reason your father ever locks up any plans is to keep a few jumps ahead of his rivals."

As they sat down on a little bench encircling a tree, Don handed her his loose-leaf notebook in which the sketches had been made. Joan looked at them carefully for several minutes without any comment. They were all variations of the same idea, little four room bungalows of ultra-modern design, low and practical, but depending entirely upon landscaping for relief from their bare lines. The type was highly in vogue at the present, but somehow it had never meant "home" to Joan. She absently ruffled the pages and as a loose sheet fell out a trace of annoyance flickered across her face. Joan didn't know just what she could truthfully say to Don without quenching his enthusiasm. Picking up the fallen sheet, she glanced at it casually, then more closely.

"And what's this, Don?" she demanded.

"Oh, that's a little white stucco cottage I first drew in Fresno. I thought of several improvements the other day so I made another sketch. That's the kind I'll build for myself some day," Don explained.

Joan studied the drawing again. A rolling thatched roof hung over the little house much like heavy chocolate frosting on a white cake. A sturdy stone chimney climbed the low wall and ended unevenly at the top, much as though the builder had forgotten about it, or had gotten tired before it was finished.

Shutters hung beside the windows, and a tiny tower encased its doorway, set off by a meandering path of stepping stones that led up from the street.

"Why this is a perfect gem, Don!" Joan's eyes sparkled. "That corner, where the stones have been set in, is the finishing touch. They give one the impression that it is a very old cottage built of solid stone and covered by plaster that is beginning to crumble. Where on earth did you get that idea?"

"From a picture of one of the English castles, only it was the real thing over there. But what," Don questioned, "do you think of the ones I did today?"

"I don't like them as well as this," Joan answered frankly.

"But they're two entirely different ideas, Joan. The one in your hands is my ideal. The others are designed for maximum efficiency and room at a minimum cost."

"So is an office building, or a barn, but who wants to live in either one?" Joan demanded bluntly.

"Oh, don't be silly, Joan," Don rebuked, almost angrily, and then he stopped with a puzzled expression on his face. "I begin to see what you mean," he said slowly. "I'm sorry if I sounded irritated, but that remark, coming like a bolt out of the blue, didn't make sense at first. You mean that even if they were perfect—"

"They'd be nice buildings—nice houses. But none of them would make me think of home. That should be a

place that looks strong, or substantial at least, and has the atmosphere about it that makes even the casual passerby conscious of warmth and comfort inside. It must look friendly and inviting, yet casual and unobtrusive. Above all, it must look as though people actually lived between its walls—laughing and crying, working, hoping and loving—" Joan stopped, a little out of breath, words, and ideas.

Don was staring at her in startled amazement. Finally he broke the silence, "How did you think up all that so quickly? Seems like you're the one that should be going in for house designing and not I!"

"I didn't think them all up," Joan confessed. "They just were rattling around in the back of my head and they popped out. I believe they're mostly my mother's ideas really, for Dad used to work all day planning some house, and then Mom and he would spend most of the evening deliberately trying to pick flaws in it. Then he'd go to work and make any practical changes, and later they'd start tearing it apart again. That's actually how he became so expert at it."

"But, Joan, even admitting that all that you say is true doesn't alter the fact that a cottage like that can't be built as cheaply, or as efficiently, as a modernistic house on more squarish lines."

"It probably couldn't," Joan agreed, "but if it were possible to save space here and there it would cut the costs a bit, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but it's so small now that I'm afraid if it shrinks

any more it will disappear entirely." Don was smiling at the idea.

"I think though," persisted Joan, "that maybe I can help to make the kitchen compact, yet practical. I always did want to help plan a house with decorations 'n' everything," she added wistfully.

"All right. I'll tell you what we'll do." Don was amused but anxious to please. "You take both sets of sketches along home with you and see if you can work anything out, and I'll keep thinking about it for the next little while. Who knows? We might hit on some idea that would work."

"I'll try and— Oh, I've got to run. I'm late already!" Joan collected her books hurriedly. "I promised I'd meet Bobby over at Roble, and I'm ten minutes overdue already. See you later, and I promise I won't lose your things," Joan finished over her shoulder.

* * *

Roble hummed with activity the following Saturday night. The air was filled with giggles and groans, happy faces and woebegone expressions, elation, desperation, tears and starry eyes for the President's reception was in the immediate offing, and the scramble to get ready in time threw the hall into an uproar.

"Hey, Joan, are you ready?" Bobby called to her as Joan passed the suite's door.

"No. I'm just getting back from Quad. Are you?"
"Yes, I am. But Dixie was pressing her blue crepe

dress and she burned a hole in the blouse. Now, she says she can't go and I'll be jiggered if I can help her. I'm no wizard, you know."

"Let's have a look." Joan peeked around the door to where Dixie stood dismally before her mirror. All her natural gaiety was gone, and she was fingering a safety pin as she inspected a brown iron mark on the front of her blouse. Then, slipping away to her own room, Joan returned in a moment with a long grey scarf. This she drew around Dixie's neck, distributing the folds evenly over the front of her dress, and tucking the ends through her blue belt. As she worked Dixie brightened visibly, becoming actually hilarious as she gazed into the mirror at the finished job, for, with the scarf's folds hanging loosely and evenly, the effect was far better than the original one. Waving off Dixie's thanks Joan dashed for her own room. "An hour to go and I haven't even started to get ready!" she thought. "If I make it this time, I'll never wait till the last moment again," she promised herself.

Out of that impossible confusion, a little while later, trickled a steady stream of cool, crisp, sedate young ladies. Roble Hall was going on parade!

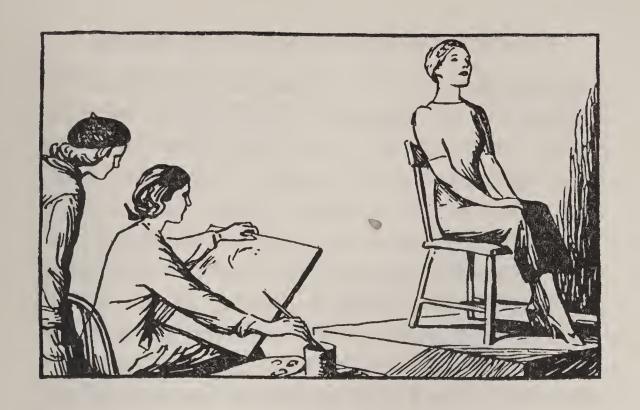
Slowly, Joan's group walked up the hill toward the President's mansion.

"My knees are beginning to shake," Yvonne confessed. "Maybe no one would notice if I didn't get there?" she added hopefully.

"Oh, no you don't!" Dixie exclaimed. "Never shall

it be said that a Roble girl retreated in the face of danger," she added virtuously. "But, gosh, I dreamt last night I slipped on the waxed floor just as I was about to say 'Good evening' to the President. Maybe it was meant to be a warning." She looked so worried that all their forebodings were swept away in a burst of laughter.

The events of the next two hours were always remembered by Joan, not as separate incidents, but rather blended together into one continuously perfect picture. Her first glimpse of the mansion, which was later to become familiar to all of them; the receiving line with the President and his wife and other notables, whose faces and achievements were to become well known to Joan; the contact with faculty members later over tea; and seeing again, in this more formal atmosphere, the freshmen she had grown to know by sight—all combined to paint an indelible picture in her mind. And framing the scenes were always the memories of large quiet rooms, mellow with their soft colors and masses of flowers, and a huge patio where tea was served.



Chapter Six

Joan closed her eyes once again and everything swirled about in a mad, topsy-turvy manner, while her head seemed to sing. Ever since luncheon she had been resting on her couch, surrounded by pillows, alternating between attempts at reading the latest issue of the *Chaparral*, the campus magazine, and efforts to sleep. "Oh, why," she groaned disgustedly, "didn't I take care of this cold in the first place. I could have made up that work later." At the memory of the past few days, and of her effort to catch up in her art work between sneezes, Joan yawned prodigiously. She rolled over and the *Chaparral* fell to the floor.

"Perhaps," she pondered, "if, instead of merely

counting sheep, I were to count lions, and tigers, and elephants-" her thoughts, seeking refuge from her present annoyance, toyed with this fancy for a moment and her eyelids drooped. "K-k-ka-kachoo-o!" The sneeze jarred her awake. "It's no use," she muttered miserably and sat up. Her eyes mournfully circled the room and came to rest on the table beside her where some unfinished drawing plates still lay. Joan frowned and put her hand over her forehead. She felt as though she had forgotten to do something important. "But I can't remember what it was," she muttered to herself. Saxon! That was it. It was Saxon's last day of posing before the portrait class. Joan looked at her watch. She still had time to get there before the class was over if she hurried. "I wonder if Betty succeeded in painting her as she planned?" Joan got up hurriedly, and was dressed in a few moments. Drawing a beret well down over her ears, and, muffling herself in a warm wool coat, she set off toward the Art Department, ignoring the fact that she had cut her own class because of her cold.

Entering a big, bare classroom with a northern exposure, she slipped quietly into a seat against the wall. The room was bright with daubs of color, on palettes, on easels, and on the smocks of the portrait students who were industriously painting the model. Joan could see most of the nearly finished canvasses. From them, she looked up at Saxon. Betty, with broad bold strokes of her brush, had done a splendid character likeness of the model. The others had, perhaps, studied

Saxon too abstractedly. Yet, Betty did not seem satisfied. A scowl drew her brows together. She worked swiftly, yet with growing hesitation. Joan, on her previous visits to the class had seen several other girls on the dais and all had seemed rather ordinary models, bored, a bit tired, and not at all beautiful in the merciless light. Saxon, seated on a plain kitchen chair, seemed not to be posing at all. With hands clasped in her lap, she sat motionless. Her chin was lifted, and her eyes were dreaming out of the high windows at the clouds. "So might the Maid of Orleans have looked," Joan thought, "when she listened for voices in the garden at Domremy-" Saxon glanced down, and the upward slant to her eyes gave her profile an elfin look that belied her saintly expression. She smiled at Joan, and, when the rest period was announced, stepped down from the platform.

"Let's go 'round and see what they've done," Joan suggested as Saxon joined her.

They paused beside Betty. "You're not satisfied, Betty?" Saxon asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know enough to do you properly. This broad, splashy way of painting isn't you, really, but it's all I have time for. But even with time, I don't know enough. Some lines keep running through my head:

If one could have that little head of hers Painted upon a background of pale gold, Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!

"It would be marvelous, with your madonna braids. I'd love to do you well, just for my own satisfaction."

"Oh, Betty," Saxon's eyes sparkled, "you really mean that about me, even if it isn't true? I'll brush my hair every night with a will now, just to try to live up to what you said."

At this quick descent to the literal, Betty and Joan could not help muffled giggles. But Joan was impressed with what Betty had said, for Betty knew so much about painting, about media, styles, and the history of art and artists. She lived it, ate it, breathed it. Everything she saw became part of a picture. Acacias in full bloom against a blue sky might mean the joy of living to Joan, but to Betty they meant color harmony, texture contrast, pattern, or a dozen other things. Joan went over to the canvas, took up a brush, and touched Betty's palette with it. The paint was the color of the highlight in Saxon's hair! "I wonder," she thought, "how long it will take me to learn to select colors as perfectly as Betty does." Her confidence ebbed and then returned with surge as the work period began again. "Silly," she scolded herself, "that picture of Don's house would be simple if you'd only work at it," and pulling her coat collar up about her throat Joan made her way quietly out of the room.

Back at Roble, Joan cleared her work table by the simple expediency of dumping everything, unfinished art plates and all, onto her bed. Then, throwing off her coat, she pulled a drawer open and carefully began

to assemble its contents on the table. A complete kit of pastels, tubes of the finest of oils in the primary colors, another box filled with water colors, some angles, curves, a ruler, a set of brushes, and six sheets of creamy bristol board were finally spread out to her satisfaction. In all, the material represented an outlay of about ten dollars which Joan had managed to save. She had meant to buy only a few pastels. Then, as her inexperienced hand had failed to produce the proper effects, she plunged deeper and deeper into her purse with the vague hope that the sheer quantity and completeness of her supplies would offset her lack of training.

Picking up one of the boards, Joan carefully studied it. The scene was to be an artist's impression of a street with Don's "tumbled down shack" as Joan had christened it as the central structure, and houses of similar design on either side. After her talk with Don some weeks back, she had decided to attempt the painting in an effort to persuade him to concentrate on that type of house instead of his modernistic design. At first, she had gone at the preliminary sketching casually. Then, as difficulty after difficulty arose, her determination grew in proportion. Now finishing it had become a matter of honor and general peace of mind with her.

The center house seemed in proportion, for she had traced, measured and redrawn it from Don's sketch. The surrounding cottages presented the prob-

lem. They required at least a working knowledge of perspective, and Joan was still having difficulty with that, at least to her, elusive phase of art.

Joan's brow creased into a frown. Vainly she puzzled over the picture. "What on earth could cover those harsh lines?" she demanded of the world at large, and suddenly came an inspiration. "Trees! Why didn't I think of that before? They're round, so I won't need to use perspective on them. I can just make the ones in the foreground large, and those far away small. And they do grow in front of houses." Just a few quick strokes as a landscape artist she had once watched had done, and all her headaches would evaporate! "Wh-e-e," Joan exclaimed gaily, "am I good, or am I good?"

An hour later she paused for the 'teenth time. The effect was no better. She stared out of the window at the nearest tree, then at her board where at one side of the group of houses an odd shaped cloud seemed to rest on a telegraph pole. On the other side a gaunt looking tree stretched its limbs upward. They were only partially covered by innumerable stiff-looking leaves like a porcupine's quills.

Feverishly, she began to work once more with a dark green pastel. Instead of improving, the trees became more awkward looking. With careful little touches, and then with increasing speed and impatience, she vainly tried to capture the effect of trees covered with foliage. Suddenly, Joan stopped. The

combination of her cold, her headache, and frustration was too much. With savage fury she picked up the unfinished painting and hurled it across the room, then she swept the paints into the wastebasket and threw herself down on the bed sobbing.

Dimly she heard a soft knock at her door, but paid no heed. What difference did it make who called? They couldn't help her. And even if she did cry, that was her affair. The only place girls didn't cry was in books, and they were never such hopeless failures! Why couldn't Hugh be around when she wanted him, instead of being up at his house entertaining prospective fraternity pledges?

Joan felt a weight on the bed beside her, and a soft cool hand stroked her head. She sniffled and buried her head still farther into the pillow. "Go 'way. Go 'way, please, go 'way," she muttered.

"Joan, dear, it's Selma. What's wrong? Come, sit up."

"Won't! I can cry if I want to."

"Cry, yes. Flood the building, no," Selma corrected. "Besides," she added firmly, "you're not crying. You're bawling."

"Can I help it if I—" Joan turned her head and looked up. "I was not bawling," she denied between sniffles, her pride aroused.

"Well, maybe not," Selma admitted with a faint smile, "but I'm very glad you don't do it often. Why right now they've got all the fire engines in Palo Alto

trying to pump the water off the Quad. All the basements are flooded and—and—" As her imagination failed her, the two girls giggled. Joan's troubles were momentarily forgotten.

"Now," Selma demanded, as they paused for breath, "what's this all about."

"Well," Joan brushed a vagrant tear away and looked toward where she had thrown the painting.

"Was it this?" Selma held out the offending board. "I picked it up as I came in," she explained. Joan nodded. "Why in the world are you trying to do an architectural landscape when you haven't even completed your preliminary course? Don't you know that's about the hardest thing you could tackle?"

"I found that out very quickly," Joan nodded sorrowfully, "but I tried, and tried, and tried to get it finished. I wanted to surprise Don with it."

"Don?"

"Yes, it's a house he drew, and I was going to make a picture that would show how a whole development would look. He did the sketch in his Civic Planning course. And I got prices on everything needed to build it from dad." Joan looked on the verge of tears again.

"All right, if you have to have it, you have to have it. Now go into my room and freshen up, and I'll see if I can help," Selma directed hastily in a brisk, authoritative tone.

Joan brightened visibly and slowly went to do as she

was bidden, while through the doorway Selma kept up a running comment.

"Where did you put the paints and things?"

"They're—I threw them in the wastebasket," Joan sheepishly admitted.

"Oh, you did?" Selma mimicked. "Well, I know a little girl who's very apt to get paddled if any more good paints get thrown into baskets in her room," she added grimly as she retrieved the supplies.

Joan, looking in a glass, couldn't quite believe her eyes. The paint smudges mixed with tears made her face look as though she had just been eating strawberry jam—with more haste than precision. But in a few minutes, soap and water had practically eradicated all traces of her outburst except rather red looking eyes, and they had been red. And her eyes had already been red from her cold, she consoled herself.

As she returned to her room, Joan was rather ashamed and embarrassed. She tried to think of something to say that wouldn't sound too stilted. "I—" she began hesitantly.

Selma interrupted without turning, "Do these precious trees have to be stuck in front of the houses?"

"No, I just—"

"Good! Never could draw a decent tree." Selma glanced up at Joan's work propped up in front of her, and began to sketch on a piece of board. "Think I can make a better job of the houses alone and some trees in the background."

"Do you think you can—" again Joan was interrupted.

"Well, don't expect the Louvre to come searching for it, but maybe we can fix it up well enough to get by."

"Say what's going on in here?" Yvonne was standing in the doorway watching the two.

"Oh, come in, Yvonne," Selma directed over her shoulder glad of someone to relieve the tension. "No," she contradicted herself, "see if you can round up Dixie, and Bobby, and, I think Geneve has a date—well, get Saxon and anybody else you can find and bring them up here."

"What are you going to do," Yvonne asked, with a rather startled expression.

"Joan has a bad cold and she's going to hop into bed, and we're going to have a party right here." Selma was matter of fact.

"I'm not going—" Joan started to protest.

"Either you're in your pajamas and under those covers in exactly two minutes, or else!" Selma threatened.

"Tell them we're having a house building party up here," she continued to Yvonne, "and tell them all that there's apt to be sad cases of starvation if they don't bring some food along. Better make Bobby a committee of one to see that they do," she reflected.

"But the rally for the game with Southern California is tonight," Yvonne pointed out.

"Yvonne, dear," Selma's voice was so sweet Joan expected an explosion momentarily, "have you ever heard of *The Message to Garcia?*"

"Why, yes, of course. I think it was in the fourth grade," Yvonne reminisced cheerfully, "and the teacher said—"

"And what did teacher say?" Selma turned in her chair and regarded Yvonne sternly.

"I—I'm going!" Yvonne fled without further debate.

Two hours later the room buzzed with the chatter of six of the Roble girls. Yvonne was curled up at the foot of Joan's bed, Sandra had possession of the arm chair, while Bobby and Dixie balanced themselves on the colorful leather hassocks that Joan had purchased for just such occasions as this.

"You know," Yvonne confided earnestly, "what I'd like to be just once, is sort of exotic in a satin dress or something, with eyelashes about an inch long, and long fingernails like the Chinese have, and—"

"And then," Dixie finished off, "you'd saunter the Row past the Fraternity houses?"

Yvonne nodded hesitantly. For a moment there was a dead silence, and then a wave of laughter swept the group at the thought of Yvonne, whom they regarded as their 'baby,' posing as a siren.

"Never mind, Yvonne," Joan consoled her, "we've all had practically the same idea at one time or an-

other, but none of us will admit it. Or will we?" she looked around.

A faint sheepish nodding of heads confirmed her statement.

"To get down to the more serious facts of life, am I, or am I not going to make the Freshman Debating Squad?" Dixie sighed.

"Oh, Dixie, tell me about last Wednesday," Joan begged, "Hugh took me to Palo Alto and I missed all the fun."

"You mean the Dutch Treat Debate with Encina?"

Joan nodded.

"Well Katherine Redding, she's that dark haired girl with glasses, and Barbara Stanley and I took the positive position, and declared that Roble women should go fifty-fifty on dates, while three of Encina's ablest took the negative side. We claimed that the men, thus having more money to spend on clothes, would be even more handsome. And did the Encina crowd cheer at that?" Dixie grinned at the recollection. "And that we'd get more and better dates. They countered with the old tradition theme, and then said that it was not only anti-social for women to pay half of the expenses on dates, but that it costs more for a girl to be dressed well than for a man." Dixie stopped, searching her mind for more details.

"Don't forget their remarks about 'romance being put on a monetary basis,' and 'should Roble girls be

known as West Coast Amazons," Bobby supplied helpfully.

"Anyway, who won?" Joan asked.

"Dixie's trio did, of course," Sandra told her, "but they almost put us all on the spot doing it."

"How?"

"That was one debate we just couldn't afford to win." Sandra explained. "They might have held us to the decision. I still think our winning was a frame-up. You see the winner was chosen by the audience, and the men Encina arrived in force. Betty finally rescued us after the decision had been announced by explaining ever so gently to the men that the debate was all in the spirit of good clean fun, and that our opinions and arguments as expressed were merely for debating purposes and were not to be taken seriously."

"Hello! Did I hear my name being taken in vain?"
Betty stuck her head in through the open door. "Should I stay and defend myself against the foul charges? Or shall I steal quietly away?" She grimaced in mock indecision and terror.

illuccision and terror.

"Right at the opportune moment!" Selma jumped up. "Come on in and sit down. And have some cookies." She gestured toward a plate piled with cakes that she had been zealously guarding.

"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts," Betty replied with good-natured suspicion. "Methinks a sad fate awaits me, but 'tis better it does when I'm well fed and happy

than when I'm starving," she added philosophically. "Why aren't you at the rally. They're really going to town over in the Gym!"

"Joan has a terrible cold," Bobby explained, "and Selma and she have been working on a painting of a house Don Whitney is designing. So, we decided to make a party of it."

"But now I'm about stumped," Selma admitted. "Perspective and trees stopped Joan, and then I got around the trees by putting them in the distance. But the sky looks terribly ill, and the grass looks like green cement, not to mention the shrubbery." She handed the picture to Betty.

"I'll be glad to help if I can," Betty offered.

"H-mmn," she nodded. "Those are darling houses, but the clouds and ground— Let's see, now. Where are the blue pastels? Oh, never mind, I have them." In a few seconds, Betty was bent over the board blending her own work with that of Joan and Selma.

Quiet reigned for the next five minutes while the girls watched Betty's progress.

At last Joan spoke up. "Don't you hate to think of ever leaving Stanford? It seems as though we'd always stay here."

"You won't feel that way when you're a senior. You'll be ready for other things," Yvonne consoled her.

"What other things? Leaving college isn't fun these days. The world outside's so upside-down."

"That's why it will be interesting. That's what we're

fitting ourselves to meet." Betty's tones were decisive. "It doesn't matter if we're hurt, or if we're not happy. We'll be so alive. We'll help to find a solution."

"But I want to be happy," Yvonne protested. "I want to go back to Garretville and be married and have a home with turquoise blue and cream tiled bathrooms. I want a white Colonial house, and a little girl with blond curly hair, and a boy two years older than the girl."

"I hope that you'll get what you want," Selma sighed. "Perhaps it will all run very smoothly for you."

"Well," Joan admitted, "I'm just weak enough right now to wish college might go on forever. But of course, I'll probably change my mind long before graduation. By the way, Sandra, what do you expect to do when you leave here?"

"I don't know," Sandra answered slowly. And then, "Yes, I do too, but I just don't like to admit it even to myself. I've always wanted to become a doctor, ever since I was six years old, and I broke an arm when I fell from my pony. I've realized lately, though, that it just won't work out that way."

"Why not?" Bobby asked.

"For the same reason that I don't drive that speedster around the campus every day. It just isn't being done. It's impractical. When one's father owns a chain of department stores, and has three or four million dollars, and one's name has been in the social register for 'nth generations, life becomes just as complicated and restricted as if one were poor. If I started to do any scientific work, no one would take me seriously. They'd claim I was doing it for publicity. No, I'll probably travel abroad for a year or so after I leave Stanford, and then marry and settle down. I guess," she spoke thoughtfully, "in a way, I'm not sorry though. Being wealthy has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. Financing some really brilliant medical student's research would be a whole lot more practical from my standpoint and," Sandra reflected, "it would be of a great deal more actual benefit to science. But enough of me! How about you, Dixie?"

"My fame shall be carried on the wings of the wind to the farthest corner of the earth! And wherever two Americans, or Englishmen, or Chinamen meet, the name of Dixie Calhoun will be mentioned. Why, from Singapore to Times Square people will think of me and say, 'If Dixie Calhoun were only here! Why she could have this traffic summons fixed just like that!'" Dixie snapped her fingers gaily.

"Once upon a time," Bobby looked dreamily at the ceiling, "I heard a rumor that a little girl paid two dollars for a parking violation right here in Palo Alto. Let's see now, what was her name?"

"Touché," Dixie grinned, "but you wait. Some day I'll even make the Supreme Court change its mind."

"Oh, another politician," Selma groaned, and ducked as a pillow came flying at her.

"Nay, strictly a lawyer. It will take about seven years more, but I'll eventually get there."

"But what chance will you have when you do get admitted to the bar," Bobby questioned. "There are thousands of lawyers almost starving now."

"Things may have changed by the time I'm able to practice. And anyway, all professions and industries are overcrowded today, except at the top. I'll begin like all the rest, taking what I can get, if anything, and then I'll just work and wait for a break. Usually, it's an average man or woman against a corporation, and a lawyer who can win even a fair percentage of the time has a fairly good chance of really getting somewhere. You see, the big corporations generally employ the cream of the legal talent, and, if one can beat them, the rest is easy."

"Well, I'm still headed for a business career," Bobby contributed. "But it does sound so dreadfully dull compared to your plans. Can you imagine working for a manufacturer of breakfast foods, or thumb tacks?"

"I don't know. Being a secretary to the manager of a business will be a great deal more simple than trying to design a new package for his latest, most glamorous cereal or thumb tack. You'll only have one man to please, or, at the most, three or four, but if his wife's second cousin doesn't like my design then I'm apt to have to do it over." Selma paused, "I almost think I'll chuck commercial art and design and really try to paint. How about it, May?"

"I am not so sure that you'd find painting, portrait or any other kind, any less full of headaches. It would take a long time to build up a reputation doing landscapes unless a miracle occurred, and in portrait work you'd also find it hard sledding until you became famous. No artist would mind the hardships or the difficulties if the subjects were really worthwhile. I mean," she amended, "worthwhile as models, and if the artist could really paint what he saw. Mostly though, it's like retouching a photograph. One either enhances the client's best features and ignores the poor ones or one just doesn't get much work to do."

"Now we just need to hear from Geneve and Saxon, and we'd have a complete record," Bobby announced. "This crowd has certainly let down its hair tonight! Where are those two, anyway?"

"Saxon is over at Professor McCullough's. She's taking care of the children tonight while he and Mrs. McCullough are up in the city. I don't know where Geneve is," Joan explained.

"I think she's gone to a party," Selma volunteered. "She left early."

Betty looked troubled. "I wish she'd slow down a little bit. I'll bet she hasn't missed a party since she's been here, and it's bound to reflect sooner or later on her work. I know that it's really none of my business," she reflected, "but I can't help but feel that she could be a real success here if she'd only be more natural.

She's trying to be too sophisticated and 'smart' for her own good."

"Saxon ought to take her in tow," Bobby suggested, and she smiled at the thought of how Geneve would react to that plan.

"Mightn't be such a bad idea, at that," Betty agreed, "only it would never work in a million years. Saxon's far too direct. Any attempt to change Geneve's view-point would have to be very subtle, and no one here has time for that. She'll stub her toe a few times and then snap out of it. A lot of girls do when they get to college."

"I wonder what Saxon will eventually do?" Selma pondered.

"She said she was going to teach school," Joan told her.

"Maybe she will, but somehow I think she'll change her mind." Dixie absentmindedly attempted to twist a curl into her bangs with a finger as she spoke. "Have you ever noticed Saxon's tendency to question the textbook's veracity if she has any doubts, and of going to any lengths in research to discover the exact solution? She'd be excellent at giving a course in a big university later on, but a total flop in a small High School, for the parents would object if her teachings didn't correspond to what they had been taught in the same grades. Her idea of 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' just wouldn't work!"

"It would make her an excellent newspaper woman,

though," Betty interposed, "and, by the way, Joan, why haven't you made more efforts in that direction?"

"Never thought of it."

"Well, you have the necessary qualifications."

"Such as?"

"Imagination, brains, coolness. You're sensible and, from the papers I've seen of yours, I'd say you have a flair for it. You'd need a lot of training of course, but the essentials are there."

"I thank thee kind friend for all the bouquets," Joan grinned as she bowed her head in derisive acknowledgment, "and perhaps, if art and I don't get any nearer to some sort of a working arrangement, I'll take your advice."

"Would—would it be out of order amidst all of this solemnity to mention the fact that I'm thirsty?" Bobby asked timidly.

"So am I," Dixie joined in, "Let's get some 'cokes.'"

"Who's dressed? Yvonne, you're elected, everyone else is in her pajamas or sumpthin' except May, and she's busy. Skip down like a good girl and get—let's see, three, four, seven bottles, will you?"

"I'll need some more nickels. I've only three and that machine just hasn't learned to make change yet."

"I've got two," Bobby volunteered, "And—ah, Joan has the other two."

"Be back in a jiffy," Yvonne promised.

"This is about the best I can do," Betty held the fin-

ished picture up at last. "What do you think of it?" "Why, it's perfect!" Joan exclaimed. "Don will love it!"

"What is he going to do with it now?" Betty asked curiously.

"I don't know, exactly. The fact is, he doesn't even know I started work on it. I wanted it to be a complete surprise. I can finish up the sketches of the rooms tomorrow, and I've collected a lot of data on costs and things. Now if I can only get him to figure out how to shave off a little of the construction costs, it'll be all set."

"Does Dr. Martin know you're working with Don?"

"Does he?" Joan echoed. "I've been trailing him around asking so many questions that he said he's going to call me his shadow."

"I wonder what's happened to Yvonne?" Dixie looked a bit anxious. "She should have been back long ago."

"Let's go down and find out," Bobby proposed. "Here, slip Joan's coat on."

Without further ado the two scurried off in search of their missing companion. They found no trace of her until they reached the door of the clubroom in the basement, and then they stopped in amazement. Yvonne was crouched on the floor beside the big dispensing machine laughing till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Bottles of soda were on a table, on the floor, everywhere!

Plop! Another bottle slid out of the cabinet's depths.

"Sixty-one," Yvonne gasped, catching it, "sixty-two, sixty-three." She waited poised to catch the next bottle, but none came.

"What happened?" Dixie and Bobby ran to her, laughing.

"That thing, it just wouldn't stop," Yvonne vainly tried to catch her breath, and then started giggling again. "I put in a nickel and a bottle came out. Then it worked all right, till I got five, and on the sixth the deluge began."

"Sixty-three bottles," she sighed, "and I still have a nickel left!"

"Oh, that sounds like the Pajamarino! Come on, let's get back to the room. Here, take a couple. We still need seven bottles."

"What about the rest?" Yvonne asked.

"Never mind those, and stick that other nickel in the slot— No," she cautioned, "better not. The thing might start up again. Leave it on the table and let's get going."

Back in the room the girls joined the group on the balcony to get as good a view as possible.

"Look, I see them coming! Oh, they're still 'way on the other side of the Campus. Doesn't it look mysterious with all those torchlights winding around?"

As the girls waited, drinking the soda Yvonne had worked so hard to get, the long procession drew nearer. Finally, it circled the Hall and came to a standstill.

Concealed by the darkness, the girls looked on with excitement. Five hundred strong, the freshmen stood, dressed in pajamas and rooter's caps, the torches covering them with dancing patterns of light and darkness. In a moment, they burst into song:

In the days of long ago the mighty Trojan host
Held that they were the warriors supreme;
But a little wooden horse upset their haughty boast,
And their glory was only a dream.
Now the Trojans have a namesake down at Southern

And they're boastful as boastful can be; But they're goin' to meet their master, for the Cardinal Will play horse with old U. S. C.

For a moment, there was an undertone of voices from below as the torches bobbed about, then, in the quiet, the strains of *Juanita* rose to the girls above.

"Isn't it grand?" Selma sighed.

Cal.

"Perfect! I read about this in the freshman bible, but to tell the truth, I'd forgotten all about it."

A burst of applause, just then, from the rooms beneath, gave the boys assurance that they were appreciated. They went on, one song following another. Finally, from the windows of Roble came a shower of fruit, cookies and candy, which the boys caught adroitly.

With Good Night, Ladies, the serenade was over,

and the long procession started on its way to Palo Alto.

As the boys gradually dispersed, the group of girls in the room above began to break up and start for their respective rooms.

"Wait a minute, Selma," Joan protested as the latter started to leave. "I want to thank—"

"You hop back into bed this minute, or I'm really going to get peeved! If you so much as even think of getting really ill after all the energy I've put into that!" Selma looked very fierce. "Good night," she added with a smile and slipped out.

"Good night," Joan called after her, "and thanks!" She sleepily pulled the covers higher, and a happy, peaceful smile stole over her face.



Chapter Seven

A ND I'll solo before the year's up," Del finished jubilantly.

"You're really serious? You're not joking about flying?" Joan looked a little skeptical.

"No, it's not expensive. Why, it will only cost me about sixty dollars for instruction enough to fly alone. Hutch Banning, you know, the president of Hugh's house, has a plane of his own. He's the one who really got me started."

"But what does your father think of the idea, or haven't you told him yet?" Joan looked worried.

"Well, I won't say he was exactly overwhelmed

with enthusiasm, but he said that if I wanted to fly I would eventually anyway, so I might as well begin now."

"I guess he's right," Joan agreed. "When do you start?"

"Saturday, I hope. That is, if the weather is good. Do you think it will be?" he squinted at the blazing sun and cloudless sky.

She laughed. "Almost a week to go and you demand a weather forecast! If the past week is any indication though, you can relax."

"By the way, congratulations, Joan, on your nomination for the office of secretary-treasurer of the Freshman Class." Del looked pleased.

"You forgot to mention the other twelve who also are going after the same office!" Joan was rather amused.

"Thirteen altogether? That's nothing! There are nineteen running for President! I'm hoping though, that Butch will get it. You know, Don was also in the general scramble, but he decided he had enough to to do right now. He's entirely too conscientious," Del decided mournfully.

"It's really not important enough to worry about, except as a stepping stone to a later Student Body office. You know class officers haven't anything very much to do, especially the freshman ones."

"I hope you get it anyway, Joan, but right now I've got to about face and get back to the library. I've

got some real cramming to do. The ex'es are coming a bit too soon to suit me."

"See you later." Joan started briskly toward the Cellar to keep a date with Don.

She found him in one of the booths busily engaged with a pencil and notebook, and a frown was undecided on whether it was going to stay or leave his forehead.

"I've almost got it, Joan! Sit down and look at these figures. Our costs are only nine hundred dollars higher than those of the cheapest and plainest looking shack, and our design will really be something to look at."

"What does Dr. Martin think?"

"He says I'll have to cut the costs down four hundred dollars more, and then I'll be all set. I think I'm the only one in the class who is not doing, or attempting to do, a streamlined house."

"Why can't you take a percentage of that from the furniture budget?" Joan asked. "After all, that's one of the basic expenses people have to face when they plan a house if they want the interior to conform with the outside design."

"That's true," Don admitted, "but I don't exactly see how you can cut furniture costs. It's going to take just so many pieces to furnish the house adequately."

"Suppose I plan the decorations and check up on the prices? Perhaps if you have an itemized statement of costs, you can put it through as that of a completely

furnished home, and the difference between the usual allowance for furniture and our estimates may allow you to charge part of the four hundred off that way."

"Gee, you've been grand, Joan, and I do appreciate it. That painting was what really made me start design in earnest."

"Well, Selma and Betty did most of that," Joan told him, "and I really think they enjoyed it, too. Give me a little time, though, and I'll dig up some more data on the furnishings. You'd probably want to do the entire house as one big den if I didn't keep an eye on you."

"Now that you mention it, that wouldn't be such a bad idea," Don grinned. "Why just imagine a house without all of those doo-gee-hunkers women insist on, like drapes, and curtains, and chairs that look too pretty and too fragile to use!"

"Hush!" Joan scolded. "Oh, here comes Hugh!"
Hugh, with a smile, joined them, and after a few
minutes Don went on to his next class.

"Hugh, you look as tired as ever. Don't you ever get any rest?" Joan demanded when they were alone.

"I sure do. The coach practically tucks me into bed every night about ten. You know I'm in training and I've got to get sleep as a matter of routine." Hugh grinned at his perfect alibi.

"Nevertheless-" Joan began.

"Well, to tell the whole truth, this last week has been a little harder than usual. We've been entertain-

ing up on the Row for the third time, and the possible candidates are rather narrowing down to those who'll probably receive bids," Hugh explained.

"Do you think Don, and Del, and Butch will be pledged?"

"I don't know about Del and Butch. I believe they're going into another house, but I'm sure that Don will be one of our pledges."

"Is it very important, Hugh? I mean being pledged to a fraternity?"

"What you really mean is are sororities important?" Hugh had a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, sort of— Yes," Joan admitted.

"If you're worrying about being invited to join one, don't. The odds, in your particular case, happen to be in your favor, but anyway it's not worth losing any sleep over."

"But aren't they important?"

"Here on the campus, during rushing season, they are. That is, if it's prestige you're thinking of, but otherwise it doesn't make very much difference where you live."

"What about after graduation?"

"After graduation, you're supposed to be grown up, and grown men and women have more important things to think about than whether someone else did, or did not, join a fraternity or sorority. I'd like you to join one though, just for the experience, and then, occasionally, you will meet a few folks after graduation

who cling firmly to the belief that a college woman who didn't 'make' a sorority was a social failure. They're oldfashioned, but once in a while, they are important. The same thing applies to Don, and myself for that matter. We can't get ahead professionally later only because we were Deltas, but some time it might be helpful. Right now it's a lot of fun."

"Well, opinions vary so much that I just thought I'd ask you," Joan said thoughtfully.

"How's everything else going?"

"Much better than at first. I'm rather getting used to being a Stanfordite, and there really aren't so many rules and regulations. When I first arrived, I was always afraid I'd do something wrong, but now things like remembering to get back to Roble by ten-thirty at night are second nature. Now all I have to worry about is the exams."

"Well," Hugh was philosophic, "there's no point worrying about them. Just take it calmly. Work every day, and then give yourself a session of general reviewing before they're due. You'll notice that the students who are getting a fairly good average haven't much trouble with exams, final or semi-final."

"That sounds good," Joan agreed doubtfully, "but it's rather hard to keep calm about each ex as it comes along."

"One fellow in my Sophomore year did succeed," Hugh reminisced. "I'll bet he didn't look at a book more than once or twice a week until the exams came into sight. Then, suddenly, he went into a wild cram

session from dawn till dusk. He finally managed to get through all the exams but French by the skin of his teeth, but French really stumped him. The morning of that exam he grasped at one last straw. Picking his papers up he went over to Chapel, and sat there while he filled out his blue-book!"

"Did he pass?" Joan held her breath anxiously.

"Huh? That's a woman for you," her brother groaned, "spoiling a good story! Of course he passed. And he always insisted that it was the prayers he said that did it. Now run along back to Roble and play with the other little girls," he advised with a grin, "and I'll see you tomorrow. I've got work to do!"

Back at Roble, Joan stopped for a moment at Geneve's door. "Oh, Geneve," she asked, "has your dress come yet?"

Geneve, lying on her couch idly thumbing a magazine raised her eyebrows. "Dress? Which one?"

"The one from The Vanity that they're going to let you use for the Convalescent Home fashion show."

"You mean dresses. I'm to change six times. Yes, they're here."

"May I see them?"

"They're in the closet." Geneve swung her lithe body off the couch and drew aside the curtain. "I haven't had them on since they came. Tell me how I look." She slipped into a green tweed jacket with collar and front panels of red fox, and then reached for the little green antelope turban.

"The fellows ought to see you in that!" Joan ex-

claimed enthusiastically, "or maybe it isn't necessary. Have you decided who's to be allowed to take you to the Sophomore Cotillion yet?"

Geneve hesitated. "No, not yet," she replied, and gave her attention to the suit. "Look, it's much too loose about the waist. I wonder if moving the button will make it fit? And this blouse is much too fussy." She tossed it on the couch. "It's lines that count—" Geneve drew herself to the fullness of her slender height, and then relaxed into a graceful pose. "The hat's perfect, don't you think? There is such a grand sweep to it and yet it shows such a lot of hair. That's the important—" The buzzer on her wall interrupted, and she pressed the button in acknowledgment. "Back in a moment," she promised, as she hurried to answer the telephone in the hall.

Returning shortly, Geneve found Bobby ready to join the admiration party. Both girls looked at her questioningly.

"It was Milt. I told him I was going to the Cotillion."

"Why,-but you aren't dated, are you?"

"No, I'm not, but I didn't tell him I was, did I? I merely said I was going."

"Milt's a peach. I think you missed something," Bobby shook her head.

"Well, I'm giving somebody else a swell evening, then, aren't I?" retorted Geneve, as she paraded for them in a blue satin evening gown. "Ouch, look out,

you're pulling my hair all out on this side," she protested as Joan, acting as maid, tried to help her out of it. "Let me slip it off. There, that'll go on a hanger." She handed the dress to Joan who amusedly put it away.

"They wanted me to model a house dress, but I'm not the little bungalow type, so I got around it by selecting this linen redingote. Isn't it tricky? It's fitted as can be, and aren't these big flares and the squashy pattern lovely? White shoes, or would you prefer red ones to match the dress?"

"Geneve, it's perfect!" Joan dropped to a seat on the couch. "It makes me think of Florida and the south."

"It's only fifteen dollars. Why don't you buy it after the show?"

Joan smiled. "Lots of reasons. The girls would think I was borrowing your dress, for one. For another, and more important, I haven't got fifteen dollars to spend on clothes."

Geneve glanced at Joan's profile in the glass with a frown. Another girl would probably buy the dress just because she, Geneve, modeled it. Joan was very independent.

"Well, I've got to be on my way," Bobby said regretfully as she got up. "Joan, I'll do history with you if you like."

"Fine. Good luck with the Cotillion date, Geneve."

"You know, Joan," Bobby spoke thoughtfully as they went upstairs, "Methinks all is not well in Denmark. Geneve seems a little bit too much like the cat that has just finished swallowing the canary."

"Oh, don't be silly, Bobby. Geneve's all right even if she does seem rather conceited at times," Joan defended.

* * *

The next few days passed with startling rapidity, and still Joan heard nothing from Don about the Cotillion. She had rather counted on his asking her. So much so that she had declined bids from two other boys. There didn't seem to be any explanation for his failure to invite her except— Geneve confirmed Joan's growing suspicion when she announced gaily, on the afternoon of the party, that Don had invited her. Joan bit her lip on hearing the news, and, managing to retain her poise until she left Roble, she tramped over the hills back of the campus until sunset. The fresh air and the late afternoon sunshine gradually eased her bitter disappointment, and Joan re-entered the Hall determined not to let her own feelings dampen any of the gaiety.

In a little more than two hours, the Sophomore's biggest party of the year would be in full swing, and the thrill of it had infected even those who had not been asked.

"I'm a hooking-up-the-back marvel." Joan proffered

her services to Dixie who, still in her robe, was putting the finishing touches to her face.

"You mean, a zipping-up-the-back marvel," Dixie laughed.

"Oh, that beautiful dress," Joan sighed. "There'll never be another one like it." She had admired the dress ever since she had seen it taken from its wrappings, a week ago. A plain princess frock of stiff faille in light French blue with soft rose ribbon, drawn across the bodice and ending in a huge bow in the back, it made Dixie look like a Southern belle. After she had helped to adjust the folds of Dixie's dress to her satisfaction, Joan went on to the rooms of her other friends. Yvonne seemed to need help with everything, from her soft little curls to the final arrangement of articles in her evening bag. Selma had to be bullied into taking time to dress herself properly in the white lace gown that had been woven years before by the nuns in a convent in Italy.

"An American girl in an Italian dress makes a señorita," Joan laughed, tucking a rose into Selma's hair. "I'm glad it's for Holb. He'll really appreciate you. There'll be none of this lost on him!"

"Ready, yet, Bobby?" Joan stuck her head into a room turned topsy-turvy with Bobby standing, powdering her nose, in the middle of chaos.

"Just a minute." Bobby, in her excitement, dropped her puff and the puffy cart wheel landed—spat against her dark velvet wrap.

Joan retreated, and rapped on Geneve's open door. "Any service, Geneve? Oh, how grand!" Geneve, in a fuchsia taffeta embroidered in bands of silver wheat, seemed Paris personified. The fullness was so cleverly draped in the back as to accentuate her slenderness, and her hair was piled high on her head. Looking over at Joan coolly, she answered nonchalantly, "No thanks. All done."

"Gals, tell me, will I, or won't I do? Sue says I won't, and so does Betty, but I claim I will." Sandra burst in upon the group and twirled around. "I had this sweater last spring, but the skirt's new. I guarantee it."

"I love it, Sandra. It suits you. Doesn't it, gals?" They all approved, and Sandra relaxed on a convenient couch. In her long peach velvet skirt, topped by a knitted silver sweater, and a necklace of peach colored balls, she made a striking picture.

"May we come in? We're going the rounds seeing all the grand get-ups, and taking notes. Sort of a fashion show, you know. Just wait till our first formal! We'll use all your trickiest ideas." A group of the freshman stay-at-homes crowded in and settled down for a moment on chairs and floor. Then, as the clock chimed, a final flurry of excitement began in the halls.

"Well—well, what—!" Dixie, glancing toward the door, stared, her mouth open. "Saxon," everyone gasped.

"Oh, girls, I'm so thrilled I don't know whether to laugh or cry. And let me tell you—" Saxon, her eyes

brilliant with excitement, stood in the center of the room, so busy explaining that she was totally oblivious of the admiring silence around her.

"Well, Butch Wellman dated me. Me, think of it. And he's so—so sophisticated and—goodness—! I rather suspect Bobby, but anyway, I'm going. Oh, it's going to be wonderful. As soon as Bobby heard she insisted that I wear one of her new dresses. See?" She threw back her jacket to disclose a cream colored velvet that did justice to her shining braids and translucent skin.

"I know where you got the coat," one of the girls commented. "It's Joan's chubby. You're a lucky gal. I've been wanting to crawl into that coat ever since I saw Joan at Chapel in it."

Joan laughed. "As soon as we started to work on Saxon, we decided to keep her a secret and surprise you all. Saxon thought it would be fun, too."

On her way downstairs, Geneve paused for a moment at Dixie's door. Her face betrayed her amazement at Saxon's appearance. Then, with a hurried goodnight, she went on.

For a moment after Geneve left, the room was silent. Then as the bell called Yvonne, Dixie, and Saxon, the girls who remained behind looked at one another.

"Really," Joan broke the silence, "I can't see that we have a thing to be downcast about. We've three more years in which to make the Cotillion, and, at the worst, a good night's sleep won't hurt us."

"A good night's sleep!" Peggy groaned. "I'll bet Roble is full of frosh who can't bear the thought of sleep any more than I can."

"Well," Joan suggested sagely, "why don't we all get together?"

"Get together?" Peggy's eyes brightened. "What an inspiration! Let's have a party to celebrate!"

"Celebrate? What can we celebrate?" another demanded.

"Spring, or New Year's, or the Fourth of July, or the last football game or the coming one—anything we want to." Peggy's imagination was just starting to function at its usual speed.

"Why not all at once?" Gwyn asked dryly. "After all, it's only eight-thirty and—"

"Gwyn, you're a genius! That's what we'll do. We'll celebrate everything all at once. We'll roll everything we ever saw or heard of being done all into one and have a—a—a circus!" Peggy stopped, a little surprised herself at what she had proposed. "B'gosh, I'm a genius myself," she proclaimed, attempting to pat herself on the back. The group gave way to unrestrained laughter at her last remark, and the atmosphere took on a decidedly more cheerful tone.

"I'll see if we can get permission to use the Club," Joan offered.

"And I'll be publicity expert," Gwyn offered.

Peggy stared at her intently, then shook her head. "No," she decided, "you won't do. You look too

honest," she explained. "You'd tell the girls it's going to be a grand show and lots of fun, instead of pointing it out as the most spectacular, the most colossal, gigantic, stupendous, collection of man and beast ever to be witnessed by the human eye!" She paused for breath. "You take over the costume end," she suggested, "and who'll look after the refreshments?"

"I will," Gwyn volunteered again. "Let's charge five cookies admission. That's the only way we can get enough supplies without going bankrupt ourselves."

"Grand!" Joan announced, as she left on her mission. "The show will start in exactly," she consulted her watch, "an hour in the Club, I hope."

The next twenty minutes were probably the most hectic that Roble had ever seen. Joan finally found Mrs. Willis, the Director of the Hall and obtained her amused consent to the use of the lounge in the basement of B Wing. Peggy, meanwhile, persuaded the switchboard operator to ring every buzzer in Roble in rapid succession and to announce the festivities over the telephone. Crêpe paper, ribbons, toy stuffed dogs, cats and rabbits, sheets, and even a few balloons were collected from various rooms. The rule was that everyone appear in costume, preferably as a circus animal or entertainer, and the girls' efforts to comply taxed the utmost resources of Roble.

Just before the show was scheduled to begin, Joan surveyed the preparations with a satisfied grin. Sheets, hung over ropes, divided a space into sideshows, with

chairs in front of them for the barkers. Circles, drawn on the floor with chalk, marked the three rings of the circus proper, and the tables were arranged in a row to restrain the wild animals held captive by crêpe paper bars.

A subdued hubbub sounded from the halls above, and chattering and giggling accompanied the swishing of strange garments. In a moment, the crowd was upon them. Peggy assumed her professional air as the outstanding spieler and, standing on a chair, she guided the spectators through draped sheets into the "tent."

"Lad-ees and gentlemen! Lad-ees and gentlemen! Step right this way for the greatest show on earth. Come see the Itchy-scratchy, that strange prehistoric monster, and the Russian Siamese Twins, Iearnski and Youspendski. Learn who you are going to date next Saturday night from Madame Turtleneck, the Egyptian seer. Here you are! Don't crowd folks! Take your time."

Joan and Gwyn, just inside the curtains, were convulsed with laughter at the strange creatures passing.

"It's a marvel to me," Joan gasped, "how Peggy can keep such a straight face. You'd think she were ten thousand miles away. Look at that Phi Beta Kappa with the glasses and the monkey's tail, and Harriet Everts as the man on the flying trapeze!"

"Isn't Virgie Sommers darling, though, as a bare-

back rider? Why she isn't at the Prom is a mystery to me."

"Yes, she's cute, but I like her companion better as the horse."

"Well, gals," Peggy, having performed her first social duty, was heading for the lemonade stand, "here's to you all. And when do the hot dogs do their act?"

"Hey, Peggy, you keep away from there. You would go and eat all the decorations." Bams pulled her back just as she was reaching for a string of frankfurters festooned around the top of the lemonade stand.

"All right, starve me if you will. If I faint somewhere around here from hunger, you'll be sorry."

"We'll take a chance on that. Come on, let's get this bunch sorted out." Joan propelled her toward the invited guests.

Soon they had ensconced the fat lady in a section of a sideshow with a sword swallower next to her. Then came a snake charmer, and then the man with two heads (the second from a hastily decapitated French doll). A palmist and seer completed the attractions. Opposite these freaks, a bear, a tiger, a monkey, and an ostrich took their places between the tables. The remaining guests, as trainers and performers, gathered in the center of the room. They were to be entertained by the sideshows first, and how each barker did attempt to inveigle the audience into her concession! And it was only after each performer had

done her bit that she was allowed to join the rest of the crowd waiting to hear their futures from Madame Turtleneck, the infallible seeress.

Then the fun began in the rings. Marie Dupont, dressed in a pink gauze petticoat, laid a rope across the floor and pretended that it was a "high wire." First, she balanced herself at one end, carefully holding a parasol high above her head as an aid to keeping her equilibrium; then, stepping out cautiously, she slid along with feet at right angles. Becoming bolder and bolder, she danced gaily on the rope, changing her direction, and still keeping her balance so well that the girls applauded enthusiastically.

The next act was the wild animal one. Gwyn, who had been transformed into a bold trainer with the aid of a short pleated skirt, and the coat and cap of a cast-off band uniform, fearlessly put her charges through tricks that brought gasps of admiration from the audience. And next came the chariot races. Part of the time the horses pulled the drivers off their feet, but the finish found the drivers pushing the giggling horses.

But all the previous applause combined, could not equal the determined cheering that broke forth at the appearance of "gen-u-ine pink lemonade." The girls had just settled themselves about the floor for a brief rest between acts, when a light was turned on in a little box theatre set high on skirted stilts at one end of the room. A little papier-mâche figure appeared

and, bowing, announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, may I present to you the characters of a series of one act plays which are to be given in this theatre tonight. First, Timothy Treadmill. Timothy, will you step forward?"

At this word of encouragement, a long, gangling figure appeared beside the speaker, big twisted wire glasses perched on his long, red nose, his face sallow under a shock of surprised-looking yellow hair. Under his arms were tucked a load of miniature blue books and heavy tomes.

"Timothy is our honor student. He studies all day, and he solves problems in his sleep. His greatest friends are the book worms and his pet activity is taking exams.

"Next is Cleopatra, the college vamp. She needs no word from me. She speaks for herself.

"And now, you see Sidney the smoothie. Note his lovely white slacks, the tie matching his shirt, and the smart blue coat. And, girls, what eyes! When he hands you a line, you swallow it hook and sinker, and what's more, he makes you like it.

"This little man is Bertie, the Bolshevik. He signs all kinds of little pledges that he doesn't understand and feels very consequential. Later, when he makes his mark in college, he'll forget all about them, which is just as well.

"Then, here's Alice, the all-around girl. She studies, she plays games, she participates in outside activities,

and she's dated a month ahead. She's the real queen of the Campus. Let's give her a hand."

After the applause had died down, a puppet in a sweater with a block "S" appeared. "And here's her partner, Maxwell, the all-around college man. Let's give him a cheer!"

When the noise had subsided, the little announcer went on, "Last and equally important, we have Pushem, the Professor. He educates us whether we will or no. He even graduates us. He's our best friend here in college. Nine rahs for the professor!"

The footlights were turned out and Joan, under the rustle of noise which ensued, sank back and sighed. "Oh, goodness but it's hot in here," she whispered as Peggy came to take her place. In a moment the light was on again, and the little announcer was speaking in quite a different voice.

"Lad-ees and freaks," he addressed the audience, "I promised you a series of one-act plays. But may I further enlighten you? You are to compose and produce these plays. Please form into groups of three as soon as the lights are turned on, and write a college play to your taste using any or all of the characters which I have just introduced to you. Paper and pencils will be passed out. In twenty minutes your play must be completed. In the meantime, to spur on your fevered intellects, popcorn and peanuts will be passed out. A prize will be awarded to the group which produces the most successful play."

The room was filled with activity as the girls formed their groups and whispered conferences began. "Oh dear, I just can't," one voice protested. "Not in twenty minutes!" A tragic moan went up now and then, but for the most part, plans took shape swiftly. Not only was the prize at stake, but what fun it was going to be to play with the puppets! Many had never tried to work them before.

At the end of the allotted time, the light glowed again on the diminutive stage, and the first group was selected. Never was an audience more appreciative. They booed the college vampire when she appeared to be turning the head of the campus hero. They applauded when Carrie, the college cut-up, put hay under the vamp's pillow at night and gave her hay fever so it was impossible for her to go to the Junior Prom and Alice, the all-around girl, got asked instead. They cheered when the wig fell off Bertie, the Bolshevik, and he continued to argue, blissfully unaware of the cavity showing in the top of his cranium.

After the prize, a big chocolate cake was awarded, the hot dogs were consumed, and at one o'clock the party was over.

When some of the girls, returning from the Cotillion, tried to tell the stay-at-homes all about the gorgeous evening they had had, they found the latter much too tired, and happy, and sleepy to be very interested.

Bobby, on the way to her room, discovered a light

shining through the crack of Joan's door. Pausing, she peered in.

"Sssst—Joan!"

Joan turned from where she lay across the bed looking out into the star-lit darkness. At the sight of Bobby, she signalled for silence. The two doors on either side were closed.

"I won't wake them," Bobby hissed. "Joan, it was wonderful. They carried out the decorations and color scheme to resemble a Viennese Ballroom of long ago, and the orchestra—well, I'm a wreck! I danced myself to death. But I could do it all over again tomorrow. Someone spilt punch all over my new dress." At the sight of Joan's face, with distinct traces of tears on it, she stopped.

"Joan, why didn't you go?" she blurted out impulsively.

"I wasn't invited, Bobby."

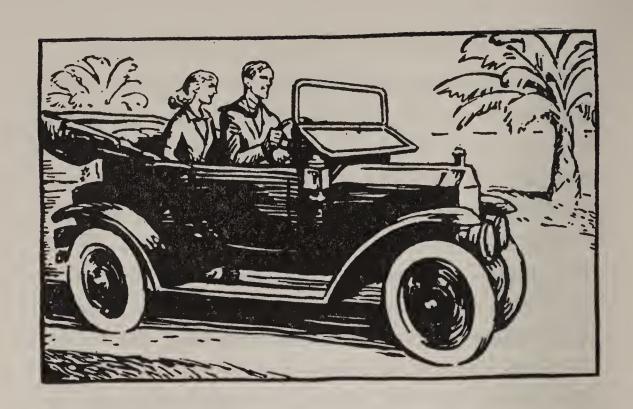
"Weren't invited? Why, I was under the impression that Don took Geneve because you two had had some sort of disagreement."

"No, we're the best of friends," Joan spoke slowly. "I don't think I ever did turn down a date with Don. We've been working together quite a lot and I rather expected to go to the Cotillion with him. It would have been like old times." She paused a moment and continued, "I guess it really isn't his fault, though. If Geneve really sets her mind on being charming, I doubt if any man on the Campus could resist her."

"Well, you're the last!" Bobby put in angrily. "She's dated all of our boy friends, one after the other, just to prove she could do it. And then she added insult to injury by parading the fact at every opportunity! We really ought to squelch her, once and for all."

"No, Bobby," Joan reflected, "let her alone. If she continues as she's started out, she'll find herself in trouble enough without anyone's help. Cutting classes, barely passing her exams, and snubbing the rest of the girls—one just can't be a law unto herself around here. It won't work. All of our plans and work are too intermingled," she concluded. "Now, good night, and thanks a million for dropping in," Joan closed her eyes. "And switch off the light, please."

"'Night," Bobby turned off the light, but as she closed the door softly behind her, she heard a muffled sob. Joan was not as much of a philosopher as she pretended.



Chapter Eight

If I sat here 'till midnight, I couldn't learn a thing more." Joan snapped her notebook shut and yawned prodigiously.

"That's probably because you know all you need to. French is a pet of yours." Selma started to gather her syllabus together. "I feel the same way about art, but this old course is so full of dates and things!"

"Verbs!" Saxon exclaimed. "They're what take the joy out of life."

"Mine too," Yvonne admitted. "I wonder why some professor doesn't figure out a method of teaching Spanish that would just eliminate verbs entirely."

"Leave out verbs, and what have you left?" Joan inquired.

"Peace of mind," Selma retorted promptly.

"Have any of you any idea how Roman civilization was affected by its heritage, from the civilizations of the ancient east and Greece up to the time of Constantine?" Bobby's weary question came from the couch where she was surrounded, and half buried, by papers and books.

"Ideas, yes. But we're sort of weak on facts," Saxon admitted cheerfully.

"You're a big help," Bobby groaned. "Either I get the Romans untangled pretty soon or the 'Bawl-Out' really is going to wreck my reputation! I don't see how that darned booklet can hide under the innocent title of Directory of Officers and Students."

"Say, Joan, now that you're the Secretary-Treasurer of the Freshman Class, how about starting a campaign to grade all the professors in the 'Bawl-Out' too? And could the freshmen have a lot of fun doing that!" Selma sighed blissfully just contemplating the idea.

"I don't know," Saxon disagreed. "I personally think those professors deserve something approaching medals. Even if I do want to be a teacher, I still don't think I'd ever relish the idea of having four or five hundred freshmen descending on me every year demanding that they be taught French or any other subject painlessly."

"I rise to a point of order," Bobby objected. "Here I sit—"

"You're not sitting, you're lying down," Selma pointed out.

"Hush! Here I am, vainly striving to attain a more comprehensive picture of the Roman Empire and Saxon insinuates that it's painless!" Bobby looked around appealingly for sympathy.

"How about calling it quits for tonight?" Joan proposed. "We're not going to accomplish anything more at this rate, and we'd do better to get a fresh start tomorrow."

"Now, with that I can readily agree," Bobby nodded vigorously, "especially the tomorrow part."

"Oh, Joan," Saxon looked up, "You promised to show me the plans of that house you're always talking about."

"Haven't I ever shown those to you? I suppose that's because you're over at the gym all the time, or on the hockey field. Talk about passions. I never saw any one as crazy about athletics."

"Or about dish washing and baby tending. I wish you could see my bank balance. If this keeps up, I'll be a millionairess, wearing diamonds and fur coats. I honestly believe the professors' wives manufacture jobs out of thin air for me. I wish I could repay them somehow."

"You are, Saxon, because you study awfully hard. That's why they're so interested in you."

"Let's go out on the sun deck, gals," Selma suggested as they rose. "It must be grand and cool

out there and I'd like to give my brain a little airing."

"If you'll wait, Saxon, I'll get the plans and spread them out on this table. They're all in order because I'm giving them back to Don tomorrow to hand in for mid-semester lab. Then, we can go outside and look at the moon."

In a few minutes the two were poring over the plans and sketches, admiring Don's ingenuity and skill, Betty's and Selma's knowledge of beauty and craftsmanship and Joan's practicality.

"I love them, Joan," Saxon was enthusiastic. "Perhaps I love them as much as I do because I have known people who would appreciate them most of all. They are poor people in small towns who love nice things but who never have much hope of living anywhere but in bare, plain, little houses. But with plans like these, and with the costs way down, they can walk into a little dream home completely furnished. And the best part is that they can pay for all of it with their rent money. The mothers will have pretty little kitchens to work in, and a lawn for the children to play on. And, when the man of the house comes home, he can putter around in the garden and actually have something to show for his time."

Joan laughed at Saxon's enthusiastic praise, but she was touched. She knew that Saxon was sincere.

After taking the precious sketches and data back to her room, Joan joined Saxon again, and the two went out through the French doors to the deck. They

drew mats toward the rest of the group and stretched out, indulging in a moment of quiet while they drank in the cool night air.

* * *

As the days went on, Joan's preoccupation with her own problems did not keep her from worrying about Yvonne, who was in several of her classes. During round table discussions, Yvonne appeared frankly bewildered. Often, too, in the midst of studying, she would burst into tears. And yet, from chatting with her, Joan judged her to be as bright as the majority of her fellow students. Brighter than Babs, for instance, who, in spite of her frivolous chatter, had stood up well in the quizzes which the girls had given each other using the examination papers of past quarters.

Joan's background had been too different from Yvonne's for her to realize the truth. Yvonne's high school had been a small one, which was run on a very personal basis. Old Professor Dunton had taken pride in seeing that all of the students in his classes were graduated. Those who had difficulty with geometry were questioned, helped, and pushed over the hard places. At Stanford, progress was based solely on the student's merits. And, under this system, Yvonne seemed totally unable to progress at all. The syllabus with its abbreviations meant nothing intelligible to her, the Spanish grammar, written in Spanish, took all

of her time to translate before she could even start to study from it. She was days behind in her art lab, and the hours flew on.

Joan, herself, was beginning to get a bad case of "the jitters" at the mere thought of the impending tests. Later, perhaps, when the professors and the routine of examinations should become more familiar to her, she might take them in her stride, but right now one chill thought was uppermost in her mind—the fact that a professor often dropped a number of the students who had the lowest grades in his class!

Finally came the evening before the first examination. Joan, with her friends, reviewed the subject until ten o'clock, and then the group decided that rest was in order. Once in bed, Joan slept dreamlessly until she awakened much later to hear the chimes mark the quarter-hour. Yvonne's light was on. Joan slid out of bed and into Yvonne's room to discover her huddled over the table with her head propped in her hands.

She looked up and sighed. "It's no use, Joan. I—I just can't learn anything. I keep saying things over in my head and they don't mean a thing. When I look over the chapter headings, it seems as if I'd really never seen them before."

Joan glanced at the desk clock, and then put her arm around Yvonne. "It's almost four. Do you mean to tell me you've been up all this time? Of course, you can't remember anything. You're much too tired.

Come now, go to bed. It'll all come back to you in the morning. You'll see."

At six Yvonne was up again. All through her preparations for class, a hasty breakfast and her trip to Quad, she kept murmuring, "Assyrians lived on the Tigris. Sumerians—where did they live? Babylon. No. Yes. Arameans. Arameans were from Damascus."

Outside the lecture hall, a group of tired, sleepyeyed freshmen stood in the chill of the early morning, waiting for the hour to strike. Inside, a few minutes later, they took alternate seats, wrote their names and the name of the course on the Blue Book covers and reached for the printed question slips. Joan, glancing over her questions indicated an answer in the margin after each one. The ink sank into the spongy paper. Number One was easy, and Number Two was fairly so. The third question, Joan finally gave up as impossible, and passed on to the fourth which was comparatively easy. Number Five, which had interminable sub-questions, brought with it the possibility of partial credit. Anyway, one couldn't miss all of it. Five questions. That was twenty percent on each. If Joan had missed Number Three, she would still have a mark of eighty. Mustn't take a chance, though. Must try to answer all of them. A glance at Yvonne's intent little face did not tell her whether her friend was finding the questions difficult or easy.

One of the first to finish, Joan breathed a sigh of relief as she handed in her book. Strolling along the

inner Quad in the sunlight, enjoying this moment of relaxation before thinking ahead to the afternoon, she paced out the diamonds in the pavement, a habit when she was tired or thoughtful. Finally, her foot touched the first of the brass memorial plates. Each class from the beginning had laid one containing its numerals, and these plates replaced the original flags of cement. In time they would run, point to point, entirely around the arcade. Classes of '98, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03. What was life like then? Gas light? And were there telephones? Horses and buggies, of course. Classes of '04, '05, '06. That was the time of pompadours and swishing skirts, of bicycles, of the earthquake and Stanford's partial destruction, of two-steps and waltzes. Classes of '07, '08, '09, '10, Merry Widows, peg-top trousers, and real rah-rah boys. She knew a lot about that era. Joan's mother had gone to Stanford then and liked to reminisce about it. Classes of '11, '12, '13. These years meant automobiles, ragtime, hobble skirts, votes for women. The ideas ticked off more rapidly now. Classes of '14, '15, '16, far-off rumblings of the War, saucy little styles that imitated soldiers' garb, and the Panama Pacific Exposition with its Tower of Jewels and End of the Trail. Classes of '17, '18, '19, War! The breaking up of everything. Goodbyes, rolling bandages, writing letters, Camp Fremont right next door, and the flu. Classes of '20, '21, '22 brought memories of flappers in knee-length tweeds, bobbed hair, jazz. Classes of '23, '24, '25 meant the Charleston, everyone

gay and mad. Those of '26, '27, '28 conjured up pictures of bigger and better allowances, grander parties, more whoopee. And '29, '30, '31, meant down to earth again. Down to earth through Joan's growing up, through years of uncertainty, of change, of fear. The past was apparently worth the wistful backward look of her elders, but what did the future hold?

"Contemplating your sins or Caesar's?"

"Oh, hello, Del. I didn't see you. How's the aviator?"

"Well, so far the birds have a slight edge on me," Del grinned, "but then most of them started before I did. You know, the best people just don't go walking along sort of mumbling to themselves!"

"I was just thinking-"

"It's much too early," Del protested, "besides I just finished an exam too. Tell you what, let's go have a coke and sit quietly in a nice corner and contemplate life."

The Cellar was far from being quiet, but the cheerful hum of conversation made both of them feel that, even with exams, life was still worth living.

One after another, the examinations continued to loom up like high walls to be hurdled. Before each one, Yvonne seemed more bewildered than ever. After it, she felt more hopeless. It was not until the following week when Blue Books were returned that Joan drew a free breath. Yvonne had scrambled through

JOAN'S FRESHMAN YEAR AT STANFORD everything with a passing grade, and she, herself, had made a really impressive record.

* * *

For a long time, as Joan studied French by her window, she was conscious of the intermittent droning of an automobile horn outside. At first, it was only a wraith of a sound, but, as the minutes wore on, it increased and struggled in her mind for supremacy with her French verbs. Finally it took possession of her brain completely.

"Oooooo-a-eeee! Oooooo-a-eeee!"

It moaned sadly, shrieked for a second, and then ended with a cough. Joan flung the French book on the couch and turned irritably to look out of the window. Why anyone, who knew people must be studying, would keep up a din like that! She gasped and stared harder. Below her, on the drive, a sad little Model T touring car stood patiently. It was a rusty little wreck of a Ford, doing its best to be brave and debonair under a new coat of paint and a thorough polishing. In it sat Del. His blue coat and white flannels indicated a special occasion, and his face was shining with pride and happiness. He beckoned her to come down.

"But Del," she gasped, as a few seconds later she crawled in over the tightly jammed door, "where on earth did you get this? It isn't yours, is it?"

He nodded.

"Actually? But you told me that you were having a hard time to make ends meet until this quarter was over. Whence this sudden affluence?"

"Well, I was in rather a tight hole," he admitted ruefully. "It was thoughtless of the lady I was doing odd jobs for to close up her house and go off to Europe just in the middle of a quarter. The least she might have done was to recommend me as a chore boy to some of her friends. But it's all right now. Virtue has its own reward!" He sank back luxuriously on the sagging cushions of the car.

"Well, it's a mystery to me," Joan declared, "but if it's all right with you, I don't care. Drive on."

"Seriously, though, Joan," Del began again, after he had started the car, and they were on their way to the lake, "I've got a perfect job. I'm athletic instructor to a group of kids in Menlo Park, and it's going to last a year or more, until they enter a military school near Los Gatos. They're just little tykes now. I figured that this Ford, at twenty dollars, would cost less in the end than bus fare."

Joan turned to him impulsively. "Del, I think you're grand! Butch told me all about you the other day. And about how you're determined to earn your way through college even though you don't have to."

"I wish Butch would keep his mouth shut." Del reddened with embarrassment. "Anyway, that isn't just how it is. I do have to in a way. Dad lost out rather badly these last few years, and his business still isn't

what it should be. He and mother are able to get along comfortably with just themselves to consider. But, with me to account for, it would be pretty hard sledding. The poor dears are more than willing to make sacrifices for me, but shucks, who wants to be sacrificed for? Every quarter, dad writes a check to cover my expenses and I bank it here, in case I get in a tight spot. Once or twice, I've had to draw on it, but I've always paid it back. When I go home at the end of the quarter, I take the money with me and hand it to dad." He turned to her challengingly. "That's not 'grand,' that's just—right."

Joan nodded.

"Young woman, I assume that you know what day this is?"

"Well, I know what night it's going to be."

"Remarkable! Even without Mr. Hugh Whitney for a brother, I'll bet Roble would have educated you properly. You and the rest have probably been whooping it up at dinner for weeks."

"I should say we have. I know every football song and lots of yells. And if you thought that I might by any chance miss the rally tonight, you're most mistaken. I feel almost a proprietary interest in that bon-fire the frosh built today because we furnished food and moral support as they labored. A crowd of us are going to the rally tonight. We've got a float to enter you know."

"You can join them later if you're a good girl, but

you're going to the rally with me. From now on until rally time, you're kidnapped!"

"I'm starved, Del. Does my captor intend to provide meals?"

At Del's suggestion they ate chop suey in Palo Alto. The red and white checked cloths on the tables, and great orange lanterns ballooning over the lights were a welcome change from the more formal atmosphere of Stanford.

After the chop suey came chocolate eclairs and small black coffees, and then, Del, with a look of blank astonishment gasped, "Why, we've a car! Tie that! For sixty whole minutes, I'd forgotten it. Come on, let's hurry out and see if it's still there."

By seven o'clock they were back on the Campus trying to get somewhere near the Fiji house where the rally parade was scheduled to start, but with very little success. Mayfield Avenue and Lasuen Street were packed with cars, floats, and students afoot. Joan decided to stay with Del and the car, at least until they reached the Pavilion, for the odds against finding her group in the crowd seemed too great. Fifteen minutes later, headed by hundreds of students carrying torches and the Stanford band, more than fifty floats of every possible variety moved forward down the Row. They were followed by cars loaded with passengers, and then came crowds of students on foot. At the Pavilion, early arrivals from Palo Alto got up from their seats as the band, with blaring trumpets, set the pace for

the events to follow. With more enthusiasm than harmony, four thousand rooters sang as they poured into the building.

Standing on the balcony, Joan searched the crowd for the faces of her friends. There they were, in front seats, but the building was so crowded that she had little chance of joining them.

"Here comes Hugh!" Joan bubbled as the Varsity men filed in.

With the arrival of the football squad, the rally was really under way. Speeches began with cheers, were interspersed with cheers, were interrupted by cheers, and were ended with them. And then the vibrant emotion of the evening found its outlet in song. Speeches by the President, two of the trustees, the past coach, the present one, and Hugh, all were accompanied by evidences of the wildest enthusiasm. The climax was the deafening roar of the Axe Yell, and a shower of confetti and serpentine. On the way out, Del touched Joan's arm.

"You haven't escaped yet, lady. You're still my captive. Let's find a place near the bonfire."

Seventy-five feet high, constructed of every discarded piece of wood that could be collected from the surrounding countryside, the huge pyre was soaked with five hundred gallons of oil.

Already, students were serpentining around it as it towered, still dark at the top, but reddening with a flicker of flames at its core. Quickly the flames spread

up the sides of the heap till at last they flared upward more than two hundred feet, lighting the sea of upturned faces and sending a huge cloud of oily black smoke into the sky. A second serpentine organized and wound around the blaze, preceded by the band. Then, as the huge bonfire burned itself out, *Hail, Stanford, Hail* rang through the night followed by a staccato "Varsity." As the rally ended, the students and spectators joined forces. Seven thousand strong, the Axe Yell hurled out the Cardinal defiance; first slowly and softly, and then in an ear-splitting roar:

Give 'Em—The Axe—
The Axe—The Axe—
Give 'Em—The Axe
The Axe—The Axe—
Give 'Em The Axe
Give 'Em The Axe
Give 'Em The Axe
Give 'Em The Axe—Where?—
Right—In The Neck—
The Neck—The Neck
Right—In The Neck—
Right In The Neck—
There!

A few minutes later, Joan and Del wandered over to the little car and crawled in. For a moment Del sat fingering the key before turning on the ignition. He

seemed to be thinking intently, and then he turned to Joan with the air of one who has made a momentous decision.

"I've been seeing a lot of Hugh up at the Phi House these days, Joan, and I've been wanting to speak to you about Hugh. I think I ought to tell you about the situation in case there's a tail-spin."

"A— Why Del, what do you mean?" Del's evident hesitancy frightened her as much as his words. "What are you trying to say?"

Del laughed grimly. "I'm trying to say that Hugh is carrying the stiffest course he's ever attempted, and yet he's still working at that job in Palo Alto. The last two fellows who tried that flunked out. I'm not saying Hugh isn't bright enough to swing both, but it's a teriffic strain, Joan. It's telling on him."

"Why, Del, I never dreamed—! So that explains it. Why I haven't seen so much of him lately, and why he seems so nervous and tired-looking. I've mentioned it several times to him and he's always brushed it off. Del, can't he be made to stop? Can't the House President do something? And I'll try, too."

"The House President tried. That's why I thought I'd speak to you. There's nothing more any of us can do."

"I'll call him right away. I won't mention our talk, and thanks, Del. You were grand to tell me."

"I wouldn't mention it till after the Game tomorrow," Del advised, "he's probably on edge right now.

Wait till after tomorrow when things have quieted down a bit. And now, just a turn around San Juan Hill and back you go to Roble."

The car sputtered up the incline and started around Faculty Hill under the flooding moonlight. Suddenly, at a turn, it slackened speed, coughed and was motionless. It coughed again, and then relaxed into complete inertia. The two occupants stared off into space for a moment and then looked at each other.

"And now what?" Joan inquired.

"I fear the worst," Del whispered. He climbed out cautiously and went around to the front as if he suddenly mistrusted the car and wanted to be tactful in his dealings with her.

"It is—it is true," he murmured a moment later, leaning over the open hood. "She has heart failure, lung trouble, leakage of the valves, and a stubborn disposition. I shall punish her by leaving her out in the cold all night."

"Oh, Del, you can't do that!"

"Why not? I'll be hanged if I'll pick her up and carry her to a garage, and her 'innards' would defy even the engineering department in this dark. Come on. Gather all your pioneering spirit together for we're going to have to walk back!"



Chapter Nine

The atmosphere of the Farm, usually quiet and serene, crackled with suppressed excitement. It was Big Game Day! Since early morning visitors had poured onto the campus in a deluge that increased as the hours passed. El Camino Real, the highway from San Francisco, was jammed with cars coming southward three and four abreast. Special Big Game trains were steadily disgorging thousands of loyal rooters for the California Bear into Palo Alto's little station. The Cardinal Red and the Blue and Gold of the University of California crossed and mingled. Old grads of both universities again regaled each other with tales of "the good old days," and renewed old friendships. Lunch rooms and soda fountains were

crowded beyond capacity. Harassed traffic officers attempted to give directions to strangers and untangle traffic snarls at the same time. Happy and carefree, the holiday throng descended, some eighty thousand strong, to root for their respective favorites. The biggest day in Stanford's year was off to a flying start.

It was almost noon before Joan, anxiously watching from her window, saw Mr. Bishop's big car swing into the street leading to Roble.

With a whoop she dashed from her room, and then stopped short. "A Stanford woman just doesn't run through crowded lobbies," she admonished herself. "But she may walk fast," she added, as she reached the lobby filled with the parents and friends of the girls who lived at Roble.

"Oh, Joan, just a minute," Bobby caught Joan's arm as she passed. "I want you to meet my mother. She's just arrived."

Joan turned and stopped. Beside Bobby stood a slender white haired woman in a soft brown dress. She looked very modern, yet still had a motherly air about her.

"Mother, this is Joan Whitney, the girl I've been telling you about."

"Yes," Mrs. Wellman smiled at Joan, "in fact her letters generally contain more about you than about herself."

"That's just because it's easier to make someone else's adventures more dramatic than one's own," Joan ex-

plained. "My mother registers almost the same complaint. Really, I should write to you about Bobby's career and let her correspond with my mother. But Mom and Dad are just coming up the driveway now, and I do want to meet them, so, if you'll excuse me for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, my dear. I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were in a hurry. Run along, and we'll probably see you later."

Four introductions and two minutes later, Joan, her resolution to be dignified forgotten, ran down the walk and threw her arms around her mother.

"Oh, Mom! I'm so glad to see you. I thought you'd never get here. I've been worrying all morning for fear something might keep you away."

"And dad-"

"Wait a moment, don't strangle me," Mr. Whitney begged laughingly. "Is this the way you greet all of your visitors?"

"Not all. Only extra-special ones on extra-special occasions. Gosh, I've got a million things I want to tell you. Isn't it grand here? Has anything exciting happened since I left Fresno? What made you so late?"

"Hold on, Joan, one at a time," Mr. Whitney pleaded. "Where's Hugh?"

"He came over this morning to wait for you here, but I was so restless he claimed I was giving him the jitters too. He finally took refuge in his fraternity

house, and he asked me to call him the moment you arrived. They're holding open house all along the Row today and he wants to parade you around up there. Then we'll still have time for a quick tour of the campus before game time. But first, you have Roble Hall to see, and there are ever so many people inside you just must meet. That is, if you don't mind?"

"Of course not, dear. On the contrary, we're more than happy to have the opportunity of meeting your friends. But, we must go up to see Hugh before it gets too late."

"Oh, where's Mr. Bishop?" Joan demanded. "I was certain he was with you."

"Yes, he came with us. But he's gone over to Encina to see Don," Joan's mother explained. "He was as anxious to see him as we were to see you. We'll meet them both later."

"Of course, how selfish of me," Joan reproached herself, "but do hurry," she added, "I'll 'phone Hugh that you're here and we'll just have time to do everything before the game."

* * *

Two hours later the Whitneys arrived at the stadium a little out of breath but in high spirits. After she had seen that her parents were headed toward their seats, Joan ran to join her own group which was assembling outside the gate to the rooting section.

"Hi! Bobby," she called. "Wait for me."

"It's about time," Dixie exclaimed as she breathlessly arrived in their midst. "We had about given you up. Oh, there's the other missing member. Yvonne! Here we are!"

"Oh, don't scold," Yvonne begged, "I was here before anyone else. Or practically here, anyway."

Dixie looked at her quizzically, "Practically here?" she asked.

"Yes, I've been waiting for the past half-hour outside a gate that said rooting section and—"

"And then what happened?" Bobby prompted.

"Well, about two minutes ago I discovered that it was for the California students. And I was wondering all along why everyone persisted in carrying blue and gold colors."

"Come on," Bobby reminded, as the laughing subsided a little. "We just won't get in at all if we don't hurry a bit."

"Joan, Joan, there he is!" Bobby seized Joan tightly by the arm.

"Who?"

"That gorgeous senior who sat opposite me in the library last night. He's taking tickets at our gate. Think of passing my ticket to him. The game can't be any bigger thrill!"

"But, Bobby," Joan protested, "I thought you had a crush on that freshman."

"It didn't work out so well." Bobby sighed. "He sort of stuttered."

"Well, there's such a mob here that I can't see anyone I know," Selma complained as she was jostled into line. "Just hundreds of strange faces attached to fur coats and sports clothes and what not. Classes of '96 and up, it looks like. Must be fun to come back and meet all of one's old friends."

"Yes, I imagine it would be," Bobby agreed. "All the fraternity members from 'way back were up the Row this morning having a good visit until game time."

The girls moved on toward the gate, and, as they neared it, Bobby's excitement grew. "Girls, do give me your tickets. You don't mind if I hand them to him, do you?"

"Certainly not, and the sooner the better," Dixie exploded impatiently. "To be lovelorn is dumb enough, but imagine being it over a man you've never even met! You haven't the slightest idea what he's like. If the last one stuttered, this one may lisp, or drink camomile tea, or—wiggle his ears!"

"Well, I'll soon find out about his ears, and I want to tell you something. If camomile tea gave him that profile and that perfect finger wave, I'm going home tonight and brew Butch a gallon of it."

At the picture of such a beauty treatment for Butch, the girls burst into giggles and were only brought to order by a groan from Bobby.

A raucous voice was announcing, "Rooting sections here. Boys' and girls' rooting sections here."

"Well, that's a gyp! On the threshold of my life romance, the rooting section shoves me to the left and tears us asunder. But never mind. He's a marked man and—"

Bobby's chatter at last died away in her interest in the rooting section. Around the girls were dozens of their new friends and almost all of the faces were familiar. They settled themselves and looked about them.

"Just think, the Stadium is filled." Yvonne looked around her with satisfaction. "It's like a hooked rug with all those bright dresses and hats close together."

"Yes," Joan mused, "eighty thousand people to see what will happen this afternoon. And I'm afraid I know what it will be, too."

"No, you don't, Joan." Dixie contradicted her with spirit. "U. C. may have a lot of its old men left and Stanford have been forced to use a lot of sophomores, but I'm betting on Stanford just the same. She's got her old spirit and a few of her best men left."

"Look, don't you love the programs?" Sandra held hers out for them to see.

"The coloring is beautiful, those rusty reds and old golds," Yvonne agreed with enthusiasm, "but what does the picture mean?"

"Why, the big golden bear that's turning on the Indian is The University of California. Stanford is the red Indian."

"Oh dear," Yvonne sighed, "I do wish I knew what football was all about. In Garrettville-" Her voice trailed away as all eyes were turned to greet the rival University's band as it entered, marching toward the center to form into a pattern. At the opening strains of the national anthem, the girls rose. It caught their spirits, filled them with a confidence that left no room for thoughts of defeat. For a moment after its echo died away, there was silence, and in it, Joan's heart said to her what she knew the faculty and all of the students of Stanford were thinking. Of all the team, Hugh was the only member who could lift Stanford above a defeat. He could supply the necessary spark that might enable them to win. Hugh usually did the passing and Rodney Sharpe the receiving—if they could only click today!

"Oh, make it Hugh's day," she cried within herself, willing him victory.

Suddenly, the scene was filled with action again. The teams were warming up on the field and everyone bobbed up for a better view.

"Well, gals, say what you will, that Cal team bouncing around down there looks too husky for Stanford. We'll see, but I doubt if Stanford rates a Pasadena Rose Bowl bid this year. However, don't mistake me for a pessimist. I'm open to conviction. Please pass the candy."

"Oh, Sandra, will you stop hanging crepe? It's our kick-off and there goes the gun. Oooo, what a nice

one, end over end. There, Cal has it and—and— They ran it back ten yards, didn't they?"

During the first moments of the game, it appeared that Sandra's fears were to be groundless for the Cardinals seemed strong enough to withstand the battering of the heavier California team. On the first three downs, California was unable to make so much as a dent in Stanford's line and Davis, quarterback for U. C., kicked. The ball went to the Cardinal's forty yard line where it was picked up by Cronin of Stanford who ran back to the mid-field marker. A moment later Hugh completed a forward pass to Sharpe for a gain of twelve yards making it Stanford's ball on the Bear's thirty-eight yard line. Stanford went into a huddle. Then the little spot of red and khaki broke up, signals were called and the ball passed to Hugh again. Joan rose in her seat, her body tense as he fumbled, but recovered with a loss of five yards.

After this, the game became a kicking duel between Langdon of Stanford and Davis of California. Both teams were kicking on the third down, waiting for an opening, when the whistle blew for the end of the first quarter.

"Well, my nerves are about worn out," Dixie gasped, shutting her eyes. "This see-sawing back and forth is wearing me down. Something will have to happen pretty soon."

"I know," Bobby produced a package of chocolate

wafers from her pocket and passed it. "They certainly don't seem to be going places, do they? Just holding their own."

"Going places?" Yvonne murmured. "Where are they supposed to be going?"

"Why, you see—" Joan began, when the whistle interrupted. Eyes were on the teams for the second quarter.

At its start, Hugh dropped back to pass, completing it to Sharpe for a gain of eight yards. Cheering began among the Stanford rooters, but it quickly subsided. The referee had declared a penalty on Stanford of fifteen yards for holding. Another stab at California's line failed to gain, and Langdon kicked. Watson, fullback for California, was now kicking for the Bears and he performed very creditably in the ensuing duel. Toward the middle of the second quarter, he sent the ball over Hugh's head. Hugh, reaching for it fumbled and was downed on his own thirty-six yard line. But the worst was yet to come. As Hugh, in an effort to offset the lost yardage, attempted a pass to Sharpe it was intercepted on Stanford's forty-five by Davis who ran it back to Stanford's twenty-eight yard line before he was finally hit and brought down.

Vainly the Stanford rooting section begged the Cardinals to, "Hold that line!" Overpowered and disheartened by the successive setbacks, the Stanford defense crumbled under the crushing impact of the Bear attack. In six more plays Watson broke through for

a California touchdown. While the entire stadium waited tensely, Davis successfully kicked for the extra point. At the end of the half, the score stood California 7—Stanford o.

The second half opened with both teams using most of their reserve players. Reilly, a Junior, replaced Hugh at quarter, with Bronson in for Sharpe and practically an entire new forward line. Davis was still piloting the California team which began its assault with renewed vigor.

The Cardinals held firm. Twice during the quarter they started a march toward the Bear's goal, and twice they were brought to a standstill within striking distance of their objective. With about six minutes to go in the third quarter, Davis caught a Stanford kick on his own twenty yard line and ran it back up to California's forty-five. Faking a pass, Jones went around right end for a twelve yard gain for California making it their ball on Stanford's forty-three yard line. Again he started but stopped, turned, and shot a pass to Millen who was brought down sharply twenty-seven yards from the Cardinal goal. A line buck shaved the distance another three yards. Again they tried and picked up an additional two yards, only to be stopped cold on their next attempt. Dropping back into kick formation, the Bears poised themselves for one more effort while the Cardinals desperately gathered their strength to break through and block the kick. In a moment the ball was snapped,

Millen caught and held it, and Davis, with a perfectly executed kick, sent it sailing between the goalposts to bring the score to California 10—Stanford o.

Hugh again trotted on to the field with Sharpe as the teams changed positions for the final quarter.

The atmosphere of the stadium had changed radically in the last few minutes, and a mantle of gloom and disappointment hung over the Stanford side of the Bowl. The Cardinal student rooting section was doggedly defying the now hilarious cheers, chants and songs of the Golden Bears.

To the Roble girls the sun seemed less bright, and even the antics of a cute little cinnamon bear, Cal's mascot, failed to amuse them.

The quarter opened with a bang. The Stanford team took possession of the ball on their own thirty-five yard line, and in two plays, gained ten yards for a first down. Then time out for Stanford. In the stands, the spectators were beginning to gather up their possessions for preparing to leave early to avoid the rush.

On the field, Hugh Whitney's usually smiling face was set in grim lines. He glanced at the tired players around him. "Look," he said bluntly, "everyone's going home. Including California with our Axe! They've run us all over the place this afternoon and I'm fed up. Ralston, stop that tackle, and Rodney for the luvva Pete block that hole. We've got exactly thirteen minutes to go. That makes exactly six and a half per touchdown."

His teammates looked at him, startled.

"Yes, we've tried for three quarters and haven't made it yet. But remember this, if you're tired so is the other team. They're battered and aching too. They only want to get the ball now and 'freeze' onto it for the next few minutes. I don't mind getting licked, but I'll be hanged if that crowd from U. C. is going home with our Axe and be able to say we folded up and quit. After all, we're not a prep school team. We're supposed to be men. Reilly and Morrison, open a hole for Sharpe. Sharpe, you try to get through and in the clear, and we'll go into the air. And fellows, Roble has pledged its fairest as nurses if we need 'em after the game! Ready? Let's go!"

There was a little more hope in the team which now moved into position. California waited alertly. The ball was snapped. Hugh, taking it, faded back while Sharpe got through the California line, only to be immediately covered by Jackson and Murphy of the Bears. Hugh glanced around, hesitated, and then, tucking the ball under his arm, dodged an oncoming tackler to plow up and over the line of scrimmage for a gain of four yards. The next play brought the same result except that only two yards were gained. Again they went into the same formation. Again Sharpe managed to get through. This time, instead of running, Hugh threw a long pass that just missed the outstretched fingers of a California man and settled into Sharpe's hands for a twelve yard gain. As the

play started on Cal's thirty-seven yard stripe, Hugh, carrying the ball, cut over to the right and suddenly shot a lateral pass across to Jameson who was momentarily in the clear. The unexpected caught the Bears off guard, and Jameson had covered thirteen yards before he was finally stopped. It was Stanford's ball on Cal's twenty-four yard line. Two plunges through center netted a gain of seven yards. Then, when a third try was expected for a first down, Hugh again lateralled to Jameson who attempted to pass it on to Sharpe only to have it knocked down and declared incomplete. Again they lined up, and this time Hugh shot the ball directly to Sharpe who was dashing down toward the U. C. goal. By a miracle Sharpe managed to grab and hang onto the ball in spite of being hit by two of Cal's men almost simultaneously. Ten yards to go for a touchdown!

The Stanford stands were wild! In a steady chant the Stanford Axe Yell started in the rooting section, and the entire mass of Stanford supporters joined in. The spectators stood silently as the play was hurried on by Stanford. Two tries through the center netted them six yards, and on the third down Hugh flipped a short pass to Sharpe across the goal line. Stanford had scored! The kick for the extra point went wild and the score now stood at California 10—Stanford 6.

California, instead of kicking, decided to play safe with only six minutes until the game ended. The shock of the Stanford attack had shaken their con-

fidence. With two plays they brought the ball to their own forty-five yard line, and Davis, over-anxious, fumbled. Before he could recover, Sharpe, breaking through Cal's defense, fell on the undefended ball. Again the Cardinals' teamwork began to click, and they moved forward with machine-like precision. Four yards were gained by Morrison, as he plunged into the California line, only to have the referee wipe out his effort with a five yard penalty. Stanford's ball on the Bears' forty-six yard line, second down, eleven yards to go. Hugh gained five yards around right end. Again he got away and streaked over left tackle for six yards with men hanging onto him at every available spot, and then down the center for three more in the same fashion, driving the last one with three tacklers on his shoulders.

The crowd shouted itself hoarse. Out in front, the cheer leaders ran back and forth on their narrow platform, brandishing their megaphones. Finally, the spectators sank back in their seats to watch what might follow.

"Mercy!" Bobby hurriedly let go her clutch on the bow of a girl's hat in front of her, while Joan shamefacedly hid the tattered fragments of her program behind her. Dixie giggled gleefully when she found her voice so strained from cheering that only one buzz-saw note was left.

Stanford was now only thirty-two yards from their goal, but the quarter was fading fast.

"First down and ten to go. What do you think they'll do now?" Sandra asked.

Bobby, well versed in football lore thanks to Butch's patient tutoring, looked judicial. "They'll probably start passing again. There isn't much time. You see—" she paused with her explanation in mid-air for the Cardinals had given Sharpe the ball and he charged through right guard for an eight yard gain.

The Stadium rose to its feet, roaring admonitions and encouragement, and calling to the players by name. Hugh, with Bob Black in front of him, was swerving for a seven yard gain and a first down.

Less than three minutes to play, and Stanford was still seventeen long yards from the goal line. The Cardinals had to fight not only California but the clock as well! Up near the line of scrimmage, the boys went into a huddle. A moment later the ball was snapped to Hugh, who, sweeping toward the flank and cutting back, picked up eight more yards before he was brought down. Sharpe, following the same course, ploughed through for four more. Could they make it? Would they have time? The Stadium was in an uproar. Things like this just do not happen. A percentage of the spectators stood tense and quiet, but the majority joined in a long drawn-out unearthly howl!

Five yards to go! Hugh vainly attempted to buck through the center only to lose a yard. Second down and now six to go. Sharpe, this time carrying the ball, attempted to smash forward, but he was stopped after

a two yard gain. Third down, four to go. The California defense was holding desperately. Hugh again started through only to go down a yard short of his goal.

No one was quite sane! The girls alternately hugged and pushed each other, and the noise was too deafening to attempt speech. As they cheered, Hugh, in a final attempt was carrying the ball. Diving behind Black, who was driving into the California right guard, he fell over the goal line.

Not waiting either for the final kick or the gun ending the game, the spectators poured down onto the field.

Langdon hurriedly looked around, and then he successfully sent the ball sailing between the goal posts for the final point, three seconds before the pistol shot. The score board read California 10—Stanford 13.

"Well!" Dixie exclaimed, turning to the other girls, "I declare, when that boy gets steamed up he never runs down! All you have to do is start him off and the rest is easy."

Joan smiled, "Yes," she thought, "once Hugh gets going at a thing he never will stop till it's finished."

Down on the field, the band was vainly trying to make itself heard, and the cheer leaders were trying to keep order in the stands. But it was no use. The Stanfordites had one thought in mind. To serpentine across the field and end the game as they thought it should be ended with the Axe Yell given in front of Cal's dis-

gusted rooting section. Their ears rang with the strains of the Stanford Hymn as they left the Stadium.

A few hours later the biggest celebration that San Francisco had seen during the year was underway.



Chapter Ten

I ying on the grassy bluff that formed one sidewall of the amphitheatre, Joan closed her eyes. It was so quiet, so peaceful here!

"Hello, Sis!" Hugh stood smiling down at her. "You really had an idea, when you suggested I meet you here. It's the only place on the campus that's still calm."

"Oh, Hugh, does this happen regularly? I mean game celebrations?"

"Regularly. Once a year, when we win. How do you feel?"

"What a question! I'm so tired I could sleep for a week. And I was a half-hour late getting in, in spite of the two-thirty late leave!"

"How come?"

"Well, Don and I, and Babe and Sandra left the Peacock Court of the Mark Hopkins Hotel at one o'clock, but the traffic jam was simply awful. It took us forty-five minutes to get to South San Francisco, and Sandra still tried to make it on time. That car of hers really can travel! That idea only lasted for about thirty seconds though," Joan shook her head ruefully, "a patrol car suddenly appeared and started to clock us, and Sandra took her foot off the throttle as though it had suddenly turned red hot. We'd have been in a terrible mess if we'd really started to speed! The Dean told us and warned us she wouldn't excuse any 'flying low' down the highway to make our deadline. But, you must feel even worse, after that game."

"Like something that met a wild-cat in a concrete mixer," Hugh cheerfully admitted. "That was a game!"

"You were wonderful, Hugh! Mom and dad and—oh, we're all so proud of you."

"Super-colossal," Hugh grinned amiably, "'s funny thing. You know I really work getting data together to win one of those trials we stage every once in a while for experience. I win my case and rate a couple of lines in the 'Daily' and then make the headlines carrying a ball!" He shook his head doubtfully. "I only wish it were reversed."

"It will be some day," Joan consoled. "And now—"
"And now what?" asked Hugh sitting down beside
her. "Aside from finding a perfect place for me to rest

my weary bones, why did you bring me up here?"

"That's just what I wanted to talk to you about—you're working too hard. I know," she brushed aside his attempt to dodge the issue, "but can't you stop this work in Palo Alto. Aside from just the game, Hugh, you're really tired. You can't deny it. If you crack up, that work isn't going to have done you any good."

Hugh turned to her frankly. "Look, sis. I'm working for a swell fellow in Palo Alto. At least, I've learned a great deal from him. I've gotten some practical experience and I've made some money doing it. I think I would quit now, only he has a big case on, trial coming up, and he couldn't break another man in without a great deal of inconvenience. I'd be pretty low to walk out on him without a moment's notice. When there's a lull, I intend to. In the meantime, the cash is rather handy. How are you getting along? Want to make a touch?" He reached in his pocket, eager to help her in spite of his light tone.

"No. No, no! You're the one with heavy expenses. My lab fees are practically nothing. But, Hugh, do you really mean you'll stop that outside work as soon as you can?" Joan stuck doggedly to the original subject.

"Positively," Hugh stated, "just as soon as I can. At the moment, though, I'm more interested in getting some more sleep. I only wish that we hadn't decided to tour Chinatown after leaving the Mark Hopkins," he grimaced sadly at the recollection.

"And that idea," Joan agreed, "suits me too. That is, if I can find the energy to hike back to Roble."

She found the Hall unusually quiet, as those who had decided to spend the week-end away from the Campus had not yet returned, and the rest were a little too tired even to chatter.

* * *

The campus seemed to relax for several days, gathering, it seemed, strength for the final burst of activity that would come shortly with the last quarter examinations.

The weather, Joan decided, sitting in class the following week, was much too nice to spend in a classroom. Instead, teas ought to be served out on the lawns somewhere. Her mother, looking back over her Stanford days, had told of an English professor who had served lemonade or other refreshments during his poetry classes, which were held in his garden on Faculty Hill. If his successor carried on the tradition she'd surely enroll. Only, what if one had to read one's contributions aloud? It probably was less painful to stay in a classroom, Joan reversed her decision and continued to let her eyes rove around the room.

There was Betty Price across the aisle in a new blue knitted sport dress. The blue felt hat was tricky, too. That was a new dress on Mary Hales, also. Her coloring wasn't vivid enough for green. Why didn't her

family tell her? It didn't seem to hurt her popularity, though. What a lot of sorority girls there were in this class! Bing Morrison was getting awfully sunburned. It wasn't as becoming to him as it was to Howard Plum. Or even to Butch. How did he get into this class when it was only open to those with upper class standing? He must be visiting, too. Butch turned his head just then and winked at her. As she caught her breath and tried to look nonchalantly out of the window, a gust of laughter ran over the class. Goodness! She had missed the professor's opening remark. Hastily, she glanced at May's notebook, open on her arm rest. A neat heading and subheading announced:

Humor

Varieties

1. Commonest based on ego complex showing superiority.

"These are the notes from last time. Look over them, Joan. They'll give you the idea," May whispered.

- 2. Lowering the standard of someone else, or destroying his dignity.
- 3. Relief suggestion. Turns out the opposite from what is expected.
- 4. Hostile view.
- 5. Takes down a person expecting flattery.
- 6. Superior wisdom.
- 7. Treating a serious thing lightly. Ex.: religion.

Joan glanced up indignantly, and scrawled across a page of her book for May to see, "Aren't we all dreadful if those things are true. I'm never going to laugh again unless I think first!"

"Now," Professor Simms went on, "there are also jokes that only men will laugh at, and also those that only women will laugh at. For example, take this from the *Chaparral*.

'30 Co-ed—Just look at these old rags—and to think of the array of clothes I had in college.

'27 Hubby—Sure. Didn't you have a whole sorority house to pick from?

"Aha, hear all the guffaws? Not a feminine giggle among them. That might be number three, but it's also number two, at the expense of certain campus ladies. Now take this:

Co-ed—You should change your style of dancing a little!

Escort—In what way?

Co-ed—You might occasionally step on my left foot.

"There, you see? Giggles. No bass accompaniment." Joan's interest was divided between the lecture and the lecturer. He reminded her of pictures she had seen of Eastern Buddhas, calm with the serenity of tolerance and understanding. She would take this course in esthetics later. No doubt May had chosen to invite her this particular day because of the amusing topic un-

der discussion. She was immensely impressed. She could feel the power and sweep of this man's knowledge, even in such a seemingly superficial lecture as this. He was opening doors for her that would later broaden her whole outlook on life.

After class, her path crossed Bobby's in the inner Quad. "Hi, hear the news?"

"No. What?"

"The frosh have an okay to go ahead with that oneact play, provided it's produced this week-end and it doesn't lag on to interfere with cramming for the exams!"

"How on earth can they produce a play in a week?"

Joan demanded.

"I don't know. But, it wouldn't be as much fun if it were simple, would it? Are you going to try out for it?" Bobby's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Try anything once, but consider my resignation effective if the audience starts throwing things in my direction. Tell you what we might do. You once suggested that if I ever needed a manager I could just call on you, so, instead of attending the try-outs, I'll just send you up there with my clippings from High School!" Joan did her best to suppress her impulse to laugh at Bobby's startled look.

"Why," she gasped, "they'd throw me out."

"You're wrong," Joan corrected. "They'd throw us both out. What's the play about?"

"It's original and Bill Stanley, a Senior, wrote it. He's

taken an average college group of co-eds as characters and used a typical room as his only set. His idea was to show the strain of a terrific continuous cram session and to rip away the superficial attitudes of the girls, and expose their real feelings."

"Sounds great, if it's going to be possible to learn the parts in time."

"You don't know Bill's reputation. If he ever gets a cast assembled, they'll learn their lines or have a nervous breakdown—probably both!"

"It will be the first real chance I've had to get in a show on the campus," Joan said earnestly. "Gosh, I hope I can make the grade."

For better, or for worse, practically all of the women of the freshman class turned out for those first tryouts. All were eager to take part in the production which the time limitation threatened to make, at the least, a spectacular achievement.

Looking at the chattering, excited crowd of girls, Joan felt her courage wane. There was Marjorie Thomas, probably the most poised girl in Roble, and certainly the best dressed. Thelma Delong was there too, a tall, slender, vivacious figure who, Joan had often thought, could make even an old sweater and slacks look glamorous. And there was Billy Fiske, her baby eyes and cherubic smile of innocence concealing an extremely active and well trained mind. Oh, and Barbara— But Joan's thoughts were interrupted by Bobby tugging excitedly at her sleeve.

"Well, for goodness sakes where have you been?" she demanded, a little out of breath. "Selma and I have been searching all over for you. Quite a gang here."

"I stopped to talk with Don a moment on the way over."

"Hi!" Selma edged her way through the crowded auditorium aisle. "Wh-e-e! This is no place for me! I'm tired out just seeing so much energy all around. Think I'll find me a nice quiet corner and curl up and take a nap," she decided.

"Oh, no you don't," Joan protested. "I need all the moral support I can wangle, right now."

"It does rather look like this is no place for amateurs," Selma reflected, casting shrewd appraisive eyes over the assembly. "But, don't get nervous yet a while," she advised comfortingly. "This seems like the 'thing to do' at the moment, but wait till anything like work appears. Artistic ambitions are going to die, sudden like."

"Now," Bobby decided thoughtfully, "if they'd do something really worthwhile like have a banquet scene with real props, well, I'd even be inclined to take a whack at being an actress myself. And would I love rehearsals," she added virtuously.

Her remarks broke the tension that was fast coming over the group. Joan had become more and more nervous as she looked over the lines that had been given her to read for her audition. On the stage, one

after the other, the girls read their prospective parts. Some were self-conscious, nervous and faltering; others were comparatively at ease in both voice and manner. "Will I? Can I?" Joan nervously fingered the script.

Three minutes later, Joan was finding out. Up on the auditorium stage, her eyes vainly trying to pierce the glare of the footlights for Bobby's reassuring grin, she felt very small and alone. Gone was the atmosphere of the high school try-outs where practically everyone floundered about, and a friendly teacher acted as coach. Here, it was different. How, when, or where, they had learned didn't matter. It was solely a question of whether or not one could act, and, if so, how well. Joan wished she had paused a moment longer when she stopped to comb her hair on the way over. It felt rather mussed now. "And my brown sweater and skirt would have looked much better," she thought as, gathering up courage, she plunged into the reading. The first few lines came out rather hesitatingly. Then, gradually, her voice became stronger and her manner more certain, as she lost the strangeness of the audience in the part she was interpreting. In a moment it was over and Joan was back with Bobby and Selma.

"How did I do?" she asked a little self-conscious and more than a little anxious, but relieved that the ordeal was over.

"Great," Selma told her, "you almost gave me the

jim-jams at first, though. Then you seemed to forget you were scared stiff and you really got down to business."

"If I looked scared, I felt terrified! Do you think I'll get in?" Joan looked doubtful.

"There's not a chance of your missing," Bobby answered confidently. "Maybe I'll take that job as your manager after all. I always did want to see the world, and we might arrange a European tour this summer," she confided. "That is, provided someone—I'm not mentioning any names—invites me to have a milk shake or other sustenance right away."

"It's a bargain," Joan agreed with a smile, and the three walked up the aisle past the director and the author who were arguing heatedly.

"But, Bill, it just won't work! I'm not going to give in this time. I don't give a hang if you did write the script. I'm responsible for the casting!"

"It's just as easy to cast a group of girls who have actually been working together, isn't it? That's all I'm asking. Pick the group yourself. Any group."

"It's no go, Bill. I'm away ahead of you. You think you can get girls who most nearly resemble the characters you created and then work them until their nerves are gone. You're counting on replacing acting with realism, but it just won't do. You can write any lines for the characters you wish, and make them respond accordingly. Turn actually overworked and highly strung girls loose on a stage with lines designed

to irritate each other, and you're really begging for trouble. I won't take the responsibility."

"O.K., Tom. If you really feel that strongly about it, I won't press the matter any further. But I still believe it would be a great idea."

"Yes, it would be great, all right. Only it would probably get both you and me thrown out of Stanford, not to mention smashing up a slew of friendships between the girls."

"Sounds like they're really going to get down to business fast," Selma commented.

"They'll have to," Bobby pointed out, "if this play is actually going to be put on next weekend."

"Wonder when I'll find out if I'm going to get a part?" Joan eyed the battling director and author speculatively. "If they didn't look so stern right now I'd ask, but—"

"Oh, come on," Bobby took her hand. "They'll let you know tonight, anyway. And then expect you to know your lines by tomorrow," she prophesied.

On that score, Bobby was not far wrong. However, even she did not expect to see Joan standing on the stage again that same night. Joan, elated by her good fortune in being assigned the part of "Brownie" in the production, blinked a little apprehensively in the glare of the lights at the speed with which everything was happening. A freshman had been waiting for her when she returned to Roble, and, with more haste than

ceremony, had escorted her back to the Hall. And now a rehearsal was already being planned!

"Quiet, please! We don't want to waste any more time." Tom Kennedy held up his hand and the group quieted down. Tom and Bill, once more presenting a solid front, talked a moment together in an undertone and then Tom asked for the girls' attention.

"Rehearsing tonight will probably be fun for most of you," he began, "but in order to give a good performance next Saturday the fun will have to turn into hard work. We won't have time to follow the usual routine of studying the parts and then going into rehearsals, but will have to try to combine the two. That means continual heartbreaking repetition—monotonous grinding away—in short, hard work. If anyone doesn't feel up to it, now's the time to say so. It'll be perfectly all right now, but later—well," he concluded determinedly, "there'll be no backing out later."

The girls looked at each other a little hesitantly, but no one thought of dropping out.

Joan watched for Geneve's reaction, but found her absorbed in the script and the part of "Wendy" which she had been assigned. Marjorie and Thelma seemed undisturbed by the warning, while Billy gazed at the young director so intently that he became a bit flustered.

"All right, then, girls. This bench, we'll say, is the table. The door to the hall is on the right, the windows will be in the back-drop, and you'll all be in the room

at the curtain. Marjorie, as Betty Van Renassaler you have the first line. Ready?"

Casually, the rehearsal started, and, stumbling through their lines, the girls groped for the characters they sought to portray. Another rehearsal was called for the following afternoon—then after dinner—and back again in the evening. The minutes fled into hours, and the hours, in turn, seemed to grow shorter. But gradually the scene began to take shape. Sharply, Marjorie set Betty Van Renassaler, rich, spoiled and arrogant, off against Joan's "Brownie," an average small town girl, while Geneve in the role of Campus Queen commanded their respect with her adventurous tales. The characters were taking shape, but the cast was gradually wearing out under the strain. Incidents and mistakes, that had evoked giggles on Monday, were suffered in silence by Wednesday, but caused caustic and heated words more than once during Friday's dress rehearsal.

Saturday night found the cast, the author, and the director all working under a "truce" with frayed tempers held in check by mere threads of self-control.

* * *

The curtain rose on a crowded theatre, for the publicity value of the attempt to create a show in one week was exceedingly good.

The play started slowly as the cast was a bit too tired to be "exceedingly cheerful and aglow with good spir-

its" as the supposed cram session was started. In a few minutes though, the strangeness of actually being before an audience wore off, and the girls' actions and lines became more and more realistic. Then, as the play drew near its end, even the audience began to forget that it was acting they were watching. In the wings, Tom and Bill stood with fingers crossed.

"You were right, Tom," Bill ventured nervously. "If you had let me use an actual group who had worked together, and I had given them the parts as I wanted to do, we would have had hair-pulling by now!"

"The next time you attempt a masterpiece, for the luvva Mike leave some of those vitriolic remarks out." Tom groaned. "Well, only two minutes more and we'll have a hit or a riot!"

"I don't like the glint in Geneve's eye. She's supposed to lose her temper in a minute. I hope—I hope, she doesn't really—"

"Oh!" Tom started forward and only for Bill's restraining hand would have stepped onto the stage. Geneve, her part calling for a threatening gesture with a dictionary, had slammed the book head-high across the stage at Joan! Joan, ducking back, upset her chair and fell to the floor, her head luckily striking the rug. The audience half rose, shocked. Joan, forgetting just where she was for a moment, felt herself experimentally, and, finding her dignity more injured than her person, rose slowly with a tenseness of figure which reflected more than a little desire to commit mayhem

at the moment. Carefully, exactly, grimly she righted her chair, and, picking up the offending book, started across the stage toward Geneve.

"P-ss-ss-t! Joan!" Bill's whisper and frantic gestures from the wings attracted her attention. "Hey, your slip, or petticoat, or sumpthin', is showing. Remember, you've gotta— Oh, the president's wife is out in front!"

Stopping, Joan looked down. "Darned if it doesn't show," she commented distinctly, and a ripple of laughter ran through the theatre as she tugged on her skirt to cover the offending hem. Looking up again, she found the cast all waiting a little apprehensively to continue where they had stopped. At their apparent discomfort, Joan's anger subsided abruptly, and, with a mischievous smile, she offered the book to Geneve. "I think," Joan explained sweetly, "you dropped something."

Geneve, regretting her loss of temper, hesitated and then silently accepted the volume, while Marjorie picked up her lines where she had left off, and the audience settled back again. Offstage, Bill and Tom solemnly shook hands and congratulated each other, and then looked for a place to sit down. The pace was a little too much for either one.

Five minutes later the curtain came down marking the close of Joan's debut on the Stanford stage, and, from the enthusiasm of the audience, it had been a successful one.

Not more than an hour later, after sleepily discuss-

ing the evening with Hugh, Don, Bobby, and her other friends, Joan tumbled into bed, determined to sleep, and sleep, and then sleep some more.

With Monday morning came the *Stanford Daily*. Eagerly, Joan scanned the first page with no results, then the second. On the third, she found a brief resumé of the play and a review on the performance. Swiftly her eye flew down the paragraphs:—

Cram Session, Bill Stanley's one act play, succeeded in pleasing a rather critical audience who came expecting the worst as the show was put on after only a week's rehearsals. . . .

It would have been much better to have spent a little more time on the

lighting. . . .

The cast, composed entirely of Roble girls, acquitted itself with distinction considering the short time they had to learn their lines and characterizations. It was also the first time that any of this group had participated in a college production without the moral support of fond parents. The student body should hear a great deal from these girls before they graduate.

One student, in particular, Joan Whitney, seemed to have excellent chances of capturing campus leads later on. She not only has talent, but she acted as a rudder for the entire cast when the strain became a little too much on Sat-

urday night.

"Whe-e-e!" Joan exclaimed. "Didn't get any farther than page three but I did get there!"

"Don't be impatient," Selma laughed. "You'll get there yet."

"My gosh, it's almost nine. I've got to dash. If I don't make my French class on time, I won't have to worry about making the front page. Professor Driscoll will take care of that. He'll skin me alive!" Joan hurriedly tucked her books and papers under one arm and ran off.

* * *

The days that followed were even harder on Joan than the rehearsals the previous week. Final two-hour examinations loomed ahead, and the campus literally buzzed with activity as the students studied, alone and in groups.

The thought of examinations did not make the Roble girls as terrorstricken as those in Mid-term for at least this time they knew what to expect. Too, they had learned to study better in a group and it was a little easier for all. All, excepting Yvonne, who kept at her books longer and longer as the University swept into the final week before the Christmas holidays.

Each night a group review and the next day one or more examinations became their regular routine. Joan and the others helped Yvonne as much as possible, but their efforts didn't seem to do much good. Each morning she would leave Roble with determination in every line of her body, only to return in the afternoon more discouraged than ever.

For herself, Joan found the exams, while intricate. not too difficult after the amount of cramming she had

done. When the week was over she felt that, at least, she had managed to pass.

Wandering across the Quad with Hugh on Saturday morning after the finals, Joan felt completely free and happy. Their bags were all packed, and by five o'clock they would be homeward bound for the holidays.

"Oh, Hugh, look!" she grabbed Hugh's arm in ecstasy. At the curb stood an old horse and buggy belonging to a peddler. "And there he is. The man. It must be. He just matches the outfit."

A wizened old man, who looked as though he might be Spanish, was coming toward them across a little open space. Bobbing along at a rheumatic gait, he came close and they beckoned to him.

"Hi, mister, horse and buggy for rent?"

It was a matter of moments, and a fifty cent piece, before he would comprehend. Then, Joan and Hugh piled in.

The road which led into the hills was skirted at times by wild vines and bushes. Then again it opened on fields dotted with oak trees. Hugh, his feet propped on the dashboard, whistled a tune. A meadow lark seemed to answer it.

"Hi! Hey! For Pete's sake! What do you call this?" From the underbrush came shrieks of laughter. Around a bend, the back of a car was visible. Bobby and Butch, Sandra and Henry Newton, a fraternity brother, were standing beside Sandra's speedster, as the buggy came up with them. They ignored the super-

cilious stares of Joan and Hugh as the buggy passed, and came running after it.

Bobby and the boys, catching up, piled in, but Sandra, sizing up the horse's possibilities, scrambled up on his back. There, she balanced herself as though riding side-saddle, her foot braced on the shaft.

"Oh," Bobby suddenly moaned, when the excitement had subsided, "our food! We were having tea. Picnic tea. Oh, let's go back and get it."

Joan and Hugh were enthusiastic. "But are you sure there's enough?"

"I don't know." Butch looked dubious. "All we brought, Henry and I, was potato chips, and olives and canned chicken and cold ham and potato salad and rolls and cake and sn—"

"Say no more. We're fainting with hunger already. To think that Bobby was endowed with a brother with a food complex. And that we ran across a combination like that on a day like this!"

A half hour before train time, the stout little horse trotted into Palo Alto after a hasty stop on the Row and at Roble for luggage. He disgorged its passengers into a gay homeward bound crowd that greeted their unorthodox arrival with good-humored cheers.



Chapter Eleven

Whall made ready for the most hectic period in its entire year. The whole program of formal sorority rushing, with its round of dinners and luncheons, was to be crammed into one feverish week.

"According to my figuring," Bobby chewed her pencil thoughtfully and scanned the scratches on her pad, "the odds are just three-and-a-half to one against our being pledged. That is, excluding the human element."

"How do you figure that?" Sandra looked lazily over from the couch.

"Well, there are about three hundred and fifty new women and only about a hundred are usually pledged each year."

"Heck! On that basis, you might figure that perhaps the entire three hundred and fifty want to be pledged by the same house. Let's see. That would make it about thirty-five to one."

"Say," Selma interrupted, "who started that argument? This rushing is hard enough without bringing mathematical problems into it!"

"I was just thinking," Bobby explained.

"You just spoil one of those sorority's beautiful teas by eating all the cakes, and no amount of pencil figuring will help you out!" Joan warned.

"Aw, you're all jealous," Bobby retorted, munching an apple she had just discovered. "If they're only going to serve those tiny cookies at their darned teas, why I'll stick a couple of sandwiches in my pocket before I go up there. Then, both they and I will be happy." She grinned at the consternation her amiable solution to the problem had caused.

"Bobby, if you dare!" Selma threatened vaguely.

"Why," Joan complained, "can't they spread rushing over a little longer period? Of course, they did have those three teas in November for the pledges they were most interested in, besides the welcoming tea back in October, but I still think if we followed the fraternities' plan and the functions were held over an entire term we'd know each other better."

"Perhaps," agreed Sandra, "but have you even seen a campus when the sororities are doing really serious rushing?"

"No," admitted Joan. "But Hugh has told me how the fraternities go about it."

"Men take fraternities more or less in their stride compared to women. Wait and see! You'll find that Roble will practically be in hysterics before this week is over."

"Well, as near as I can make out," Bobby proclaimed, "the only real difference between living in a sorority and in a hall is a Greek name. And, as long as practically nobody can read Greek anyway, what difference does it make? Let's settle the whole question, and save a lot of energy, by merely getting Selma to paint us a pretty emblem to hang over the door. Then, maybe, I can get some sleep!"

"Bobby, will you stop trying to give us nervous prostration?" Joan begged. "Besides, they're not names. They're letters."

"That reminds me," Bobby recalled irrelevantly, "here's a letter I picked up for you."

Joan read the short note silently and passed it to the others. "It's from Yvonne," she explained.

Dear Joan,

Here I am back at Garrettville to stay. And, oh dear, I can't help but be glad. Kiltie, my Scottie, had lost pounds pining for me and Dad turned in my little old car for a swank new rust colored one. I've bought a hat to match the car. And we've made over the tennis court for badminton. The crowd drops in for a

game almost every afternoon. Mother's going to give a tea for me next week.

To tell the truth, I didn't do so well in my finals, and I couldn't bear to go back on probation. It left me feeling like I was just teetering on the edge. So I'm going to take up singing instead. Maybe if I'm real good, you'll be able to tune in on me one of these days. X Y Z's most popular artist, ahem!

Say "Hello" to everyone for me. I miss you loads, but I guess I wasn't cut out for a college gal. Lots of luck.

Love from Yvonne

Write!

"That was pretty hard on her," Bobby commented soberly. "She was so sweet and full of fun that I can't help wishing that she could have stayed on."

"No. I disagree on that point," Selma shook her head. "It's much better that she dropped out. It's true we all enjoyed having her with us, and she undoubtedly liked the social life here, but the poor kid was killing herself trying to keep up in her studies."

"I think she'll be happier back in Garrettville anyway," Sandra pointed out. "That's the life she wants and would eventually have gone back to. There really wasn't any particular point to her attending Stanford for four years. It would probably have made her dis-

satisfied with that little town without fitting her properly for anywhere else."

"I guess you are all right," Bobby agreed finally. "But it was so homey to find her curled up on the couch with a book and some candy looking as peaceful and contented as a kitten."

"It can't be helped, so there's no point to our worrying about it now. All we can do is wish her luck."

"Returning to the subject under discussion," Selma spoke a bit wearily, "I understand we're to wear our regular Quad clothes to the sorority luncheons, and dressy street clothes to the dinners. Now, the question arises as to just what to wear."

"I rather suspect," Bobby decided sedately, "that they rather expect us to wear skirts, and maybe a blouse, or jacket, or sumpthin' with them."

"Bobby, in just about two minutes we, a committee of three, are going to take a certain Roble girl out and dunk her in Lagunita Lake, that is, if said certain frosh doesn't calm down mighty quick," Joan promised grimly.

"All right!" Bobby subsided. "I was just trying to help."

"Is this a private pow-wow or can anyone get in?"

Dixie stood in the open doorway surveying the scene.

"Come on in. We're now trying to figure out what to wear to those luncheons and dinners up on the Row."

"Seriously, Joan," Bobby asked, "what do you think

of a sorority as a place to live as compared to a Hall?"

"They claim that women have more freedom and independence in a sorority than would be possible in a larger unit."

"Yes, acting as a group, but not individually. It's true that while house-mothers in sororities have little or no authority, directors in university units necessarily have a large share in the planning and administration of group activities. But, which is more important, individual freedom or freedom of the group as a whole? Personally, I'd take the former."

"That depends a whole lot on the individual," Sandra interposed. "Probably you'd rather stand on your own feet. You're capable enough to do it. In fact, I imagine this entire group is. But, just think of how many other people aren't. How many that will go through life always seeking someone, or something to lean on. They form the nucleus of organizations like sororities. No, I don't mean that the entire groups are composed of those who are incapable of standing alone, for they're not. You'll generally find though, that a few carefully chosen brilliant performers will be constantly on hand to keep the scholastic, social and activity record of the unit high enough to reflect indirect credit on those who would otherwise pass unnoticed."

"But girls don't change just because they join a sorority," protested Joan. "If their life aim is to be satellites, well, they're going to follow that course no matter where they live—Hall or Row."

"And," Selma rose to the defense, "remember that while a dormitory encourages each one to participate in group activities, a sorority makes it absolutely necessary for them to do so. No one is allowed to just sit by in comfort while the others work."

"I agree with you on those points," Sandra nodded. "At the same time don't forget that the sorority girls are human beings who once lived in Roble, too. They have the same virtues and faults we have. They owe their loyalty to the sorority that pledges them, and remember that, after all, sororities here are really small clubs that only pledge ten or twelve new members a year. Naturally—"

"Hey!" Dixie broke in. "You're turning this into practically a debating society. What's the idea, anyway?"

"We're just letting off steam," Bobby advised with a grin, "then we'll all trot out our best bibs and tuckers, look as demure as possible and attend all of the functions with our fingers crossed."

"Hush!" Sandra scolded. "Now," she continued, "as I was saying—oh, yes—when a house only pledges a dozen, each member has to count. Should the present members successively make poor pledge selections, the house would lose caste in practically no time at all. On the other hand, a few of the girls already in the house will have friends from their home towns, and naturally will wish to pledge them. Let's say these girls are not lacking in any quality, nor are they particularly outstanding—they're just average. Now, after

these have been slated for pledging, the Row girls have no choice except to carefully choose Roble's most promising candidates, and, in that way, make sure that their house average, both scholastically and socially, will be above reproach."

"How on earth did you find all that out?" Selma looked at her curiously.

"My mother was a sorority girl, and I've got cousins scattered all over the country who belong. Also we used to have discussions in school long before I got here."

"Speaking of mothers," Dixie confessed, "mine will practically disown me if I'm not pledged! She still remembers her own college days and just won't believe that the sororities have changed since then."

"Uh, oh! You're really in a fix, Dixie," Selma sympathized. "Couldn't you write to her and explain the difference between this and other campuses? Tell her that there just isn't room for more than a very small percentage of the women in the sorority houses, and that it's not really worth worrying about anyway."

"No," Dixie shook her head a little despondently. "I've sent everything including articles from the *Daily*, but Mother just seems to pay no attention to anything I say."

"Don't worry, Dixie," Joan attempted to reassure her. "You'll receive a bid. I'm sure of it."

"But for goodness sakes don't let her write, wire or telephone any sorority and try to 'fix it' for you," Sandra

warned. "In Stanford you're a woman, not a child. And win or lose, it's considered every woman's personal problem to solve as she sees fit."

"No, she offered to, but I told her it just wasn't done. I would like to be invited to join the Alphas, but I don't think that it is exactly a life or death proposition. May hasn't joined one, and she seems as contented and happy as any girl I've seen on the campus."

"Do you think that we can all stick together and make the same house?" Bobby took a final bite of the apple and lazily tossed the core across the room to a wastebasket, where it hesitated a moment on the rim and dropped in.

"I do hope we can," Joan fervently agreed. "Anyway, if we do split forces, we can still be good friends."

"Wasn't there quite an argument in Roble one year about that?"

"Yes, May was telling me about it the other day. It seems to have started in a Sunday night bull session after a few women, some of whom were assured of bids, came to the conclusion that the pledging was sure to break up first year friendships when some of its members joined sororities. Well, they kept the debate up for about a week before—"

"Who won?" Dixie's debating instinct was finally aroused.

"Neither side, or maybe the sororities had a slight lead at the finish. The Roble girls decided that statesmanship was the better part of valor and more com-

fortable in all respects. First they solemnly voted a clear indictment of the whole sorority system, and they adopted a unanimous agreement to pledge!"

"What I'm wondering is, will living in a sorority keep us in a continual state of bankruptcy? That is, if we do get bids. I've heard that living expenses are higher than in dormitories. I'm practically broke now. Much more expense and I'll never catch up." Selma looked so mournful that the immediate response was laughter instead of sympathy.

"Never mind, Selma," Sandra remarked consolingly, "it won't be very much higher. It's a little bit more, due to the self-administration, but the girls figure that the experience is worth the added expense."

"Hi, everybody. The prodigal child returns. And b'gosh I just made it too. Forty-five seconds short of a lock-out is really timing it!" Geneve swirled into the room a little out of breath. "Why all the seriousness?" she asked gaily.

"We were just picking the sororities apart," Sandra explained. "They'll have their turn this week to talk about us, and we just sort of figured we'd have our innings first."

"Why pick on them when you know that you all are just as anxious as I to be pledged? Won't it be fun on the Row, though? Just think of all the parties and good times we'll have! And will I make being an Alpha really count when dances like the Junior Prom roll around!"

"When, and if, you become an Alpha," Sandra commented drily.

"Oh, don't be an old kill joy. Of course I'm going to pledge the Alphas. We all are, aren't we?" she asked a little hesitantly.

"We all hope to, but if the Alphas even suspect that you look upon their house as merely a convenience in getting invitations to parties, they definitely won't like it. And that's putting it mildly."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way. That is—" Geneve stopped, a little puzzled. "I guess, truthfully, that I did mean something like that though," she confessed, a tinge of red coloring her cheeks. "But really I don't think of pledging as lightly as it might have sounded. I realize that there are responsibilities and work in a sorority, too." Ill at ease, and not knowing just what to say, Geneve looked around the group appealingly for some sign of understanding.

"You know, Geneve," Sandra returned her look thoughtfully, "your intentions are probably good ninety percent of the time, but people haven't time, and won't take the trouble, to analyze your actions and comments in most cases. If you don't curb your impulse to jump first and look afterwards you're going to find it hard sledding later on. Dad once told me that a person is rarely judged by what he actually thinks or does, but rather on the basis of the impression he creates in the minds of others."

As she stopped the girls stirred uneasily, while

Geneve, thinking of seven other places she'd prefer to be at that moment, looked completely crestfallen. Joan desperately tried to bridge the silence.

"You're slipping, Sandra," she exclaimed lightly, "you were much better on sororities. Geneve, you really ought to have been here earlier. Sandra was going strong. First on sororities, then on each of us, and then, just when she was looking for a new victim, in you walk! Anyway, just to show you all what a public spirited person I am, I'm going to give you each two pieces of candy and then shoo you off to your respective nooks. Everyone, that is but Bobby. She only gets one piece."

"How come?" Bobby demanded. "I'm the hungriest."

"Well in that case you may have two. I was going to penalize you for eating my apple when I wasn't looking."

* * *

With the fraternities already started in their last two weeks of rushing, and the sororities poised for the start of their first rushing period, campus life took on added zest.

Crisp new frocks, complemented by especially attractive hats lent moral support to the girls' spirits as they sought to match the splendor of the sorority girls on dress parade.

Gaily decorated, with snow-white tables covered

with crystal and silver, the sororities presented a picture that as one Roble girl remarked "was too darn pretty to disturb," while the poise and self-confidence of the hostesses lent added charm to the quiet dignity of the houses.

But by the time the weekend of luncheons and dinners was over, the girls were not only very subdued, but very tired.

"Hi Joan!" Del sank to a chair beside her on the Roble porch. "What's the matter? You look just about all in."

"Del, where's your car?" Joan asked dispiritedly. "I'd love to go back up in the hills some place and do about three handsprings, and then find a merrygo-round and go round and round. This rushing has rather gotten me down. It seems as if I've been trying to be so polite, and dignified, and sweet, and obliging, and—"

"And you want to take a day off and just kick up your heels," Del finished. "Yes, I know. It's been the same way with me. The fraternities take it a bit easier but still, every time I go up to the Delta's I'm always afraid I'll commit some sort of a faux pas. Let's take a ride and forget it for a while. The car's just across the road by the library."

As the little old car at last got over her usual fit of sputtering and settled down to a more or less steady speed, the two turned their attention to conversation.

"Did you see a copy of the Bawl-Out yet?" Del

deftly slipped around a lumbering truck. "I'm still on the plus side of the ledger, and you look as though you're on your way to membership in the ancient and honorable order of Phi Beta Kappa. Whatta gal!"

"I'm a long way from that, yet," Joan disclaimed. "What I'd really like to be offered membership in is the Cap and Gown—for outstanding campus activity. That really would be sumpthin'."

"Well you made a good start toward it. The fellows are still talking about that play. It seems to be remembered far more than most of those that were put on last term. Wait till you're a Sophomore and then you can really get into action. You'll have more time and standing, besides being better prepared for that sort of thing. Right now just think of all the good you're doing just keeping me out of mischief!"

"Del, why is it that Geneve is not very popular with the men at Encina?" Joan suddenly asked a question that had been puzzling her for some time. "I mean, she seems to have made friends with quite a few, but for no apparent reason they and she never seem to get along."

"She always has somebody around," Del offered casually.

"Yes, I know that. But it's always a different one. Most of the girls have rather settled down into groups in Roble, and you'll generally find pretty nearly the same men with each group most of the time at parties or other social events. Geneve's an exception, and I can't figure out why."

"It's easy," Del commented. "She tries to act too sophisticated. After all, the fellows are interested in having fun too, and there's not much pleasure in spending a day or an evening with someone who seems about as human as a Dresden doll."

"But she's so attractive and she dresses beautifully," Joan protested. "And she really is intelligent."

"And unreasonable," Del argued. "Heck, we save and borrow and everything else to take someone out, and then to feel that we have completely failed to provide sufficient entertainment is rather discouraging to say the least. It's not a question of the money, for no one begrudges that if it succeeds in making somebody happy. But the time and energy wasted in trying to arouse a little of Geneve's enthusiasm causes too much wear and tear on the men's nerves. They just won't be bothered. Which reminds me, how about the Pledge Prom Saturday? Am I too late or," Del attempted old English couched in Chinese phraseology, "Wilt thou bring happiness into the life of this most unworthy person by giving him the honor of escorting you to this dazzling celebration?"

"I'd love to. I mean," Joan tried to answer in the same form, "Your humble companion would— Oh, it gets all twisted up in my mind. I really would enjoy going with you, though."

"Then it's settled. That's the day we parade up the Row. That is, if we're pledged."

"Worried?"

"A little," Del admitted, "If I can only pledge the

Delta's I'll be happy, but I don't know. There's a huge crowd trying to do the same thing, and naturally everybody can't be pledged. There isn't room, even if they wanted to."

"Well, don't worry. You'll be chosen. I'm sure of it," Joan smiled reassuringly. "That parade is quite a custom, isn't it?"

"Yes. About one o'clock the Interfraternity Lawyer and the President of the Interfraternity Council will come to Encina, and, then, after stating our preference and signing the card, we're supposed to climb out of the window and march up the Row."

"I intend to see that marching business," Joan's eyes twinkled mischievously. "It would be a treat to see Encina's noblest marching in any sort of order."

"Could it be that you're casting aspersions on our fair heads which move so quietly around the Farm?"

"Undoubtedly you move. But never quietly," Joan corrected. "The walls of Encina would probably cave in if a class of freshmen entered who didn't think it their duty to attempt to tear them down."

"Uh, oh, I have a strange presentment of evil days to come," Del groaned. "Now listen, Joan. The men let the Stanford women talk them out of wearing their practically priceless cords. They've made them wear shoes that matched, and sometimes a tie, and toned down the razzle-dazzle cars, but b'gosh, if they ever start in on all the fun we have dropping bags of water on other unsuspecting or unwary Stanfordites, it means

war. Yep," he gritted his teeth and attempted a ferocious grimace, "war!"

"Never mind," Joan laughed. "Pretty soon the Encina men will all be big boys. And maybe, some day, the freshmen will have put away their toys before they arrive at Stanford, and the tradition will be lost forever."

"I surrender," Del begged, "I should have known better than to debate any question with a woman when I've never won one so far. As a token of your victory I'll provide one super-gigantic ice cream soda literally swarming with vitamins."

"Peace terms accepted," Joan promptly rejoined, "except that I'm also holding out for a piece of cake."

A few minutes later, seated in a little dairy, they were industriously and contentedly engaged with two large cool glasses when a huge plane roared over head.

"It's a Douglas D. C. 4," Del commented automatically as he watched it through the window. "Someday, I'm going to be able to design an even bigger ship."

"Your flying experience will come in handy then. And by the way, have the birds still an edge on you, or are you able to show them tricks now?"

"Not quite," Del confessed. "I can take the plane up all right and fly fairly evenly, but when I land—" he shook his head sadly at the recollection.

"You actually haven't had much time yet. Give yourself a chance."

"Oh, I won't solo for quite a while, but then I'll really demonstrate how it's done," Del promised with a smile, "I hope!"

"Right now, not to change the subject, we've got to start back. There's another dinner at the Alpha's tonight that I just can't miss," Joan reminded.

"Consider yourself practically there," Dell told her, "that is, if the car will agree to start at all."

The Monday dinner signaled the beginning of the second period of rushing, during which it was permissible for the girls to accept two dates for a single house. Dixie and Bobby had joined Joan in her first visit to the Alpha's. Then Sandra, Geneve and Selma joined the trio, with Saxon receiving bids for the remaining affairs as the second period activities began.

Monday night, Tuesday afternoon, Tuesday night—the tempo increased continuously before receding like a huge wave on Wednesday morning when all contact between the Row and Roble would cease for a day.

Inside Roble, as the students wearily returned Tuesday night, calmness was the prevailing note. Tenseness and worry perhaps, but there was little more any of them could do to further their cause. All they could do now was to wait.

"Darn it," Dixie frowned at the world in general, "this rushing would be perfect if we were just left alone. Then if we pledged, fine. If we didn't we could forget about it and do something else. But when let-

ters keep coming in from home—" she turned gloomily toward the window.

"Don't pay any attention to them," Selma advised. "And stop fretting. There's nothing more we can do except get some rest, and goodness knows we need that. Two days more will tell the tale."

Outside, the storm descended on the campus in the form of letters and telegrams to sorority presidents and sponsors, while long distance telephone calls continued to pour into Roble from fond parents and friends, causing more misery than the girls could think of themselves.

And, as the excitement without and the tenseness within Roble steadily drew to a climax, the residents of the Row met behind closed doors to finally pass upon the candidates.



Chapter Twelve

There, that's that!" Rita, the President of the Alpha's, closed the front door with finality on the retreating form of the last rushee. She turned to survey the wide rooms. Flowers were wilting everywhere, and on a long table were the remains of a buffet spread. On couches and chairs, the Alpha girls relaxed, spent from a long evening of dancing and conversation. Ginger, her slender figure in violet velvet topped by a round face and silky black hair, yawned and reached for a sandwich.

"Well, thank goodness, one more rushing season almost checked off. I haven't an ounce of chatter left

in me. That Hawkins girl just sits and smiles and smiles, and leaves all the yapping to someone else. She's a good dancer, though."

"Well I'd rather hear myself yap than listen to a few hours of it from someone else. If Eleanor Gay comes into the house, she'll find me behind padlocked doors. I know everything that ever happened to her from the time she was four years old, and perhaps some things that didn't," and the couch creaked with a mammoth sigh.

"Well, gals," the President rose and started for the stairs, "what do you say we go up and take a vote? Might as well get it over with. Especially while we've got them all fresh in our minds."

Soon, the girls were assembled in Rita's room. She sat on the table, swinging her pajama-clad legs, as the group drifted in, after changing to more comfortable night clothes and kimonos. Piling cushions on the floor, they lounged in a circle around her.

"O. K. to read for the voting?"

"Yes, go on."

"Francis Hillis?"

"Yes!" from the chorus.

"Bobby Wellman?"

Again "Yes."

"Oh, her brother, Butch, is simply grand!" Doris blurted out impulsively. "I mean—" she hastily sought to change the subject.

"H'm-mn. So that's why you've gained eight pounds

in two weeks! Butch and his milk shakes! I see it all now," Billy gleefully led the onslaught. "You, having pledged your loyalty to the house, planned to use it for your own base profit. Why—"

"Hey! You're getting all mixed up. Her feet are her base. 'Tain't her feet that will profit, it's her tummy!"

"Well, why be indirect? We are all pledged to help one another and the only thing I can think of," volunteered Ruth, "is to pledge Butch himself. Then Doris will be sure of a daily soda!"

"Have a heart," Doris begged.

"Girls!" Rita attempted to make herself heard. "Come on now, we've got quite a bit left to do tonight. Billy, no more shenanigans till this is over. Hush!" she added sternly as the culprit started to defend herself. "We're all agreed on Bobby Wellman, then?"

A nod from each of the girls recorded their approval.

"Selma Bogart?"

"Yes."

"We surely need someone around here with an artistic touch," Martha commented, as she tossed her blond curls back from her forehead.

"I don't know whether I ought to resent that insinuation or not." Janet, who was usually the chairman of the committee appointed to decorate the house for special occasions, pondered the comment.

"Not tonight, Janet, it's getting too late," Rita

pleaded. "Besides, by tomorrow morning you can think up a really withering retort."

"All right," Janet agreed, "but bright and early, even before breakfast, I shall deliver a devastating answer. I can really squelch people more effectively before they've had breakfast," she confided.

"Geneve Anderson?"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Wait a minute!" Rita rapped on the table for order. "Now, let's take it one at a time. If you all talk at once it will be next winter before we get finished. Marjorie, you seem to be leading the opposing faction. What objection have you to pledging her?"

"I think she's been badly spoiled—she certainly acts like it at least—and she's about as conceited a person as I've ever met."

"Does that about sum up the negative side?" Rita looked questioningly at Hazel.

"I think so," the other agreed.

"Well, she must have some good traits, too. Else she wouldn't have been proposed. How about it Peggy?"

"I think she's really nice." Peggy rose warmly to the defense. "Perhaps she is a bit spoiled, but you can't really blame her for that. She's an only child, and I guess her mother and father gave her everything she wanted that they could afford. I think she'll get over

it before she's around here very long. As far as being conceited, remember we weren't exactly perfect when we were freshmen, either. And we still have a long way to go. She came from a small town where her mother led the social set, her father was one of the pillars of finance, and she was rather considered the 'belle' of the high school. That sort of a background would make practically anyone except an angel a bit stuck-up."

"Suppose we agree with you," Hazel countered. "That won't change the fact that at the present time she isn't the type of girl the Alpha's have been in the habit of pledging."

"Perhaps not, on the surface, but I do think that she is not only attractive, but that she really has brains underneath that pose. After all, a sorority should be willing to make a few allowances and help an otherwise suitable pledge to gain poise and confidence."

"Poise and confidence, yes, but I don't think the Alpha House should be turned into a primary school so that egotistical, self-centered girls can be taught good manners. Besides, if she still has childish ideas there is no reason why we should be bored with them. Remember, we'll all have to live with her." Hazel's manner left no doubt as to her position in the matter.

"Hazel," Rita's voice cut smoothly into the argument, "do you remember Estelle Warren? She was a Senior when you came to live here."

"Of course," Hazel admitted looking a bit puzzled

at this sudden change of topic. "But what has she to do with Geneve Anderson's being pledged?"

"Nothing directly, and yet quite a bit, indirectly."

"But she was graduated a year ago," Marjorie protested.

"And do you also remember your own freshman year here?" Rita continued calmly.

"Not if I can help it," Hazel murmured uncomfortably. "I seemed to be continually doing the wrong things that first year. I'll never forget, though, the day I walked into the Law Building and demanded the room number of the elementary French class! That was a classic on the Farm for a whole year," she shook her head ruefully. "But what has that to do with our voting now?"

"Just that Estelle was responsible for your being pledged that year," Rita went steadily on. "You see, there was quite a debate over it at the time. Remember, that was the fall you had a terrific crush on that math professor—the one with the long black beard? The girls didn't object so very much to either the crush or the professor, but the beard—well, that actually was the finishing touch. You were always comparing it to one you'd seen on a member of the Foreign Legion in the movies. And when I say always, well, I mean just that. Morning and night. Estelle claimed you'd get over it and then really be sumpthin', which you are," she added warmly. "But first there was the French professor who made you dream of Paris in

the spring, and then the Captain of the football team. The funny part was that none of these men even knew you were on the campus. Anyway," Rita concluded, "you suffered in anything but silence during that first term on the Row, and the Alpha's suffered with you to the last man." She smiled at the sheepish look on Hazel's face.

"You win, Rita. I really must have been a nuisance in those days, probably still am sometimes," Hazel confessed ignoring the mischievous grins that promised willingness to remind her of those freshman days for some time to come. "It was silly of me, I guess, but we all have to learn. Okay, as far as I'm concerned, she's in!"

"Any more objections?" Rita looked around the circle. "All right, then. Geneve receives a bid. Now the next is—" she consulted the list, "Carol Brownley?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?" Peggy questioned.

"That blond girl who was wearing the brown sweater and skirt tonight. The one I've been talking about all week," Ginger declared, a little irritated at Peggy's not remembering. "She used to be in one of my classes at Marlboro, and she's a darn swell kid!"

"All right, all right. I was only asking," Peggy meekly explained.

"She makes five." Rita turned over the page. "Sandra Hollister?"

"Yes!"

"But will she come?" Ruth looked doubtful. "She really has been given a rush by all the houses, and just yesterday Terry Callahan of the Kappa's was talking mighty confidential to her."

"Don't worry," Rita advised confidently. "She'll come if the others in her group do. She knows that she'll have more fun that way."

"Well, that's settled. Now, Helen Wing?"

"Yes."

"Joan Whitney?"

"Yes."

"You know, girls," Rita suggested, "after she gets here, I'd keep her busy, if I were you. She ought to make a good President for the Alpha's later on if the way she acts as a balance wheel for that group over in Roble is any indication."

"Dixie Calhoun?"

"Yes."

"No!" A decisive voice cut through the general agreement.

"Why, Rita! What in the world makes you so definitely opposed to letting her in?" Marjorie exclaimed incredulously for rarely did Rita allow herself to differ actively with the majority's wishes. "She seems like a grand person, and lots of fun to have around."

"Perhaps," Rita agreed grimly, "but you haven't been hearing about her virtues every day." She picked

up a sheaf of telegrams from the table. "Yes, all of these, besides letters—at least one a day. All from her mother, describing how little Dixie has wanted to be an Alpha ever since she was so big. And I'm afraid to go near a telephone. She almost claimed that Alpha as the first word Dixie ever said, but I guess she realized that would be going a bit too far!" Rita disgustedly dropped the papers into a wastebasket.

"But Rita, that's not Dixie's fault. She didn't have anything to do with it," Ginger averred. "I'm sure of it."

"Maybe she didn't," Rita retorted, "but that doesn't help my nerves any! If she came in I'd be afraid to say 'Boo' for fear another deluge of protests would arrive saying I'm a brute for picking on a 'child.' Well, we just don't want any children here."

"Now you're being inconsistent." Hazel protested. "After all, if you're willing to concede that she personally was not in any way responsible for the messages, her case is similar to Geneve's, only not nearly as bad."

"I don't think we should let outsiders dictate to us," Rita declared firmly.

"But," Marjorie pointed out, "if you hadn't received any word at all about Dixie, we'd have voted her in. So, if we keep her out just to be mean about it, we'll not only do her an injustice, but we'll be hurting ourselves. She's a good scout and we all like her. You do yourself, but you won't admit it."

"I do like her, but all of that junk just irritated me,"

Rita confessed. "Oh, all right. Objection removed. She's in!"

"'Ray, she practices what she preaches," Ginger waved a scarf over her head.

"Quiet down. Hush." Rita put her finger to her lips.

"Helen Jennifer?"

"Yes."

"Saxon Barnet?"

"Yes."

"No."

The two answers, simultaneous and holding an equal amount of conviction, meant another argument, and Rita sighed. It was away past midnight.

"All right, why the 'No'?"

"Well, Saxon has no background."

"Haven't you enough of that with some of the rest. Wellman alone—"

"They ought all—"

"It takes more than background to rate the Cotillion and the Prom. And still rank high in class. That's the kind of material Saxon is. Do you realize that she's gorgeous? I know for a certainty that the Kappa's have been trying for weeks to date her, but Joan's the drag here."

"Oh, it isn't just background."

"What is it then?"

"I don't know. Let's pass her by for a while and go on with the rest."

"There's only one more."

"Goodness, it's hot in here! Can't we open a window?" Betty's face was purple.

"No, you can't." It was a Senior speaking. "Some of us remember the time Dorothy Elvin climbed that eucalyptus tree outside, and listened when we were making out our pledging list, and then told the Gamma's. I'm not taking any chances."

"Well then, turn off the heater, or open the door."

"You can't open the door. You'll disturb Mrs. Marvin."

"The person who invented house mothers!"

They were all very fond of Mrs. Marvin, but nerves were on edge.

"Come on, hurry up, let's make it snappy."

"All right, Mary Sullivan. Yes or no?"

At one-thirty, they were finished with the list and several girls got up and stretched their numbed bodies.

"Wait a minute. Not so fast. We haven't decided about Saxon." They dropped to their seats again.

"Well, Dorothy, what about it? Just why don't you like Saxon?"

"Oh, I don't know. She just fills me with antipathy."

"Antipathy!" one of the girls moaned. "At this time of night."

"Alice, why don't you like her?"

"Did you see her last quarter? Well, I haven't forgotten it, that's all. She was a nine day's wonder."

"And I heard something else. Blanche thought she saw her out one night after lockout hours."

"Yes, well how does Blanche know unless she was out after lockout hours herself?"

"Well, girls," Rita broke in with exasperation, "will you believe me, or won't you, when I say that Joan Whitney and I have talked her over, and she's one of the very nicest girls Joan has ever known, and I believe you'll think so too once you've taken her in. That girl is going to make her mark in the world some day."

Teresa yawned. "All right, girls. Let's take her in. What do you say? After all, she is the grandest looking thing this Campus has seen in many a day. A few decent clothes, and—"

"Oh, all right." A couple of sleepy murmurs answered her.

"Marjorie?"

"Yes."

"Billy?"

"Sure, I'm for her."

"Dorothy?"

"I don't think you're right in taking her in."

"Oh, my goodness!"

"Well, I don't."

"Well then, why not?" Marjorie glared at her in desperation.

"Well, I just feel an antip-"

"Oh, look, Teresa's fainted. Quick! Water!"

There was a general scramble. A little air, drifting in through the open door, helped to revive her as much

as the water. Teresa was picked up and laid on the hall bench, gasping.

"Girls!" The president's voice was desperate. "Come back here. What are we going to do? Peggy's crying."

Dorothy sat down again regally. She was a tall blond with a firm mouth. The girls had found that in house discussions she was generally opposed to the majority.

"Now Dorothy," Rita began. "You know you can't keep a girl out unless you have something against her. What have you against her?"

Dorothy looked more and more as if she were made of granite. "I think it's enough to have a general ant—"

"No—it—isn't!" one of the girl almost shrieked. "And it's after two, and I have to study for a botany quiz tonight before I can go to bed. Oughtn't she be overruled?"

"I don't think so."

One of the girls who was fond of Saxon began to cry hysterically.

"Well," Rita closed her eyes, "I guess the discussion's over. I don't see anything more to do. We have ten bids. Let me read them over. Now listen, everyone. Helen Jennifer, Joan Whitney, Dixie Calhoun—" She went on down the line and finished. "That's all."

The girls rose to their feet. Dorothy cleared her throat. "I guess," she remarked, "as long as you all want Saxon, I might as well let her come in. That'll

make eleven," and she stalked off to her room. The girls gasped at each other. Dorothy, having enforced her will and caused the world to tremble, had tired of the sport.

The next night, the reports were in from Panhellenic. The Alpha's received ten acceptances. Saxon's was not among them.



Chapter Thirteen

A LL right, Janice, a drink of water, but no more stories."

Joan, midway between the kitchen and the dining room, paused at the foot of the stairs to call up to one of Saxon's charges.

"That child!" she sighed. "Three drinks of water in a half-hour and dozens of stories. If I have to keep this up, Billy'll never be put to bed. How you ever manage to do all of this alone, Saxon, I fail to see. From now on, my duty is quite clear. It's to spend every Thursday night with you at the domicile of Professor Traynor and wife." She tucked the silence cloth hastily away, set a bowl of flowers on the dining table and hurried back to the kitchen.

Saxon sprinkled soap flakes into a pan of water, piled in dishes and set to work. The Traynors always seemed to have a great many soiled dishes, but there were four of them, and cooking special meals for children required extra pots and pans. But the more dishes there were, the greater was the Traynor's need of her. Thursday was bridge club night, but they called on her on other evenings as well, and they paid generously. Saxon sang at her work, and every now and then she stooped to recover Billy's ball and roll it toward him.

Joan, back from delivering the glass of water to Janice, began to prepare Billy for bed. For a time, the two girls were silent. Then, "Saxon, I can't help it. I see your point of view, but I'm just as disappointed anyway," Joan complained.

"I know. In a way, I am too. I'd have loved to have been a sorority sister of yours. And I was so pleased to be asked. And proud. Do the girls understand that?" Joan and Saxon were going over ground that had been rather thoroughly discussed earlier in the evening.

"Oh, yes, and they realize that you accepted invitations because you didn't know your own mind until the very last. But what annoys me is that you didn't join. I still can't see any real reason why you won't."

"All right, Joan. There isn't anything more I can say. But if I'd joined, you'd have realized before long that I didn't belong there."

"Oh, rubbish!" As Don appeared in the open doorway leading from a vine-covered porch, Joan asked him, "Isn't it silly for Saxon to say that she doesn't belong in the Alpha House?"

"I don't know. I'd have to hear Saxon's reasons, and I'm perfectly sure that they're no business of mine."

At a shout from above, he stopped at the bottom of the stairway and called up, "Hey, what's the trouble up there?"

"Water. And tell me a thory."

"Oh, I'll go." Reluctantly, Saxon filled a glass and started upstairs, after depositing Billy on Don's lap. "And it is your business, Don, if you'd care to hear it," she called back. "Perhaps I can make you see my point of view."

"Somehow, I do see your point of view without your even telling me." Don deposited Billy in Saxon's arms on her return and took a dish cloth from the rack. "You're too big a girl to be tied to one small group."

"Well, I like that!" Joan bristled with mock indignation. "Can't you be a big girl if you're joined to a small group?"

"Certainly. But let me explain."

"No, let me." Saxon leaned forward earnestly. "He means that I have seen a different kind of life than you have. I was never sheltered, never spared fear, or worry, or hard work. I have known it for myself,

and for my family. I am conscious that the world is full of it. That is my outlook. For that reason I feel older, more experienced than most of you."

"But Saxon," Joan protested, "I'm poor, too."

"I know, but you look back on a life of security. Your present circumstances are, I do hope, just an interlude. With me, it's different. It's not merely the lack of money but the effect it has had on my outlook on life. Being poor and alone a good part of the time, I read constantly. I've found out more by reading books than I ever did in a classroom. I'd read one account of some historical figure or event, and then compare it with two or three more. Sometimes, a half dozen. In each case, I found that the books, though they were sincerely written and were what the author believed true, differed in viewpoint."

"Yes, I know," Joan looked puzzled, "but what has history got to do with joining a sorority?"

"Quite a bit in this particular case. You see, I'm going all the way back to the beginning in order to give you a clear picture of just why I happen to think the way I do. Well, to continue, I naturally began to wonder if current events were always just as my newspaper reported them. To find out, I subscribed to an opposition newspaper, and got an entirely different slant on each question. Then I realized that there must be at least two sides to every question, and I began to look always for the side I didn't know about.

The more vital the issue, and the more the majority were all in favor of it, the harder I'd try to find the reasons why it should be rejected. Sometimes I'd even be in favor of it myself, and want it to succeed, but still I'd do my best to present arguments against it. Lots of people would think that I just wanted to argue. Others thought that I wanted to attract attention to myself, and still others that I was a fanatic or a radical. What they couldn't understand was that by presenting the opposition's point of view in as thorough a manner as I could, I was giving them the opportunity of eliminating any flaws that I could discover. By making them defend their ideas, I aroused and solidified their beliefs. A great many times, including now, I'm very sorry that I just naturally don't follow the crowd, but I wouldn't change places with any one of them."

"But Saxon, that still isn't any explanation of your refusal to come to live on the Row. After all, everyone has a right to his or her own opinion at all times. The girls up there differ on things, too." Joan handed Don the last dish and wiped her hands.

"I don't know," Don decided, "I think you're right to a certain extent, Saxon, but why not modify your stand a bit? What's the point in always being the dissenter, even if it does do everyone a lot of good. It can't be very pleasant for you all the time. And, you know, it's rather up to you to look out for yourself. You can't very well deliberately place yourself in a position that is apt to be uncomfortable, and expect

others to appreciate your efforts. It's asking too much of human nature."

"I've become well aware of that by now," Saxon smiled. "The fact is though that I don't want, or expect, people to cheer at what I say, especially when I oppose them. I don't do it for them, but for myself, and if it's helpful to anyone else also, that really makes me feel that I've accomplished something. To try to change, or to compromise with what I believe in, wouldn't make me like the others anyway. It would merely destroy my philosophy without providing a substitute strong enough to keep me from falling into the rut of being another 'sheep.' Something in me makes me determined to lead, and leading the minority means hard, constant battling to offset the lack of numbers. Eventually, I hope to become influential enough to become a leader of the majority and then, naturally, I'll be very conservative for the weight of numbers will take up the slack. Then, I could join clubs like the sororities, and feel that I wouldn't upset the members all the time. Right now, I would be a very disturbing influence, for I'd take the minority stand on practically every question, both to present that side, and to develop my own mind. I can do it in a large house, but in close quarters it would be too hard on the other girls. This way I can stay friends with all of them, and the other, with constant friction, would make me friendless. Oh, well, don't you see?"

"Yes, I do, Saxon. Life has made you an individualist. And I agree that you'll do better to pick congenial friends from here and there."

Saxon's eyes were full of tears as she rose to carry Billy up to bed. She could not quite have explained why. Sympathy? Understanding? They had been rare in her life and she responded to them wholeheartedly.

Don glanced at his watch. "Time you gals were leaving. Fifteen minutes late already. You can't expect to treat an escort like that."

"I know, Don, but the Traynor's can't always be back on the minute. There, that's the car now. Isn't it? Oh—oh, it's Hugh. Well, if this isn't a get-together. He told me this morning he might drop by on his way from Palo Alto. He's afraid I'll be tired! He's apt to be more tired than I am."

Hugh's appearance as he entered, seemed to fulfill Joan's prophecy. His eyes were red-rimmed and his face was haggard. His smile, however, was as winning as ever, and his words as jolly.

"Hi, Sis! Hello, Don. And Saxon, ah, most beautiful princess!" He bowed gravely and his eyelid flickered in Don's direction, "Boy, can she make scrambled eggs what really am scrambled eggs," Hugh proceeded to confide in an exaggerated stage whisper.

"Methinks you cavalier makes light of my culinary efforts," Saxon replied by pretending to ignore Hugh, and speaking to Joan. "Or perhaps he may, by flattery,

be seeking to tempt me to prove my skill over yonder hearth," and she waved in the direction of the stove. At the discovery that her "hearth" was the latest model electric range the group began to laugh, their little skit forgotten for the moment.

"Well, good evening, children." Mrs. Traynor in the midst of the laughter had come unnoticed through the door. "I'm sorry I'm a bit late, Saxon, but the truth is, I didn't expect to get home at all. My husband started to discuss the arrangement of electrical instruments when they are used to make a stage set of a laboratory look real and—"

"And evidently I missed seeing Billy before he went to bed," Dr. Traynor finished dolefully as he walked in. "Seems as though I scarcely ever get a chance to see him any more, with all the research work, and the new lab. and everything. Oh, and I almost forgot—" he reached deep into his topcoat pocket. With a triumphant air, he drew forth a tiny ocean liner perfect in every detail. "It really floats and has miniature motors in it," he explained. "Billy will love it."

"Who'll love it?" Mrs. Traynor questioned with a smile.

"Billy will," her husband defended his prize. "He ought to, I ordered it all the way from New York. Oh, of course, I'll have to show him how it works, but then—"

"Then, he can play with it if you don't break it first," Mrs. Traynor said, laughing. "Come every-

body, here are some cookies, and maybe we still have some ginger ale left. I thought we did—let's see, now—oh, yes, here it is. And it's really cold too."

Sitting sipping the refreshing drink, Joan regarded Dr. Traynor with awe. Although she had passed him on the campus on numerous occasions, and had called at the Traynor home for Saxon several times, she had never happened to see him other than as a professor before. Could this grey-haired, scholarly looking man, who was contentedly munching pink and white cookies while he examined the little boat on his knee, be the country's outstanding authority on electricity? And his eyes seemed so gentle and friendly. Why, some of the boys had claimed that they positively saw and felt sparks shooting from them when any one fell down on his job. Yes, and this cheery voice was supposed to make chills run down one's spine!

"Br-r-r-r, br-r-r-r," the telephone interrupted the exchange of pleasantries.

Mrs. Traynor picked up the receiver, "Hello. Yes. Yes, he's right here. Just one moment please. Here, dear, it's for you. Someone at the lab."

Jumping up, Dr. Traynor hurriedly took the telephone from his wife. "Hello. Hello, Bill. Why, what happened? No. No! No! It won't work that way. No, we've got to finish that by tomorrow night. Don't do anything more till I get there. I'll be right over. Goodbye."

"That blamed generator broke down again! I'll have to go over. Be back as soon as I can. Don't wait up for me. Sorry." Dr. Traynor started for the door picking up his hat and coat en route.

"May I drop you off there," Don offered. "My car's right outside."

"Thanks, but my own's still in front. It'll be more convenient coming home afterwards." He hardly paused in his rush to get to the scene of the difficulties.

"Oh, I did hope that he'd get a little rest tonight," Mrs. Traynor sighed. "He's been overdoing this experimental work, I'm afraid. He'll have a nervous breakdown if it doesn't let up soon." She thoughtfully rescued the little ship that her husband had hastily tossed on the sofa at the telephone summons.

"I think that we'd better be going now. It's getting quite late and tomorrow's another day." Joan picked up her coat.

"I'm glad you dropped in, and I hope that the next time we can have a little more time to talk."

Outside the foursome parted, Saxon going back with Don, and Joan joining Hugh in a car he had borrowed for the evening.

"Gee, it's grand out tonight. Just cool enough and look at the sky. Oh, see that light up there. It's probably the Air Mail. What a night for flying!"

"Yes," Joan decided, "you've been talking to Del quite a bit lately. If Stanford isn't careful he'll have the entire school sold on the idea that the only sensible

way to travel is by air. He'll probably want them to hold all the classes up there next."

"No, it wasn't Del's prompting, but just a thought," Hugh explained thoughtfully. "It must be so cool and clean and peaceful up there. One could have time to think out a problem without getting tangled up with a lot of pros and cons and side issues, and have a better chance of finding the correct answer. If you had ever worked over a law case you'd know what I mean. Generally, the main dispute is sidetracked indefinitely, while both sides bicker over every technicality they can discover."

"I thought you had promised to give up that work, Hugh," Joan reminded him. "You told me you would the day after the Big Game, and you're still at it. You never broke a promise before."

"I don't mean to now. I said that I'd stop as soon as possible, and I thought that the case we were working on would be finishing in no time at all. Then there were delays, an adverse decision, an appeal to a higher court, a reversal and now the fight is really on. It's going before the Supreme Court as a test case in a few more weeks, and after that—well, I'll feel free to quit. And I won't do anything more like it for a while. I'll take sort of a vacation."

"A vacation!" Joan snorted. "Huh! If your idea of a vacation is keeping up with those courses you're taking, I'd hate to see you really decide to work!"

"It would seem like one, though," Hugh grinned.

"But now, having been duly scolded and after being dutifully meek, I've got a bone to pick with you!"

"Me?" Joan looked her surprise, "why I haven't done anything except pledge the Alpha's and that rates congratulations."

"Hey, I congratulated you once," Hugh protested. "How many pretty speeches do you think I'm going to make in an evening?"

"No more, I'm afraid," Joan shook her head in exaggerated sorrow. "No, I'm afraid I'm going to be taken to task for some of my many misdeeds. Let's see," she gravely began to check possibilities off on her fingers. "Didn't put the cat out? No. We haven't a cat at Roble. Almost late for lock-out? No, you wouldn't know about that anyway. Let's see—"

"Oh, Joan, be a good child and pipe down a moment," Hugh groaned wearily. "This is a little bit important. I don't get a chance to see you very often, with all this work and your sorority rushing 'n' everything. It's about those plans for the houses you and Don were working on."

"The houses?"

"Yes, I wanted to ask you about them some time ago but it slipped my mind. What ever happened to them?"

"Don used them in class and now I have them. But I couldn't figure out any way of using them so—"
Joan shrugged her shoulders. "Well, perhaps some day

we might be able to do something with them, and meanwhile they'll be safe in my closet."

"You can't afford to do that," Hugh shook his head. "Can't afford to— Why, what do you mean,

Hugh?"

"Just that both Don and you put a great deal of time and energy into those designs, and you must learn that if you once start a project you have to see it through."

"But," Joan protested, "they were only meant for classroom work, and now they've served their purpose."

"True," her brother agreed, "but, as I understand it, there was quite a furor when they were displayed in class and the professor was very enthusiastic about them."

"He was," Joan admitted, "in fact he gave us quite a few ideas that we managed to incorporate into the design. We finally succeeded in meeting the price limit by specifying the house as a furnished one, and then we worked out ways and means of buying it in the most economical way. I even listed everything —where it could be bought, color and price. But that's as far as it went."

"That's my basis for complaining," Hugh exclaimed. "If it was actually good, and practical into the bargain, why drop it there?"

"But what else could we do?"

"I don't exactly know, but-I'll tell you what-let

me have the plans for a little while and if they seem as good to me as you think they are, I'll try to think up some way of turning them into money."

"Here we are. Wait, I'll get them for you." Joan opened the door of the car. "Oh, it's really too late tonight. I'll leave them up at your house tomorrow."

"O.K. G'night and be good!" Hugh waved cheerily and started down the driveway.

"Good night, Hugh." Joan watched the tail lights till the car turned the corner, and then started upstairs.



Chapter Fourteen

In now and then at the Alpha House for dinner. On Monday night there was Chapter Meeting. At other times there were always two or three girls ready for a chat or a walk to the Library.

Joan loved dinner at the House. The long tables, candle lighted, threw a soft glow on the girls gathered around it, and cast long, pale shadows high against the green walls and the white linen curtains. The room had been especially lovely on the evening of the initiation banquet. Then, there had been a long, T-shaped table, banked with flowers in the sorority colors. And Rita had presided, as she did at all such affairs, with grace and dignity.

Strolling up the Row to dinner at the Alpha House, one evening just before spring vacation started, Bobby and Joan were greeted by two Alpha Sophomores. "Hi!" Bobby hailed them. "What are you doing heading East when it's five minutes to dinner time?"

"That's what you think. But there's really no hurry." The girls turned to join them. "Dinner will be served if and when."

"You see," Libby, the other sophomore went on airily, "there's a battle going on in the back regions of the house, with possible bloodshed."

"Well, for Pete's sake!" Joan exploded. "Hurry up and tell us. There's a catch somewhere. What is it?"

"Oh no, there isn't." Fay's large grey eyes were serious. "Two strong men are fighting for their all. Their homes, their positions, their very lives are in peril. And all of this drama, this deep-rooted struggle for survival of the fittest, is taking place—"

"Yes," Libby interrupted her with a solemn nod, "in our very own sorority kitchen."

"You remember," Fay began the story, "how that Senior, Elise Hardy, was telling you the other night about Hing, the cook the Alphas had had for about ten years? That he was a tradition around the place? Whenever he was peevish he'd tie a white cloth around his head so that everybody would know it. But it appears he could make *petits fours*. How that man could make *petits fours*! And with the number of teas and things that the Alphas have— Well, a year ago he

went to China to be with his family, so the Alphas got themselves another cook named Loy. He's pretty swell, too. He makes grand hors d'oeuvres. And you've no idea how a flock of superlative hors d'oeuvres will dress up a jaded meal. By the time a Sunday night supper gang have consumed a few hundred of Loy's masterpieces, they don't know or care if the rest of the meal is beans!

"But last night Hing came back. He was tired of China and lonesome for his Alpha protegees. Loy was in his cabin in back of the house, but that didn't make any difference. Hing moved in right on top of him! The cabin has been rocking on its foundations ever since. First, one will be ejected, and then the other. Hing got breakfast for us, and Loy, luncheon. But dinner is the real test of supremacy. One of three things can happen."

"Yes, and I know what they are," Libby went on gleefully. "Either we'll be deluged with petits fours and hors d'oeuvres, or there'll be just one or the other. And by them we shall know the winner. Or Hing and Loy may decide life is too difficult and both go back to China!" The girls, ready for excitement, opened the wide screen door and joined the others who were waiting for the dinner bell.

The quiet was suddenly broken by a crash and clatter from the kitchen mingled with howls of pain and rage. The girls, startled, stood still. In a moment

the noise ceased and the kitchen door opened. Hing walked in, grinning broadly.

"So solly," he blandly explained, bowing deeply, "no dinner tonight. Me dlopped tlay. Tomollow me catchum fine dinner. Lotsum cakes. Goo' nigh'."

"Hey! Look!" a girl called from the window, "does anyone see what I see? Or am I seeing things."

Across the yard Loy was walking dejectedly, every now and then pausing to brush what looked suspiciously like a combination of *hors d'oeuvres* and *petits fours*, from his hair and clothes!

"Well, gals, now's the time to show your pioneer spirit," Rita declared oratorically. "Come and gaze out of the door. Before you lies one of the finest of all universities, with its beautiful buildings, broad acres, and fine roads. All the territory is peopled by a friendly and kind-hearted tribe they call the Stanfordites. Go forth, and seek thy dinners. And may my blessings be upon thee!"

"And you? No, Rita we cannot leave you here to starve, alone and forgotten!"

"Oh, don't worry about me," Rita explained innocently, "there's enough food in the icebox to do me for months— Help!"

Ducking the ensuing rush kitchenward, Joan walked out on the porch just in time to see Del's car clatter up to the house and stop. He hopped out and ran to meet her. "Hi, Joan. We've got to go quickly. It

will start to get dark in about another hour and a half so we have to hurry."

"Go where?" Joan asked laughing at his happy excitement.

"The field, the flying field—over at Palo Alto," he waved his hand vaguely in that direction.

"Why the rush?" She good-humoredly got into the car which was moving almost at once.

"I'm going to solo. All alone. Today. Now. But I've got to get there before dusk. They won't let the little ships go up in the afternoon when the wind is blowing hard, and it's either now or early in the morning. If we don't get there in time, will you get up early and come to watch tomorrow?" he begged hopefully.

"What time would that be," Joan asked cautiously.

"About six, maybe. Or, a little before."

"Not tomorrow morning," Joan catching a glimpse of the boyish disappointment in his eyes hesitated and finished her sentence. "I've got a breakfast date with Hugh. Oh, no, that's the next day. Yes, if you want me to I'll be up and rarin' to go, but you'll have to call for me at Roble."

"It's a bargain!" Del's high spirits returned, and winding their way across Palo Alto, they arrived at the little airport a few minutes later.

"Where is it?" Joan surveyed the field seeking the plane.

"Right over there."

Looking in the direction Del indicated, Joan saw, not the big silver ship she had expected, but a little yellow monoplane that would almost have fitted into a garage.

"Gee, it's cute, Del. Why it's only made of cloth!"
"Of course!" Del began to laugh at her surprise.
"Only it's not made of cloth. It's cloth over a metal frame. Just a second." He walked over to meet the approaching instructor, "O.K. to go up now?"

"I wondered where you had gotten to! You went home for a rooting section, huh?"

"Well, you see-" Del looked a little sheepish.

"Never mind, you should have seen me when I got my license to fly. I bought a pair of gold wings and stuck them on my coat, and my friends still claim I wouldn't speak to them for weeks. I kinda thought everyone should stand at attention every time I passed. All right, she's warm enough now. Take it easy and taxi out slowly. And for the luvva heaven don't try to do tricks, even if the young lady is pretty! Circle once and come down! Got it?"

"Yes! Once around and back." Del tightened the safety belt.

"O.K. Get going. Happy landings."

Shoving the throttle forward slowly, Del waved back to Joan, and then the little ship moved off the apron onto the field. Taxiing out slowly, he experimentally gunned the motor several times, and then turning, the plane started across the field picking up

speed at every foot. Before it was halfway, the plane lifted gently, and Del was off in his first flight alone.

Joan's attention was distracted by the deep blast of an automobile's horn and she looked toward the road. A roadster had just crossed the Bayshore Highway and was coming along the narrow road in a cloud of dust. The driver didn't slow down until he was almost opposite the entrance. Then, the four wheels locked, were released seemingly in the same instant, the motor roared again and, with tires churning the gravel, the car shot through the gate to stop near where she was standing.

"Hutch! What are you trying to do? That's certainly a unique way of coming into a driveway!" Joan was so surprised at finding the conservative President of the Delta's at the wheel that she forgot her slight awe of him.

"Joan, I stopped over at Roble, and they told me you'd gone out, probably to the Alpha's so I chased up there. When I found that you'd left with Del, I decided I'd find you here so I came over in a hurry."

"What's the matter? It's something about Hugh. What is it?" All the fears that had been mounting these last months were crystallized now.

"Yes, it is about Hugh. But I didn't mean to scare you like that." Joan's face, white above her red suit, made Hutch hesitate.

"Go on, Hutch. Don't stop."

"Well," his hand on her arm, he guided her and

the two walked over to his car, "you see, Hugh's been overdoing it rather badly. A heavy course, and law work for a man in Palo Alto—"

"Yes, I know about that," Joan hurried him past that part of the story.

"We've done our best to try to make him slow down, but Hugh is accustomed to managing his own affairs. He's been complaining of his eyes and lately, just before examination week, they went back on him. Fortunately, he could take his exams without too much boning, and Butch and some of the others read to him whenever he needed that kind of help. Now he's under a doctor's care. They've just taken him up to San Francisco to the Stanford Hospital where he can be near a specialist and also have a complete rest."

"I must go right away. Why didn't someone tell me before now? He shouldn't have been left all alone."

Hutch smiled wryly. "Not quite alone. We've all been in quite a dither at the house, but Hugh made us promise not to tell you. He felt that the thing might clear up without ever having to worry you about it. As it is—"

"Yes, as it is, what? Will he get better? Will he graduate?"

The boy looked at the ground. "That's it, Joan. We don't know. No one can tell. They just—the doctor and the specialist—say we must wait and see what a week of rest and treatments will do."

Joan felt her eyes burning with unshed tears and her body shaken with emotion. She drew away from him. "I must hurry! I mustn't waste a minute!"

"Hop in, I'll drive you up. We'll make better time than the train or bus."

Just as they cut out onto the road, Joan dimly saw Del's plane glide in toward the field. After bouncing awkwardly several times, it finally settled and rolled toward the hangar.

"Oh, Hutch! I forgot all about Del!"

"Don't worry, he can find his way home. You can explain later. He'll understand." Hutch, grimly intent on weaving his way through the heavy traffic, relapsed into silence as they sped northward.

* * *

In the hospital with its air of calm, crisp efficiency, Joan's last vestige of hope, that Hugh's blindness might possibly be a mistake, vanished. These white clad figures hurrying to and fro through the halls simply did not make mistakes like that. No, it was real, as real as the faint odor of antiseptics which pervaded the building. With leaden feet she left the elevator, and a moment later was ushered into a darkened room. Hugh lay motionless on the bed, his face drawn and white and a bandage over his eyes. Laughing eyes, blue eyes. His eyes! With a shudder, Joan pulled herself together and walked over to him. "Hello, Hugh. You should have told me before," she spoke in little more

than a whisper, and her voice carried a tinge of affectionate reproach.

"Oh, hello Sis! When did you find out? I'm sorry to be such a bother, but coming up here was the doc's idea." Hugh attempted a smile without much success.

"Hutch just told me a little while ago, and then he drove me up. Is there anything I can get for you, Hugh?"

"He's a good egg. No, I've got everything I could possibly want. Tell you what though, you might drop Mom and Dad a line. Just tell them that I have to have a few treatments and that a week will probably clear everything up."

"Of course, Hugh. I'll write them tonight. And it will be the truth, anyway." "I hope," she added fervently to herself.

"Yes, Sis, that's the truth. Make it casual." Hugh brightened a bit. "You know, I always did have rather an idea that I'd like to spend a few days in one of these places. I'll bet you two sodas to one, I rate a redheaded nurse! Another one will be on duty in a few more minutes and then I'll see—" his voice hesitated and trailed off.

"I'll take that bet," Joan cheerfully attempted to ignore the break. Gone was his sturdy independence, the self-confident smile—with a great effort, she choked back her sobs and went on steadily.

"Tell you what! If they don't give you a nurse with rusty tresses, we'll send one up from Stanford. If we

can't find one on the Farm I'll ask Rita to start a house to house search. We'll mobilize the whole campus if necessary." Joan's imagination strove to meet the occasion. Perhaps, she might be able to arouse a spark of Hugh's former cheerfulness? His answer was her reward.

"I can imagine that professor of mine in law class ringing door bells and asking, 'Madam, is there a redhead in your house?' "Hugh chuckled softly. "I'll bet that's the nurse now," he added as someone stopped outside the door. "Here's one time you get stuck for the Cellar check!"

"You win, but something tells me I'm getting gypped," Joan protested, raising a warning finger to her lips at the elderly, dark-haired nurse who entered. "Yes, she's a red-head, but all bets are off if I find it's been dyed!" the last was a quick confidential whisper.

"I think he'd better get a little rest now," the nurse gently pointed out. "He's had quite a strenuous day—"

"Oh-I'm sorry-but I just found out."

"Tell the gang down there that I'll be back soon—and for the luvva Pete tell 'em to stop sending me flowers!"

"All right, and I'll run along now. You do need some rest. Even when I'm not here, you know, I'll be thinking of you. And I'll telephone your nurse every day. She'll tell me what a bad patient you are, and how much you annoy her. If you want anything have her telephone down to me. 'Bye now."

A firm grip of his hand and she was gone. Separated, despair settled on both. All the money that Hugh had sacrificed his strength and eyesight to earn, would be gone, long before his hospital and doctor's bills were paid. And more than that, his career, his very life, might be ruined! He had no assurance that his sight would be restored sufficiently to allow him to carry on his studies. In what possible way could a man earn a living without the full use of his eyes?

* * *

Back at Stanford, Joan decided to see Professor Standish immediately. The English professor had spoken to her a short time before about a manuscript he was preparing for fall publication which needed to be recopied. Working would at least divert her mind from Hugh for a little while, and the money would be even more important now.

After a hasty telephone call to make sure that Dr. Standish could see her, Joan walked slowly across the campus to his home, unaware of the quiet, star-lit night. Mrs. Standish greeted her at the door and, taking her wraps, led Joan into the study. There, Dr. Standish sat so deeply engrossed in his work that he was unaware of their presence until his wife spoke. "This is Miss Whitney, dear. She telephoned a few minutes ago about your manuscript."

"Oh, yes. Good evening, Miss Whitney. I didn't see you come in. Won't you sit down?" Dr. Standish

rising, nodded ruefully toward the piles of papers and manuscript on his desk and sighed, "It's reached the stage where even I am getting a little bewildered. There's so much to do, and so little time in which to do it."

"Is that all of it?" Joan asked, a little astonished at the number and variety of the papers before them.

"Well, not quite. The first section is separate, and I've got that in a drawer all tied together so that it won't get mixed up again." Reaching into his desk the professor produced another sheaf about two inches thick.

"You see it's going to be a two-volume edition of selections from American literature, both prose and poetry, together with a critical analysis of each selection and explanatory notes suitable for Freshman use. Practically all of the work has been finished except to put it in presentable form for my publishers."

"Practically all the work—oh, goodness!" Joan thought, remembering a few themes she had untangled as she had re-typed them for several students. "If he only knew. His headaches have just begun." Smiling reassurance, she calmly surveyed the formidable task, "Don't worry, it won't take long to get it all straightened out."

"Do you really think you can do it?" Dr. Standish smiled hopefully at her for a moment. "Of course, I'll show you what has to be done. You see, there's quite a bit written in long-hand that needs to be typewritten and inserted in the proper places."

"It will take a little while, but it won't be impossible to get it out on time. You spoke of wanting it finished inside of a month?"

"Yes, the publishers are writing me daily asking for it, and I've promised them to have it in the mail by the end of the month."

"Well, then, there's no time like the present to start work," Joan proposed in a matter of fact tone, though inside she was beginning to doubt if it ever could be finished.

"Fine, if you can spare the time this evening." Professor Standish put his glasses back on, and, running his hand through his grey-flecked hair, he studied one section of manuscript. "Now in this second section—" Lost to everything except the work at hand, he outlined the work in short, concise sentences while Joan made detailed notes in shorthand. An hour passed—and another—it was almost ten o'clock when Professor Standish finally glanced at his watch. "I didn't realize that it was that late," he smiled apologetically, "I think we've done quite enough for one night. They'll be wondering what's become of you over at Roble."

"I enjoyed it," Joan assured him, "and if you don't mind I'll take these two sections back with me. Then, if I have any spare time tomorrow, I can start work without bothering you again."

That night, studying the manuscript, Joan marveled at her audacity in accepting the job. Part of the selections were just as they had been clipped out of other books of varying size and type, others were from magazines, a few had been typewritten, still several were from newspapers and all had pencilled, or typewritten, notations attached to them. All of this had to be organized according to Professor Standish's plan and outline, in such a fashion that the editors and printers would have no difficulty in following the continuity. It was going to be hard, tedious drudgery, but it could be done. She drew a deep breath and gamely started the task.

During the next few days, Joan discovered what serious work was like. Before breakfast she was usually up poring over the papers, and after class in the afternoon she again settled down and worked most of the evening. The intervals were broken only by brief intervals for intensive "cramming periods" in which she attempted to do two hours' work in one for class preparation. Typing, mounting printed pages on paper, separating, numbering—the pages passed through her hands in a steady stream, but always there were more. The job began to fascinate her with its likeness to perpetual motion, but she consoled herself with the thought that eventually she would finish it, if her patience wasn't exhausted meanwhile.

On Friday, Hutch stopped at Roble for her, and they drove to San Francisco again.

"At Hugh's suggestion, we've been holding his mail," he told Joan. "However, his nurse telephoned me last night that he wants you to read it to him today. Probably there's nothing important in it, but even a friendly

letter from home was supposed to be bad for him to date, and he hasn't seemed insistent." He handed her a small bundle of letters.

"I wonder if the bandage is still on his eyes?"

"It was yesterday, the nurse told me."

"I didn't ask her. I guess I'm afraid of the truth."

"Thoughts are queer things, Joan. Don't carry that attitude around with you. Let's really believe he'll be the old Hugh."

Joan glanced up at him. "I will, Hutch. I'll stop glooming."

Hugh was propped high against the pillows, and, though the bandage was still in place over his eyes when Joan entered the room, he seemed more like his old self as he smiled at her greeting. Hutch, after a greeting and a few minutes of house and campus news, left them, and Joan untied the packet of letters.

"Well, this looks pretty important to start with," she commented. "It offers an organ as a fitting touch to your home for only five thousand dollars. Next is a letter from home."

"Save it till last, Joan. Just before you go."

"Well, how about subscribing to three magazines at reduced rates?"

"Might as well subscribe to the moon. Go on."

"Only two more. One is from the Bangs boys, and one from your law firm in Palo Alto."

"Mr. Wilson first. It must be he, for no one else there would write."

Joan read the heartening little note, and then a funny letter from the three young Bangs. At last, she tore open the one from home.

Dear Son,

Joan tells us that you have run into a bit of hard luck. We feel that rest will be the finest thing for you, Hugh, and want you to stay in the hospital as long as it benefits you. You will probably feel easier to know that Mr. Bishop has insisted on making me a loan, without interest, to see you through. I have accepted it, as my boy's health is one of the most important things in the world to me. If you must lose a quarter in college, don't worry. You can make it up later. If you want to see us, let us know. Joan inferred that there was no cause for anxiety. Your mother sends her love.

Your affectionate,
Dad

Joan dropped the letter and spread her arms above her head. "Oh, Hugh, isn't it wonderful! Now, you can rest and rest and rest. And that's one worry completely gone."

Hugh managed a real grin this time, and when Joan was leaving they both knew somehow that the situation would not be so impossible after all.

* * *

During the next three weeks Joan interspersed her work on the manuscript and her studies with frequent

visits to see Hugh. His sight, while a long way from normal, was improving slowly and steadily. Walking along the hospital corridor shortly before Hugh was scheduled to return to Stanford, Joan was startled to see Don emerging from Hugh's room gaily humming the latest tune. "Why Don! I didn't expect to see you here today."

"Oh, hello Joan. I'm pretty apt to turn up practically anywhere, but I just had a few things I wanted to talk over with Hugh so I decided to run up for a while. You were out when I called Roble or we might have come up together."

"I came up with Hutch. He's gone across town on business and he said he'd stop back for me in about an hour."

"Well, in that case, I think I'll run along. I've got a pile of things to do, and I've got to get back to the campus before dinner. 'Bye, I'll see you later." Don hurried off, and Joan, with a puzzled look after him turned to the door. "Why didn't Don tell me he was coming up here? And he seems to have been here before. I wonder why Hugh never mentioned it?" But Hugh proved a decidedly unsatisfactory source of information when she casually asked about Don and his visits. "Just 'man-talk,'" Hugh explained airily, "a mere girl wouldn't understand!" He grinned complacently as she sputtered incoherently. "I knew that would stir you up."

A few days later, as the school was settling into seri-

ous spring quarter work, a car slipped through the gates onto the campus, and rolled quietly up to the Row to a stop before the Delta House. Hugh had arrived back on the Farm. In celebration, the Deltas held open house for three successive nights and entertained most of the undergraduates, as they arrived in a continuous stream to pay their respects.

Although his eyes were scarcely better, Hugh was allowed to attend classes, to which he wore large dark glasses. His friends read to him from their notes, and from group discussion and comment he missed little that went on in his courses. Directed research was out of the question, but he had, for years, been collecting material about a certain type of problem which particularly interested him. Now, his efforts went into arranging this material in a concise form. His instructor aided him in conferences, and Joan worked long hours typing his thesis.

With Professor Standish's manuscript finally finished, Joan relaxed slightly and enjoyed life a bit more. Hugh was recovering, the worrying over finances had been eased by the loan her father had received, her academic standing was above average according to the Bawl-Out, and oh, it was such a nice day! She stretched out luxuriously in the soft grass and looked over at Bobby who was intent on a pair of robins who were building a nest in a nearby tree.

"Nothing to worry about for a while," she murmured lazily.

"No, nothing except the set of final exams that will be here shortly," Bobby returned darkly.

"Oh, don't take the joy out of life so soon. Let's wait and worry about them when they actually get here."

"Me, I can do both," Bobby grinned complacently. "Besides, if I get you to start really worrying, why then, you'll eventually stir me up and I'll eventually begin to cram before it's too late. Left to myself, I'd undoubtedly get to work sooner or later, but methinks it might be too much later."

"Bobby?"

"Yes?" she helpfully attempted to toss some tiny twigs nearer the two birds.

"Bobby, do you think I'm wasting my time? I mean I've been here almost a year now and I haven't exactly set the world on fire. And the worst part is I don't exactly know where to concentrate my energy."

"Of course not, Joan. Be reasonable. If you started in business in a small town, you wouldn't expect to be mayor by the end of the first year, would you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, Stanford is just that, a city of three thousand people all living together, learning, trying to get along with each other and with themselves, and each trying to lead in at least one activity. Besides, competition here is much keener than you'd find in any small town of similar size because this is a picked group from all

over the United States with far more than average ability."

"But if I don't find out what I want to do, how can I do it?" Joan puzzled.

"You really have something there, Joan," Bobby agreed. "But the only way you can solve that little riddle is to just wait until you decide, and hurry it up as much as possible by experimenting with different courses. And, by the way, have you ever thought of being an actress? I mean as a career?"

"Yes, but I didn't think very much of the idea from all viewpoints. Being an actress has lots of advantages, but it also has certain natural disadvantages like being constantly on the move from place to place, and leading a life just the opposite of that of the ordinary person. Working at night instead of in the daytime might be all right for some people, but I don't think I'd like it. And, it's not as easy as it looks, from all accounts I've ever heard or read. It takes as much, or perhaps more work to become a successful actress, as it does in any other profession, and I don't think the returns are as great over a period of time."

"Well, something else will come to mind. Don't bother too much with it right now. Anyway, the party at the Alpha House is a lot more important at the moment. What are you going to wear?"

"Haven't decided yet. You're jumping a little ahead of yourself. Remember we have to decorate the place first."

"Which reminds me. We've got to ask Butch to get some more blossoms for me," Bobby rising, brushed loose grass from her skirt. "Come on, and walk back with me. We've got to find him before we can ask him to help us."

"All right, but give me your hand, or else I stay here. Getting up by myself is just too much effort."

"If I have to, I have to," Bobby groaned holding out her hand and then, "look out Joan there's a spider! No, on the grass beside you."

"Where?" Joan hastily scrambled to her feet and carefully scanned the grass. "Where is it?" she turned to Bobby.

"I guess it just went away suddenly," Bobby gestured vaguely with a trace of a smile. "I was just practicing the theory of mind over matter."

"Oh, Bobby!" Joan stamped her foot, and then grinned. "Just for that I'm going to tell Butch about that big box of cookies you have hidden away. He'll help make short work of them!"

"No fair," Bobby protested. "By the way, I just remembered I saw a friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who?"

"Mister-let's see-Don's father-Mr. Bishop."

"You saw Mr. Bishop? Where?"

"He was crossing the Quad with Don just as I was coming back from the Library."

"I wonder why he didn't drop in and say 'Hello'?"

Joan thoughtfully picked up her books. "I wonder why he came down now?" she asked herself. "Mr. Bishop never came here before except on special occasions. I wonder—"



Chapter Fifteen

G mirror. "Zowie!" She swirled experimentally, watching her reflection gleefully. "That does it! We'll really make the campus sit up and take notice this time. With sound effects too," she added complacently to herself as, circling her room with what she hoped was a regal air, she listened to the rustle of the long full skirt. "Oh, hang it all, why did you have to pop up just when I'd almost forgotten you?" she addressed the slip of paper on her bureau severely. "It will probably take me about ninety years, but I'll get you paid eventually," she promised the bill for the dress, as she slipped it into a drawer. "Anyway, it's worth it. Oh, I'll be late. Thank goodness I didn't

get on the Alpha's decorating committee. I never would have gotten ready then. Now the coat and away we go." She hummed the latest tune happily.

"Goodness—" Geneve's face lost its gaiety, as she gazed in dismay at her lapin jacket. Carefully she turned up the collar and, pivoting, studied her reflection. The jacket simply ruined the effect of sophistication which the simplicity of the well designed frock conveyed so aptly. It was distinctively naïve—economical. "It just isn't right!" Geneve told herself impatiently. "But, I guess it will have to do just this once." Rebelliously she snatched up her gloves and bag, and hurried down the hall.

The intervening doors were closed, but Joan's, as she passed, stood ajar a few inches with the light still on. "She must have left in a hurry," Geneve reflected. "I wonder why she didn't wear her coat?" The beaver chubby was carelessly draped over a chair within view of her fleeting glance. "I'll have to hurry myself. If I keep Babe waiting much longer he'll never forgive me. I shouldn't have fussed so much with the jacket—" Suddenly, Geneve stopped, turned on the stairs and hesitated, then ran lightly back up the hall and slipped into Joan's room. With one hand on the chubby she paused. "I'm not going to hurt it. I'm just borrowing it for the evening. Joan has often loaned the coat, so surely she wouldn't have minded if I'd thought to ask her earlier. Or would she? Per-

haps, she'll never even notice it has been borrowed—especially, if I bring it back early." Resolutely, Geneve pushed away the remembrance of her past disloyalty, and ran back to put her own coat away. A moment later, hurrying down the stairs, Geneve realized that she was now definitely late!

* * *

Meanwhile, at the Alpha house, the girls on the decorating committee in smocks or shorts, tired and mussed, crawled down off their ladders or sat back on their heels as the waiters appeared with platters of sandwiches and cups of coffee. As they ate, sitting crosslegged on the floor, they leaned back and surveyed their handiwork. There wasn't any particular motif, just great bunches of fruit blossoms catching the light in a pale mist, and snapdragons banked against stately rows of delphinium. Later, the little Chinese waitresses hired for the evening would add one more vivid note of color with their soft brocaded dresses and embroidered slippers.

"Well, girls," Rita smiled upon the tired freshmen, "it's perfect. Just perfect! And to think that you went out and found all this gorgeousness by yourselves! People were certainly generous to let you beg and borrow from their gardens. Dixie, your Santa Clara Valley orchard won't have quite as much fruit this year with all these blossoms gone."

Bobby looked at Joan meaningly and sighed, "I hope it's beg and borrow. When I asked Butch if he knew of any delphinium in the Delta garden going to waste he said, 'No, but it is going to waste in other places.' Do you suppose he meant anything sinister by that? When I discovered armfuls of them on the porch this morning, I began to wonder."

"Well, it won't do any good to worry now," Joan rose stiffly to her feet. "Ask him this evening if you like. Or, isn't there a saying about 'Never look a gift horse in the mouth—or face—or something'?"

"Right, quite right. I asked him for them and I got them. I dare say they were growing somewhere in an obscure corner with no one to enjoy them. Come on, or you'll lose your turn for a bath. I signed just after Selma, and she went upstairs ten minutes ago."

In Gay's room on the third floor, Joan, fresh and rested, shook out the folds of her dress. Then she hastily pulled down the hall ironing board and was reaching for the iron when Dixie hailed her from the top of the stairs.

"Joan, are you dressed? Neither am I. Everyone else is, and those two big branches between the doors have come loose and are just hanging sort of upside down."

As she talked, Joan had slipped on a tweed coat that lay handy and scampered down the two flights after Dixie, drawing it together as she went.

On the broad first landing, three steps above the

dance floor, the orchestra was already tuning up. In the dining room, little slant-eyed Chinese girls, slender in their straight tunics, were bringing in punch bowls and glasses. Bobby appearing from the den, made a short run and slid gracefully and accurately toward the swinging kitchen door, her striped taffeta skirt billowing stiffly behind her. Joan and Dixie set to work with a will. In a minute, they were joined by the musicians who, helping and hindering, finally got the branches into position again without too much damage to the creamy white trim.

Almost at once, the boys began to come. Joan, fleeing upstairs, caught sight of the first white jacket just as she turned the corner. "We're going to be late," she whispered back to Dixie, passing the first group of girls on their way down. "I'll have to tidy up, and I've still my dress to press."

"So have I. Leave the iron on for me when you finish, will you?"

The first dance had started when Joan finally reached the dance floor and her partner.

"Joan, you look grand, but a bit tired." Del's eyes were solicitous. "Shall we sit out the rest of this one while you get your breath? I heard from Butch that you were chairman of the committee that turned out the decorations. Congratulations. You'll have the rest of the houses taking notes."

"Taking notes? What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you know? When any house turns out

something really good, you'll see the same idea over and over again. First sorority dance I went to, they had lattices on the walls painted black and twined with red roses. It was a grand effect, but after that all kinds of lattices sprung up everywhere."

"Oh, but there's nothing distinctive about this. It was work, though, and I would like to catch my breath."

The broad terrace was enclosed with canvas, and was lined with couches and hammocks. Joan sank gratefully into one of these for a moment and closed her eyes. The music and the murmur of voices drifted out to them with snatches of laughter. Almost at once, she opened her eyes, jumped to her feet, "Come on, let's finish it out here. It's so cool and quiet and I can rest that way."

Across the Row in the Zeta dining room, Geneve glanced at her watch as she circled slowly under the orange lights. Ten-fifteen. The music stopped on a half-beat and she took her partner's arm.

"Let's find Babe. Do you mind? He and I are due at the Alpha house for supper in fifteen minutes. Oh, there he is." With a wave at him and a signal, she turned to the stairs, reached the dressing room, and, hurriedly powdering her nose, slipped into the chubby. She had it all planned. She would slip the coat off carelessly just before entering the Alpha house, then excuse herself for an instant and run quickly up to the third floor landing. There was a window seat there

into which she could drop the coat, retrieving it later when it was time to go. It would be easy to watch Joan and leave just a few minutes before she. She felt genuinely guilty now about having borrowed one of Joan's possessions without having asked permission.

When Geneve entered, everyone was already finding seats for the supper dance. In the confusion, it was easier to carry out her plan than she had expected. In a moment she was downstairs again with Babe, looking about for a group to join.

All the chairs seemed to be taken and everyone was interested in somebody else. For a moment she hesitated, then Butch, just off to one side hailed her. "Hi, Geneve! Hi, Babe! Get a couple of cushions and come sit." Bobby tried to nudge him, but it was too late. Geneve with obvious relief, sank down on one of the steps near the group. It was at once evident to her that Butch, aside from being guileless and friendly, had hailed her with a motive. She had evidently interrupted a conversation which Rita, Joan and Bobby were directing at him. After a moment of abstracted silence, Rita went on—

"So, ever since they built the new house, she'd been wondering what she'd have under that tree. You see, the house and the terrace and everything was sort of planned around that oak tree. It's the first thing you really notice when you pass. The lawn slopes up and there it is. And she wanted just one big splash of color under the tree. Petunias wouldn't do. Too

low, and hollyhocks are too high. So, she decided on delphinium."

To Geneve, this monologue was quite pointless and too botanical, but it was followed by another equally unintelligible sentence.

"Well, all I can say is," Butch suggested, "I'll go right in and apologize. Maybe if I bought some paper ones in the Emporium basement and twisted 'em on sticks, no one would know the difference. A friend of Dad's in Vancouver stuck paper flowers on his rose bushes once. He almost got a prize for the best garden, too, except that some one noticed the Lady Washington label on a bush of American Beauties."

"Will you hush!" Bobby dealt him a stinging glance. "Hush, and go away."

"No, don't you mind her, Butch," Joan reached out a restraining hand. "If it hadn't been for me, it would never have happened. Butch and I will go together."

Geneve, not understanding the conversation, was only mildly interested. Her eyes, taking in the couples scattered about the big rooms, rated her chances for the second half of the party. Her partner, however, could wait no longer.

"Say, what on earth is this all about? First we hear about a pretty garden, and then what sounds like a major tragedy. It doesn't make sense!"

"Of course it doesn't. You see if it does." Bobby was glad of a chance to recount the matter. "Joan asks Butch to please find her some delphinium for the

decorations tonight, and he said that it would be no trouble at all. So, in the dead of night, he and some other oafs from the Delta House, went up faculty hill and snitched all the delphinium from under the oak tree in Professor Free's front yard. All of it! Joan found it on the terrace this morning and, of course, not suspecting anything, decorated the place with it. There it is, banked up in front of the fireplace over there, and in front of the French doors and on the first landing. Then, to top off our grief, Mrs. Free is one of the patronesses tonight. She came in and we tripped smilingly to meet her only to be greeted with an agonized shriek, 'My delphinium! They are! I'd know them anywhere.' And that's that. We don't know what to do about it, but Rita suggested that this might be a good time to talk it over."

"Yes, but the trouble is, there really isn't anything that one can do. It's all so—"

The sentence hung in mid-air as the group turned toward the kitchen. Through the swinging door came the little Chinese girls running helter, skelter for the front door and followed by the cook shouting, "Fire!"

At once, there was a rush of feet and pandemonium. Everyone was trying to keep cool and help. And each was getting in the other's way. Del called the fire department, while shouts of, "Where is it?" filled the air. In the halls, the groups heading for the stairs in an attempt to salvage their belongings, were broken up abruptly by the arrival of firemen trailing yards of

hose. Boys were already throwing clothes and bedding over the banisters and out of windows. From the opened doors smoke poured down, sending unwary spectators and the remaining students scurrying for safety with smarting eyes and spasms of coughing.

Geneve, after a startled moment, sprang to her feet and rushed for the stairs. The coat! Joan's coat! She must save it. Where was the fire? Where was it? No one knew. She pushed against the groups crowding the stairway, then turned back and started for the servants' stairs at the back of the house. Opening the back entry hall, she was met by a stifling blast of smoke and heat. Frantically, half-sobbing now, she made her way to the front staircase again, pushed her way up with the firemen, and slipped into the upstairs hall. Past wardrobe trunks with boys and girls excitedly tugging at them, past bureaus and studio couches, she ran to the foot of the third floor stairs. There she found a massive fireman determinedly standing guard, his arms spread to either wall effectively blocking the way.

"You can't go up there, Miss. Fire started up there. You'd be trapped."

"But I must! Please! I must. Just to the landing for a moment. Please!" She begged wildly and then attempted to brush by.

"No, Miss! You can't go up there. You'd never reach the top of the stairs let alone find anything.

Don't be foolish. No possession is worth your life!" He took her by the arm as a thick black eddy of smoke rolled down the stairs and set them both to coughing. "Sorry, little lady. Make way here for the hose. If there's anything up there now, it'll probably still be there tomorrow. We'll get this under control pretty soon now."

One of the girls, passing, shoved an armful of books at Geneve and another called back over her shoulder as she stopped down the hall, "Come on, Geneve, we've got to get out right away. It's not safe to stay. What's the matter? Come on!"

In desperation, Geneve pulled away, took one look at the stair opening disgorging smoke, flames, and water, then turned and followed the others. It was no use. The coat was gone and she never could replace it or explain her conduct. Dully, Geneve realized that circumstances had turned her selfish act into one with consequences which could not be avoided.

Later, much later, when the last car loaded with the girls' belongings had driven away, and the Alphas had dispersed to other houses to spend the night, Babe and Geneve drove slowly down the Row.

"Well, I don't blame you for being excited, Geneve. The Alphas certainly put on a party tonight that the Campus won't forget in a hurry." Babe stretched out, relaxed and comfortable in the big sedan ready to reminisce. "Funniest thing I saw tonight was Hank

Seeley leaning out of the second story window and throwing a mirror down. Then he got so excited that he ran down the steps carrying some sofa cushions! And all the little Chinese girls were running so fast that they left their slippers scattered over the front lawn."

Geneve tried to laugh but it was no use. Everything seemed to be spinning madly before her eyes. Closing them for a few moments helped somewhat, and gradually the sensation wore off.

"I wonder if they'll save the third floor?"

"Not a chance. I took a peek just before I left and it's completely gutted. There were just a few rooms up there, you know. It's completely burned, right down to the second floor, stairway and all. Tough luck! But, it's good that it's so near vacation. They'll have a chance to rebuild it before fall."

"Tough luck! Just how tough, I hope you never know," Geneve thought, miserably. "But I guess he will. They all will," she sighed disconsolately.

Back in Roble, after the excitement had finally died away, Joan dropped her bag on the table, flopped into a chair and, with a sigh of relief, kicked off her slippers.

"Hey, take it easy." Selma stuck a sleepy head through the doorway. "My head feels as though someone were celebrating the Fourth of July there." She groaned, "That smoke just about put me out of commission."

"How on earth did you manage to get back and into bed so soon?" Joan asked, surveying her silken wiggling toes with satisfaction.

"I only beat you by about five minutes. But two zippers and a shrug, and here I am." Selma yawned. "Say, this blue hassock just matches my pajamas. What a night!"

"That reminds me. I intended to write a few lines to mother tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Yes. I thought I'd tell them the news while I still could remember what happened," Joan slipped a sheet of paper into her noiseless portable typewriter and began to write as she talked. "I don't ever think I'll forget the sight of all the girls in party dresses trying to rescue their clothes and everything else. And the disgusted looks of the firemen every time they turned around and found another Alpha tripping over their hoses."

"It wasn't exactly a picture of cool, calm, collected action," Selma agreed with a smile. "But I was rather bewildered after a few minutes. No one knew what was happening, and the general idea seemed to be 'Let's get out of here.' It also seemed against the rules to leave without taking something with you, and, believe it or not, I found myself standing on the walk with a hat under one arm and a vase in the other. I must have looked like the Statue of Liberty."

"But did you see Bill Stern?"

"No. I had my own troubles. Why?"

"He suddenly dashed out of the house looking as pleased as Punch, and carrying the goldfish bowl. Then he dropped it on the grass and spilt all the water and lost the fish. You should have seen him for the next minute! He scrambled around on his hands and knees trying to find the missing fish, and carefully put them back into the empty bowl. Then he ran over with it to a fire hose and managed to get some more water. The fish didn't seem much the worse for the experience, though. They were swimming around when I last saw Bill with them."

"Come on in," Joan answered a light tap on the hall door. "Why May, how come you're wandering around at this time of night?"

"Me, I'm collecting harrowing adventures of Roble girls for the sole benefit of the Daily," May proclaimed. "And now, Miss Whitney, just how did you feel when you were trapped in that blazing inferno? Trapped, while outside your rescuers attempted to break through that towering curtain—that crackling, roaring wall of flame which held you—"

"But, I wasn't trapped. No one was," Joan interrupted.

"Hey, how about me?" Selma protested. "Don't I get interviewed?"

"That depends," May eyed her suspiciously, "on whether or not your experiences and views on tonight's fire merit the attention of our readers." Assuming a

lofty pose, May tapped on her pad with a pencil. "Well, to begin with—"

"Remember, my motto is 'All the truth that's fit to print,'" May sternly admonished.

"And I was going to make it really interesting! After all, I might have skinned my knee jumping into a fireman's net, instead of falling over a chair. It would make a much better story," Selma looked up hopefully.

"You're hopeless," May snorted. "I'm beginning to see a nice white space in the *Daily* where my story should be," she shook her head dolefully.

"If it will be any help to you, you can have a copy of this letter," Joan offered, pulling the paper out of her machine. "I'm so used to doing it, that I automatically made a carbon. It contains everything that I saw or heard tonight."

"Grand!" May scanned the sheets rapidly. "Why this is perfect! In fact, it's a better story than I could write myself."

"Well, you're welcome to it, and now methinks I'll catch up on my sleep."

"That's the best idea I've heard so far," May agreed. "See you in the morning. Good night, and thanks for the story."

"Goodnight, May. 'Night, Selma."

"Oh, Joan, do you happen to have any aspirin? This head of mine still feels awful."

"I think so. Just a minute. Here they are."

"Thanks."

Joan drowsily slipped out of her frock and hung the dainty dress in the closet. For a moment she looked at the row of dresses, puzzled. Something was missing. "Oh, my coat. Let's see. What did I do with it?" Joan thought back over the evening. "No, I didn't wear it. I'm positive I didn't. But, it's not here." Frantically, she searched the dresses again, thinking it might be hidden behind one of them. Then, finding no trace of it, she ran into Selma's room. "Selma! My coat's gone!"

"What's the matter?"

"My coat. It's gone."

"Gone where?" Selma's answer was more of a groan than a question.

"I don't know. Oh, Selma, wake up! Please!"
Selma wearily sat up. "Now, what's it all about?"
she demanded reproachfully.

"I told you my coat has disappeared. I'm sure I left it on the chair when I went over to the Alpha House this evening, and I just discovered that it isn't in my room now."

"Well, I'll be darned if any coat can just evaporate. It must be somewhere in the room."

"But it isn't. I've looked everywhere."

"Are you sure you didn't take it with you?"

"Positive. Why, you were here when I left. Remember? I tossed it over the back of the chair and

came out to help you collect those papers you had dropped?"

"Why, yes," Selma recollected. "And we went directly downstairs then. But, what could have happened to it?"

"I don't know, unless someone came in and borrowed it for the evening. No one would do that, though without saying something about it. They know I wouldn't mind if they'd ask."

"And anyway," Selma agreed, "they'd have brought it back before now. Still, there's no way any stranger could have gotten up here unnoticed."

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"Nothing tonight. It's too late to accomplish anything. It would be better to wait till morning and then, if it doesn't turn up by, say ten o'clock, well, I'd begin asking questions."

"Yes, I guess you're right," Joan nodded. "There's no use disturbing the entire hall tonight. If I find that someone just appropriated it without so much as a 'by your leave,' there's going to be war. I don't mind lending my things to people, but I do object to being imposed upon."

"I don't blame you a bit," Selma agreed. "That sort of thing just won't do here. But jump into bed now, and tomorrow we'll really start a search for it. And try not to worry."

"O. K. Sorry I woke you up. G'night."

"Goodnight, and get some sleep," Selma again buried her head in the pillow.

Joan half-heartedly looked around her room again, and then slipped under the covers. "Gosh, I hope it turns up some place," she murmured fervently. "It must!"

A few doors away, Geneve entering her suite found it quiet and empty. She remembered that Daphne, her suite-mate, had planned on a weekend at home. "Well, it doesn't matter. I'm just as lonely when she's here," she told herself. Although their ways seldom met, Daphne had lately seemed to join in the general disapproval of some of Geneve's actions. Her door, closing her in, shut out no one in the house who cared for her, Geneve reflected bitterly. "My circle of friends have gradually narrowed down and down till now there's no one left in it but myself," she told herself. Restlessly, she walked back and forth. "Tomorrow I'll have to see it through. All the girls will know about the coat before noon. Oh, what's the difference? They've about decided that I'm not much good anyway, so one more black mark won't matter particularly. But I've got to square this somehow with Joan! I didn't mean to hurt anyone. I know it, even if they don't. But they'll never believe it."

Suddenly, a tremor of fear caught at her throat. Her eyes opened wide and tears coursed unheeded down her face. "I only wanted to be admired and popular. Even I wanted to be loved a little bit. I've tried hard, but

I seem to just do the opposite to what they want. And now I've really gotten myself in a jam. What is wrong with me anyway?" She turned to the mirror and gasped at her reflection. Then deliberately to emphasize the ugliness of tear-streaked cheeks and swollen eyes, she lifted the waves and curls away from her face. They left a thin, little face, with high cheek bones, all angles, stark and unbeautiful.

"That's what I really am," she said to herself defiantly, "and all the girls know it. I'm just a plain, ordinary girl with an overgrown bunch of conceit. For a while, I had a lot of people fooled, but now they all see through me. And yet, I really could be quite a nice person. Bring me down to earth and I might be someone after all. Well, I'll bring myself down. In fact, I'm down already. Most of the things I have to do, I don't mind any more. And the ones that I do, I'll do anyway." She stared back at herself in angry defiance as the tears trickled on down her cheeks and over her firm little chin.



Chapter Sixteen

Maybe if I keep my eyes shut tightly, I can go back to sleep," Joan reflected, feeling the morning sun shining through her windows. "I really should get up right away and study for those quizzes. It'll be much nicer later on, though." With a little sigh she rolled over and pulled the covers over her head. "Last night—I'm so tired—last night? Oh, my coat!" with a start she sat up. "What a dream. Or was it a dream?" Hurriedly she looked in her closet and around the room. "No, it's actually gone!" Now wide awake and remembering the details of the previous night's happenings, Joan sat disconsolately on the edge of her bed. How could she explain her loss to Mom and Dad? "Well," she decided after thinking for a few

minutes, "the first thing to do is to get some breakfast. I'm going to need all the energy I have before this is over. In the meantime, maybe it will turn up some place. Perhaps one of the girls may have seen some trace of it. There's bound to be an awful rumpus when I report that it's missing from my room," she shook her head ruefully. "But I can't help it. They can't very well expect me to be quiet when my only fur coat disappears!" Dressing quickly, she joined the other girls as they were going into the dining room.

"What service," Joan murmured blissfully, suspecting Greeks bearing gifts as she found a folded morning newspaper by her place. Opening it, her eyes widened. The Alpha fire—but more than that! Almost word for word, here was the description she had written to her family! Glancing up, Joan found May's amused eyes upon her.

"You don't mind, do you? I knew it was good the moment I saw it. So, I called Berge up and he drove me up to San Francisco. As you see, the *Chronicle* liked it. They told me to tell you that whenever you felt you had anything equally good, they'd be glad to look at it."

"Oh, May!"

"And that's not all. They sent you this." May ceremoniously laid a check before Joan who was almost speechless with surprise and growing excitement. "But if you get that check framed and demand we hang it in the lobby, we'll throw you out," May threatened

with a smile, seeking to ease the other's obvious confusion.

"Oh, thanks, May. Thanks a million!" Joan thought it sounded too prosaic for the occasion, and she frantically searched her mind for more glowing words.

"Forget it! It was fun," May laughed. "I just walked in, found the editor, looked him straight in the eye and then—then my courage seemed to fade away, and I sort of stuttered and handed him your paper. He glanced at it rather skeptically and then began to read the description. Then he sort of grunted, asked a couple of questions about the House's location and you, and said he could use the story."

"What's going on here?" Bobby and Dixie arrived arm in arm.

"Joan's story of the Alpha's fire made the first page of the Chronicle."

"Congratulations!"

"Whee! Nice going."

"How come?"

"I wrote it for a letter I was sending Mom. And May took it up to the newspaper without saying a word," Joan explained happily.

"At that rate," Bobby commented in an awed tone, "if she really started to write a news story in earnest it would probably end up by being printed in the Atlantic Monthly."

"Yes, and to think of all that talent going to waste for the past year. We could all have hired her to

write our letters home. You know, the ones 'explaining' where our last month's allowance went." Dixie pensively remembered hours spent carefully wording such notes.

"After six months in college, I didn't think anyone needed help to write that kind of a letter," Selma volunteered with a self-satisfied air.

"No, but after six months in college most of us are apt to forget how to write any other kind, or to write at all except when we need help," Bobby nodded sadly, thinking of her own laxness in letting her semi-weekly letter home become a weekly one.

"Well, gals, when in doubt remember the time that a somewhat irked parent inserted a quarter-page advertisement in the Daily. He protested that while he didn't mind the expense of his son's education, and neither expected nor wanted gratitude for providing it, he rather thought he was entitled to at least a letter once in a while." May's eyes twinkled as several spoons plunged deeper into the grapefruits as the girls wielding them listened to the tale. "Besides," she added mischievously, "just look how the fairies take care of the good little girls. Joan writes a letter to her mother, and behold, is rewarded by unexpected riches!"

"Say, that's an idea! How about it, Joan? Do we have a share-the-wealth-program this morning? Me? I'm broke! Sorry, I meant financially embarrassed." Dixie looked up hopefully.

"Hi, Saxon." Bobby prevented any reply as the blonde girl sank into her place beside Joan.

"Morning, everyone," Saxon returned the greeting a bit absently. "Joan, I've got to see you as soon as possible—upstairs," her voice was pitched so low that only Joan could hear.

"All right, we're finished now anyway."

A few minutes later, as the door of Joan's room closed behind them, Saxon faced her companion a bit wearily.

"It's hard to know just how to begin, Joan. So much has happened in the past twenty-four hours that I'm rather dazed."

"So am I. Someone went bye-bye with my coat!"

"Yes, I know—"

"You know?" Joan's eyes reflected her amazement. "But no one except Selma and I— Oh, Saxon, you didn't—?"

"No, I didn't take your coat." Saxon shook her head sadly. "It's not as simple as all that."

"Well, who did then?"

"Geneve borrowed it for the evening."

"Geneve! Why, of all the nerve! Why didn't she tell me? I've been nearly frantic! Anyway, the coat is all right?"

"That's just the trouble. It's not." Saxon restlessly walked up and down. "Geneve merely meant to borrow it but the fire—"

"It was burned?" Joan's voice was dreary.

"Yes. But Joan, she didn't expect anything to happen to it. In fact she did everything humanly possible to save it."

"That doesn't get me back my coat." Joan felt more angry every moment. "It was the only thing in my wardrobe I was really proud of."

"I know. But you've just got to understand. It was an accident."

"Well, it wasn't an accident that she took it in the first place. Geneve's been like that ever since she first came. So intent on herself that others or their rights weren't worth worrying about."

"Perhaps." Saxon agreed gently. "And I don't blame you for being angry. I would be myself in your place. But, there's something else at stake, something that I think is a little more important than either your coat or your feelings."

"What, for instance?" Joan demanded bitterly.

"A girl's future," Saxon returned gravely. "It's true that Geneve did lose your coat, and it's also true that she has been an exceedingly selfish, self-centered individual for the past year. But neither fault is serious enough to warrant her leaving Stanford. And that's what will happen if the story gets out."

"That's her worry. She should have thought of it before."

"No, it's yours too. You'll forget the coat long before you had forgotten Geneve, and had stopped wondering where she was."

"How did you happen to find out about it anyway?"

"Geneve woke me up about six o'clock this morning. She was up all night trying to figure out what she could do to make amends. She's changed, Joan. Really she has. She apologized for all the times she's 'cut' me, and then told me the whole story. All her bags were packed and she intended to catch the first train up to San Francisco. She said that she could probably get a job and might eventually save enough to buy you a new coat."

"Where is she now?"

"In my room. I argued with her for two solid hours, until I was practically exhausted too. Finally, she agreed to wait till tonight and she fell asleep on my bed. Joan, if it's really the loss of the coat— Well, I've gotten a little money together and—"

"Hey, Joan—" a knock and the opening of the door were almost simultaneous. "Oh, I'm sorry," Sandra stopped short. "It's nothing important. I'll see you later, Joan." Sandra sensed the tense atmosphere and started to back out of the room.

"Just a minute, Sandra," Saxon looked at her thoughtfully. "I think you're just the person to help us think this thing out. Sit down a minute, will you?"

"What thing?" Sandra looked curiously from one to the other.

"But Saxon—" Joan protested.

"It's all right, Joan," Saxon's voice held a note of authority. "I know what I'm doing."

Quickly, in short, terse sentences she outlined for Sandra's ears the problem that confronted them.

"And now, what can we do? I mean, how can we straighten this out with the least possible damage to everyone?"

"Seems like there has been quite a bit of damage already," Sandra commented bluntly.

"But do you think Geneve should have to leave?" Saxon held to her point.

"It does seem a bit harsh, but how about Joan? After all, it was her coat."

"Well, Geneve's going away won't bring that back," Joan offered. "It's gone, and that's that."

"Not quite," Sandra spoke decisively. "No, Geneve will have to replace it."

"Don't be silly. We'll just forget about it." Joan shrugged resignedly.

"She can't. She hasn't the money," Saxon agreed. "I'll loan it to her."

"You?"

"Yes, of course. Well, don't look at me so incredulously. I get quite a big allowance and I've saved most of it. It's not doing me any good where it is."

"But why—?"

"Because no other way will make it possible for her to stay. If she didn't replace it, the thought that the story might come out sooner or later would always hang over her head and she'd be living in constant suspense. Also, she'd feel deeply under obligation to

Joan, and one just can't be friends with a girl one's hopelessly in debt to."

"But then she'll still be under obligation to you," Saxon objected. "Your lending her money will only complicate matters."

"No it won't," Sandra stated calmly. "She won't feel under any obligation to me. No, not when she finds out I intend to charge her, let's say, two percent interest."

"Interest!" The two girls gazed at her in shocked amazement.

"I might have known there would be a catch in the offer somewhere," Saxon sniffed distastefully.

Sandra smiled wryly. "I expected an explosion at that idea, but it can't be helped. Believe me, if I learned nothing else from having wealthy parents, I did learn the whys and wherefores of money. I don't really care about the possibility of not getting my loan repaid, and certainly not about a few cents interest, but it is the only way of putting it on a business-like basis. She'll undoubtedly think I'm a penny-pinching moneybags, but she'll at least feel free and have some self-respect left."

"I guess you're right," Saxon agreed with a new note of respect in her voice. "I'm sorry I misunderstood."

"Forget it. Just tell Geneve not to worry any more and I'll drop in to see her later on."

"Oh, I almost forgot," Saxon paused at the door, "there's still something else."

"There can't be!" Sandra groaned. "Not this morning at any rate. Not when I have some studying I just must get done."

"That's it."

"What's it? My studying?"

"No Geneve's. She's been spending too much time on other things and she will either have to pass those finals reasonably well, or else our efforts to help her will be wasted. She'll be flunked."

"Well for goodness' sakes! What do you think we can do about that?" Sandra was a bit exasperated. "We're going to have a hard enough time ourselves."

"We could drill her in a series of cram sessions. We probably could all stand the review," Joan proposed thoughtfully.

"I give up," Sandra sank wearily back into her chair. "Here, I thought I'd spend a nice, quiet weekend on the campus and look at what I got myself into!"

"You will help, though?" Saxon urged.

"If I've got to, I've got to." Sandra groaned. "It's just 'cause I've promised to lend her the money though," she defended her weakening. "I can't afford to let her be dropped out. Then I'd never get paid back."

"Of course. We understand." Saxon's smile vanished at Sandra's suspicious look. "See you two later then." With a wave she was gone.

"She's a grand person, Joan." Sandra attempted to brush the wrinkles out of her skirt.

"You're not so bad yourself," Joan spoke warmly. "Oh, I don't merely mean about this particular thing, but all the time."

"But I—"

"Never mind. What did you want to see me about in such a hurry a few minutes ago?"

"I—I— I've really forgotten," Sandra confessed with a grin. "I have a better idea though. Let's hike over and raid the Cellar. Anything for an excuse to dodge those books," her eyes rested momentarily on an imposing pile of books which perched precariously on the edge of Joan's desk.

"Motion seconded and carried," Joan agreed briskly, picking up her jacket. "The fresh air will do us good anyway."

At the Cellar, they weren't very surprised to find Bobby perched on a stool, contentedly munching some cookies and regarding a large milkshake affectionately.

"Hi, Bobby. You really look happy. Where's Butch? Or is he still in disgrace?"

"He claims he has the delphinium situation under control. Maybe we can eventually walk around the campus without having to duck behind bushes every time Mrs. Frees appears. We'll know in a few minutes. He telephoned and said he'd meet me here."

"Meanwhile you seem to be getting a head start on the refreshments," Sandra observed smiling.

"I figured I'd just save the check for Butch," Bobby complacently sipped on. "Come on and join me.

Butch ought to pay handsomely to be reinstated in our good graces. And besides think of the mental anguish I suffered," she added virtuously.

"Here he comes now."

"Welcome, Butch!"

"Hello," the boy's voice matched his crestfallen air.

"What's wrong? Couldn't you fix it up?" Bobby asked anxiously.

"Yes, everything has been taken care of. That is, if you mean Mrs. Frees' garden, or will be in a couple of days."

"What's the matter then, Butch? You look as if you've lost your last friend."

"It'll cost me so much that I'll be bankrupt for the next ten years," he mourned pessimistically.

"What cost so much?" Joan prompted. "Did Mrs. Frees ask that you pay for the flowers?"

"No, of course not," Butch explained. "Besides, offering her money wouldn't have done any good. Bobby told me to do what I could to regain her good will, so I went to one of the big landscaping companies with a snapshot of the Frees' house. The man promised to fix that plot of ground so that it would be even better than it was before but—oh, I didn't know flowers could be so expensive!" He shook his head ruefully. "The next time I'll destroy something cheap, like a Ming vase!"

"That's tough luck," Joan sympathised. "Wasn't

there any way of just fixing the plants that were already there?"

"No, when we went to work, we swept the place clean."

"Butch never does anything half-way," Bobby confided to the world sadly. "Now that he's broke, I'll have to pay for my own drink."

"Not only yours, but mine." A cheerful grin returned to Butch's face. "When I get out of funds, I really get out of funds. Right now I haven't enough to buy a newspaper."

"Oh, and I left my purse at Roble," Bobby exclaimed weakly. "Joan, you're my sorority sister—?"

Her hopeful look faded as Joan shook her head. "I've only got a quarter with me."

"Well, rather than see you two remain here for the rest of your lives, I'll bail you out," Sandra offered. "If they put you to washing dishes, you'd eat continuously and you never would catch up. Besides we need Bobby for a cram session tonight."

"Think I'd rather stay here," Bobby demurred. "It has a restful atmosphere anyway."

"No, you're the whiz at Western Civilization, and we've got to go over that thoroughly," Joan reminded sternly.

"Why? Who's in trouble now?"

"Geneve has to get in some real cramming in order to get by in the finals."

"Well, who cares if she doesn't?" Bobby demanded.

"I'm sure I don't. She's always done exactly as she pleased, and she's never bothered about us. Why should we worry about her troubles?"

"Look, Bobby, I haven't asked you many favors, but really I'd appreciate your help now. I think we've cracked that veneer of sophistication she's always worn, and that there's real stuff underneath. You won't regret it, I promise. And remember that time we worked over French with you just before the semi-finals?" Joan disliked to remind her of past favors, but could see no alternative.

"Well, if you put it that way, sure I'll help," Bobby consented. "Can't I tell her though that any dumb bunny could learn it the first time?" She grinned in anticipation.

"Hold on there," Sandra protested vehemently, "I came near getting dropped from that class last quarter. And I'm not a dumb bunny!"

"Uh, oh," Bobby murmured. "Apologies humbly offered. I thought present company was always excepted."

"Generally is," Sandra agreed, "but that course in Western Civilization happens to be one of my weak spots."

"Come on, we'd better go back and get to work," Joan suggested. "But first let's look over the Alpha House in the daylight."

"Right, let's go."

The white stucco building, which had been spot-

lessly clean and impressive in the previous day's sun, now stood dismal and forlorn, covered with soot, and with the top story and roof a mass of charred wreckage.

"It's too bad it had to be the Alpha's," Bobby surveyed the ruins sadly. "Did they find out any more about it? Or how it started?"

"Nothing only that it originated on the third floor. They'll probably never find out exactly what caused it."

"I'm glad, if it had to happen, that no one was injured," Joan pointed out. "The place was jammed last night and it could have been a whole lot worse than it was."

"Perhaps, but that was quite enough for me," Sandra's tone left no doubt as to her feelings in the matter. "I'm practically saturated with smoke, and I can still smell that burnt wood. I've had enough fires for a long while. I'm going on back to Roble. Coming?"

* * *

As twilight fell that afternoon, most of the Roble girls were digging into books in preparation for the coming week of finals, while in Joan's room a group was settling down for serious work.

Geneve, wielding a jar of paste, worked with Saxon as they fitted typewriter paper together to form one large sheet about eighteen by twenty-four inches in size.

"There. It's finished." Saxon surveyed her handiwork with pride. "Now, who's got a ruler?"

"Here's one," Dixie held it up over her shoulder from the floor where she was surrounded by papers and books.

"Good. Here, Geneve, you block it out now. We want— Hey, Bobby, how many squares?"

"About ten each way. We want to put the various phases and periods of development across the top and each division such as commerce, art, and religion will be listed in a row along the side. Then we can carry each division through from the beginning."

With the blank chart stuck on the wall, the cram session really started in earnest. Each phase was discussed, checked, and re-checked. The main points were then condensed for use on the chart. The hours slipped by and the drilling continued. To Joan's mind, the picture was very much like one in the play. Dixie had finally fallen asleep, curled up on the top of her bed. Sandra and Selma were alternately nodding and dozing off in chairs, while Bobby and Saxon kept questioning Geneve between cups of coffee. It was almost three by the time the session finally broke up, for a few hours' sleep before the first quiz which was scheduled for nine o'clock.

Sleepy-eyed but fortified with innumerable cups of black coffee, the girls straggled toward class the next morning. "Do you think Geneve can make it?" Saxon asked, putting her arm through Joan's.

"If she can't, there's something wrong. We've never worked harder with anyone. And she had those facts learned so that she could almost repeat them backwards."

"Have you seen her this morning?"

"Only for a moment. She left before we did. We'll probably find her sitting on the steps."

"Well, you said that Geneve had changed, but I still can't believe my eyes and ears. She's actually almost perfect."

"I thought you'd agree with me. She accepted Sandra's offer as a lifesaver, but didn't get maudlin. I think we'll find she has a lot of spunk and energy before long."

"I'm glad it turned out the way it did. Sandra has a much better grasp of the principles of human psychology than I gave her credit for having. She certainly saved us from making rather a mess of things."

"She surprised me too," Saxon nodded. "Well, here we are, and there's Geneve."

With the bell, the students filed into the building, picking up their blue books in which the questions were to be answered as they entered the classroom. Looking around her, Joan saw none of the signs of gaiety that usually managed to creep into the room. Nothing except earnest determination was reflected on the faces of her classmates. Hurriedly she glanced at the question sheet. "How had Roman civilization, up to the time of Constantine, been influenced by its her-

itage from the civilizations of the ancient east and Greece?" Forty-five minutes for the answer! With one more quick glance around to see how her friends were getting along, Joan briskly started to write.

This scene was to be duplicated constantly in the next few days. The brief intervals between examinations were devoted to one continuous cram session. Sometimes it was Geneve who was in need of help, and sometimes Dixie and Selma, but all of the girls profited by the sessions.

After finishing the last examination on Wednesday afternoon, the girls greeted Thursday with happy satisfaction. Senior week and the Senior Ball! The campus again began to buzz with excitement and anticipation.

"Going to the Ball?" Bobby asked meeting Joan in the hall just before lunch.

"Yes, Don asked me the other day. How about yourself?"

"I'll be there with bells on. After those quizzes I feel as though we deserve a really bang-up affair."

"It will be. At least, Hugh promised that it would be the best dance the campus has seen in many a day. So long, I'll see you later."

"Why the rush?"

"Don just 'phoned and said he wanted to see me as soon as possible. There he is now. 'Bye."

Outside, Don was just getting out of a borrowed roadster when Joan joined him.

"What's wrong, Don? Hugh isn't ill again, is he?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course not. This is going to be fun. Come on, hop in." He shut the door as Joan obeyed, and, circling around the car, slid in beside her. "Away we go and where we'll stop nobody knows," Don chuckled gleefully as he pressed the starter.

"Oh Don, please don't take me on a sightseeing jaunt this afternoon. I've got a million things to do. Remember the party is tonight, and I wanted to see Hugh for a few minutes too."

"Don't worry, Joan. You take life too seriously. Now look at me, for example. I'm not worrying about a thing. The sun is shining. Exams are over. A dance is in the offing. Why there's not a cloud on the whole horizon."

"Yes? Well, just remember that if my dress isn't ready in time, I'll attend the Senior Ball in a pair of overalls," Joan threatened darkly.

"Sort of turn it into a costume ball?" Don grinned. "I told you not to worry. I'll bring you back in plenty of time. Right now we've more important things to do."

Swinging north on El Camino Real for a short distance, Don turned into a side road at the end of which the gateway to The Allied Arts Guild beckoned.

"Gosh, Don!" Joan exclaimed in delight. "I haven't had tea here for simply ages. I think it's the prettiest spot on the whole Peninsula. This is a surprise!"

"I rather thought you'd like it. Let's go in."

The walled-in gardens were a world unto themselves. Once past the gate it was hard to believe that outside, in a busy commercial world, time rushed on. Here it did not matter, for here was the California of the Dons—quiet, calm, serene—with the charming dignity of old Spain flavored by the rich tang of adventurous California. After pausing several times to admire the shrubbery and colorful blossoms, Joan finally allowed herself to be led through several arches to the patio where, from the sound of voices and laughter, some sort of party was already well started. "Probably some Seniors are celebrating," she reflected, as they rounded the corner and stepped onto the terrace. "Oh, it can't be!" But it was. Around a gaily decorated table sat her parents, Mr. Bishop and Hugh!

"Mom!" Joan flung her arms around her mother's shoulders. "Mom, how in the world did you and Dad get here? And Mr. Bishop, too. I'm so glad to see you! I expected you for Commencement but I thought that tomorrow was the earliest you could possibly arrive? Where did you stay last night? How did you get here this early? Hugh, you knew they were coming. Why didn't you tell me?" Joan frowned at her brother who returned her gaze amiably.

"We just thought it would be fun to surprise you," Mrs. Whitney smiled. "So we stayed overnight in San Francisco and drove down this morning. Sit down,

dear, you're getting too excited. I think your father has some good news for you."

"Well, who wouldn't get excited at this?" Joan slipped into the chair Don offered and looked questioningly at her father.

Don couldn't restrain himself any longer. "We did it, Joan! They're going to build the houses! We've gotten the money. They said 'No' at first, but finally they said 'Yes.'"

"What houses? Whose money? And who said 'Yes'?" Bewildered, Joan vainly tried to make sense out of Don's tumbling words.

"Don's houses and yours, Joan," her father gently explained. "They're really going to be built now."

"But how?" Joan's puzzled eyes flew from one to the other. "Where?"

"Hugh can probably answer that better than I," Mr. Whitney looked across the table. "Let's give him a chance."

"Remember, Joan," Hugh began when quiet reigned for a moment, "I told you I'd try to put those paintings you gave me to some practical use? Well, I studied your data and the drawings for quite a while. The more I thought it over the better the whole idea seemed, but it sounded a little too good to be practical. Finally I cornered Don one day and found he felt the same as you did—that it was something to dream about but to forget for the time being. I took the paintings to him and started to revive the old enthusiasm. Within

a few minutes, it was he who was pointing out the advantages of the plans, while I tried to find flaws in his arguments."

"That's putting it rather mildly," Don protested. "All the truth now. Hugh went at me as if I were his opponent's star witness and were perjuring myself at every word," he explained mournfully. "If I said the roof should be tile, he'd argue for slate, and vice versa."

"I had to," Hugh grinned at the recollection. "I wanted to try to anticipate every objection that might possibly be raised by a prospect. Not only that, but I also wanted to make sure, as far as I was able, that the whole idea would hold water under fire."

"And by the time we had finished, he was hoarse and we were both exhausted!" Don finished.

"And then what happened?" Joan prompted as the laughter subsided.

"Then they both came after me," Mr. Whitney took up the tale. "I really had no idea of what Don and Hugh were up to until, after I had made a few very minor suggestions, I agreed that they were the finest designs for a small home that I had seen for a long time. Then the boys really started to work in earnest. While Don talked figures and materials as fast as he could string the statistics together, Hugh gently painted dreamy pictures of the finished development with a glib tongue. He actually had me seeing the little cottages with golden haired children playing in the yards!

Those two certainly make a good team," he shook his head with mock ruefulness.

"You mean," Mrs. Whitney inquired, "that you let these two boys sell you a development on the spur of the moment?"

"Not exactly. Their plans crystallized the ideas that I had had in the back of my head for quite a while. I needed someone to help me who is really enthusiastic, and who has the courage of his convictions. Today there are too many people around who believe that it's hopeless to attempt anything new."

"I assume that the houses will be built on your land, Dad, but where in the world did the money to finance this project come from?" Joan demanded.

"Mr. Bishop can claim most of the credit for that," her father replied.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Bishop demurred. "I've put very little into it. And advancing money for a sure fire proposition like that is no gamble. Besides, the banks are doing the real underwriting."

"Nevertheless, it was you who convinced the banks that the idea was sound. You see, Joan," Mr. Whitney turned back to his daughter, "that is rather a long story. Briefly, eleven banks refused to finance the undertaking, and then, just when we had about given up hope—about the time Hugh's eyes went back on him—the government approved the appropriation for the new highway. The latest plans bring it to within a mile of our Visalia property, and, when the

banks heard that, ten out of the eleven refusals turned into offers to underwrite the project."

"That certainly was a lucky coincidence!"

"Lucky in more ways than one," her father agreed. "But now I'm happy to say that neither you nor Hugh will have to worry about your expenses next semester. That is," he added hastily, "reasonable expenses. We're not quite rich yet."

"And Don?" Joan asked.

"He's already a partner in the firm of Whitney and Bishop. In fact," Mr. Whitney smiled, "I'll really have to work to keep it from becoming Bishop and Whitney!"

* * *

"Joan," Bobby sitting on top of her trunk groaned in despair. "Do you mind coming in here for a moment? This packing is getting me down!"

"Just a second—" Joan tucked some stockings into the already solidly packed case and turned to help Bobby. "Now, what's the trouble?" she demanded briskly.

"My white blouse I intended to wear home is in there!" Bobby's finger pointed viciously to the trunk. "Probably way at the bottom," she added in a bitter wail.

"Well, don't worry. You can borrow mine. Wait a minute and I'll get it."

"Oh," Bobby drew a deep breath, "if I had to shut

this trunk twice in one day why—why I couldn't, that's all," she declared firmly. "Thanks a million. If I were only as methodical as you, life would be so simple. But not nearly so much fun," she grinned at the thought of her "armful at a time" method of packing.

"Bobby, remember when I first came?" Joan asked pensively from the window as she watched the students hurrying to and fro, the cars backing and starting, the stir and excitement of the campus on Commencement Day. "Remember how scared I was? And how big the campus seemed? It was just last spring. Only a year and yet I feel as though I've been here for ages."

"So do I." Bobby slipped down and put her arm around the other's shoulder. "The time passed so quickly. It'll seem strange living up on the Row when we come back in the fall. I'll miss this place."

"So'll I," Joan nodded slowly. "We've had some grand times here. But I guess we'll be even fonder of the Alpha House before we graduate."

"I suppose you're right. You usually are. But we'll never again have so many new experiences in such a short time."

"Not until we leave Stanford," Joan agreed, "but from now on we're going to be able to take more interest in student activities. And the first thing I'm going to do when I get back is to go after a job on the 'Daily.'"

"A job on the 'Daily'? Why not stick to dramatics?"

"I'll still try-out for every play I can," Joan explained,

"but I really want to try being a reporter. I like to
write and news coverage is becoming more important
every day. There's a great opportunity in that field,
and I think that I'd enjoy it. I guess that the story of
mine the 'Chronicle' printed started me thinking in that
direction," she confessed, a little embarrassed. "Oh,
it's not as bad as you think. I really mean to work and
if I show any ability I'll continue. If not, well the
experience will have been valuable anyway."

"That's a good idea. You'll never know unless you actually try it for a while. By the way, Hugh is coming back in the fall, isn't he?"

"Yes, he still has two more years of post-graduate work to do. It would be lonesome without him around to scold me every once in a while. But I'll have to hurry. I promised to meet Mom and Dad and have lunch with them, and I've still some odds and ends to pack."

"When are you leaving?"

"We're going home by car right after Commencement. But I'll see you again before I leave. Right now, I've got to run for it."

"Hi, Joan!" Del's voice battled the clatter of his car. "I was just coming over to see you? Whither away?"

"Hello Del," Joan turned and stopped. "How about dropping me over at the Union? Promised to meet my

father and mother there for lunch. How about joining us?"

"I'd love to, Joan." Del shook his head, "but I've promised to meet the one o'clock train. My father said he'd be on it. I came over especially to find out when you were leaving."

"About five-thirty. Why?"

"Just wanted to give you a send-off. If I don't see you again before you leave, try to be at the main gate at exactly half-past five."

"All right. I'll do my very best to get there."

"And Joan-"

"Yes?"

"Have a really good time this summer. Take it easy and keep that brother of yours away from his books for a while."

"I'll try to do both, Del. But the same to you."

"Oh, don't worry about me," Del chuckled, "I'm going wandering. Dad has to make a business trip to Mexico City and he's agreed to take me with him." He let the car roll to an easy stop at the Union and opened the door. "Well, till fall then, Joan. Have a good time and adios!"

"Have a grand trip, Del. 'Bye!" Joan hurried into the building. Amid a hum of excitement Joan found her party around a big table. Hugh looked quite himself and Mr. Bishop, joking continuously, was enjoying everything. With her mother and father looking happy and carefree, Joan's own spirits rose.

"Joan," Mr. Bishop tried to make himself heard over the clatter and roar that went on about them, "your father and mother and I have had several little talks together and we've come to some very fine decisions. You know I've that big log cabin at Huntington Lake, and Don and I are always a bit lonely in it. So your father finally accepted an invitation for all of you to join us there this summer, that is, if you haven't made other plans. You and Don and Hugh should be able to think up a lot of ways of entertaining each other. And you all need a good rest. As for me, I'm selfish. A good partner at chess is my idea of perfection, and your father is a worthy opponent. Then, too, there are a few little things I want to talk over with Hugh. We're both interested in law, and I've had my eye on this young man for a long time. I understand that the successful conclusion of that case his Palo Alto friend was fighting was partially due to the painstaking effort Hugh put into the research work."

"Yes, that's what he told Hugh. Oh, a summer up at the lake will do him a world of good, and, as for me, it's just perfect!"

"And Joan," Don interposed eagerly, "I've got an idea for another house. You're elected to help with the decorations. It'll be even better than the one that's already done. Look," he attempted to sketch with his fork on the table cloth, "a covered terrace with French doors, and on this side by the garage, a patio with—"

"Oh," Mr. Bishop groaned in feigned dismay, "why didn't I insist on his being a lawyer? Life would have been so much more simple! You know, Joan," he confided with a rueful smile, "Don attempts to sell me the idea of remodeling our house every time I see him. He'll wear my resistance down if he keeps it up. Could you use your influence and help me save my little cubbyhole of a den? And the house if—"

"Aw, that's using unfair tactics," Don protested.

"Besides, that's only part of the story. Dad doesn't mention what happened the last time I tried to put across the idea. He was even more amiable than usual, and he tentatively approved all the changes. Then he confided in me. He told me that the reason for his seeming distrust of my plans was that I hadn't any really practical experience. Drawing, of course, but no experience with actual construction, and that if I could show him—" Don shook his head disgustedly. "Before I knew it he had me putting up shelves, fixing the stairs, and before I woke up and found out Dad had gotten the best of that encounter I could mentally count the blisters on my hands and my back— Ouch!"

"It seems," Joan turned quizzical eyes in Mr. Bishop's direction, "that this is too even a contest for me to take sides. In fact, you are getting slightly the better of it without anyone's help!"

"Well, maybe," he conceded with a cheerful grin. "After all, what's the use of being a lawyer if I can't

win an argument with my own son?" Leaning back comfortably, he lit his cigar. "Have to show him that his Dad can still keep up with the young fellows."

"What do you say to our making one last tour of the campus?" Hugh suggested. "We won't have much time later on and—"

"Great idea," his father interrupted. "We'll have plenty of time before the exercises."

So, crowded with the others into Mr. Bishop's car, Joan passed the familiar spots with the feeling that she had known them always.

* * *

Seated on the terraced seats of the amphitheatre later that afternoon the pageantry of the Commencement exercises unfolded before their eyes.

"There he is, Joan. See him?" Joan's mother reached across Mr. Whitney and touched her on the arm. "Fourth from the left over by the trees."

Joan smiled back at her, and then tried to distinguish her brother among the black gowned seniors grouped on the grass covered stage ready to receive their diplomas. On all sides, the green walls of the amphitheatre rose to shut them into a little world of dreamlike beauty. Nature had been brought to perfection here with studied skill.

A shiver of excitement ran down Joan's spine. This was it. This was the goal that she was working toward—that Hugh had reached. Or was it?

"The University has given you a diploma, not so much as a certificate of work done as an admission ticket to new opportunities and to new possibilities—" the words of Stanford's President, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur crisply broke the stillness as he addressed the graduates.

"That's it," Joan exclaimed to herself. "It's not the end. It's the beginning, the real beginning. Next year we'll—" with a start she brought her attention back to the scene.

"A man must learn that his own backbone is his best support. Leaning on others is the prerogative of the weak. There is no substitute for will power. Education, money, opportunity amount to but little without the trained will of the man behind them. The man who ambles along with the crowd, unthinking and without initiative, is on his way to be shorn with his companion sheep. With us majorities rule; so we must not be content to be with the majority, but we must, as educated men and women, help to see that the decision of the majority is right. Only righteous decisions are durable. In spite of its terrible inadequacies and awful blunders, civilization is working steadily toward higher levels and greater light." The firm, sincere voice of the President continued, carrying before it the approval and respect of an attentive and sympathetic audience.

During the applause which followed the President's speech, Joan looked about her again. There were Bobby

and Butch with a mother and father and two sisters equally as chubby and cheery-looking as they, seated just below; a group of Alphas whose parents had not come. Some of Hugh's friends were to the right of her under a tree and with several Roble girls.

On the stage, the seniors were slowly moving before Dr. Wilbur. Each received, with a bow and nod and mumbled, "Thank you," his or her precious sheepskin. There was Hugh at last, and at the look on his face, Joan's own happiness seemed to pale. She had, until now, resented his illness, that after a happy four years he should have had to fight off illness during his last term. But at this moment it seemed to her that he might have gained a new and different kind of strength, a self-reliance that would carry him through any trouble he might meet. Perhaps too, he valued this diploma just a little more now because the struggle had been so bitter to attain it.

After an exuberant ten minutes as the exercises closed and the spectators left their seats in a surge toward the stage to greet the graduates, the group finally emerged from the amphitheatre a bit out of breath.

"We'll drop you off at Roble, Joan," Mr. Bishop decided, "then we'll take Hugh up to his house to get his bag. We'll pick you up again on the way back. All right?"

"That's perfect. I want to say goodby to a couple of the girls anyway."

In her room, Joan found Bobby who was walking

around a bit impatiently, crunching a big apple.

"Gosh, I thought you'd never get here," she exclaimed at the sight of Joan. "I've been waiting—and waiting—and waiting— Why I almost ran out of supplies," she nodded toward a bag that had once held the apple and its brethren. "Saxon and Geneve were here a moment ago. They said they'd drop back. But now, I have to rush myself. Mom and Dad are waiting."

"It's been grand having you in this suite, Bobby," Joan spoke impulsively. "But next fall it will be even better. We'll be all together again. Have a good time and—oh, I didn't see Butch! Well, you tell him goodby for me, will you?"

"Right. And Joan-"

"Yes?"

"You're rather nice to have around, too. Especially," Bobby's eyes twinkled impishly, "when you have extra blouses hidden about."

"Scat!" Joan laughing, stamped her foot. "'Bye!" For a moment or two Joan had peace, and she quickly packed the remaining few things in her suitcase.

"Hi! Ready to go?"

At the question, Joan turned to find Sandra watching. "Now that's what I call real packing. I had to buy another bag to fit all of my junk in, and then it all wouldn't go. So," Sandra's voice rang with triumph and self-satisfaction, "I finally fixed everything. Just

drove my gas buggy up to the door and dumped an armful of things in the rumble seat!"

"Going home alone?" Joan asked, amused at the simple solution.

"No. Some friends of Mother's are going up to San Francisco with me. Four ladies."

"But won't some of them have to ride in back?"

"Of course. We all can't sit up front. I'll put two of them in the rumble—oh, Joan!" Sandra sank down on the bed. "What'll I do? They're the kind who absolutely insist on everything being just exactly as it should be. Wait till they tell Mother!" She groaned at the thought.

"Can't you take your things out of the car?"

"Down there? It's like Market Street during the five o'clock rush!"

"Oh, I've got it! Your compartment for carrying golf clubs opens into the back also, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but my clubs are in it already."

"Take them out. No one can criticize you for that. Then shove the other stuff forward from the back and you're all set."

"Grand! I'm saved! My reputation for neatness will be preserved untarnished." Sandra clapped her hands gleefully.

"Not quite. You have to do it first," Joan reminded. "And you better hurry or your guests will be there first."

"Oh, they can't!" Sandra almost howled and ran for the door. "G'bye and thanks!"

"Where on earth is she going?" Saxon, who had narrowly avoided being knocked down, demanded from the doorway.

"Down to her car," Joan explained, hurriedly relating the incident. "Where are you spending your vacation, Saxon?"

"With Geneve and her mother. You know," she reflected, "I think we're going to end by not only being relatives, but good friends into the bargain."

"I'm glad for you. And for Geneve, too. Does she think that she passed the exams all right?"

"Yes. Western Civilization was her only real stumbling block and she asked about that. She's all right academically. But I don't know whether the girls are going to accept her into the fold as easily as we expected."

"Don't fret about it," Joan said decisively. "It'll take a little time but she'll be all right now. After all, it's just not human nature for everyone to welcome her with open arms after they've been snubbed a few times. She'll have a fresh start in the fall though."

"I hope you're right, and I think you are."

"But, Saxon, I've got to run along now. The folks are probably waiting for me downstairs. Tell Geneve goodbye for me, and forget everything except having fun this summer. You surely deserve it."

"You, too, Joan. Well, so long till fall."

"Adios!"

Beside Hugh in the car once more, Joan leaned back contentedly. It had been the happiest day in a long, long time. A full year of Stanford behind her—a year of work and play, fun and sorrow—a year that was only the beginning, and a taste of what the future would bring. Glancing sidewise at Hugh, she found him gazing straight ahead as they went up the drive—not only seeing the campus, but memories of past years.

As they approached the gate, Joan suddenly remembered. Del! Hurriedly she looked at her watch! Five twenty-eight! A little bewildered and puzzled at her request, Mr. Bishop stopped the car and Joan got out with Don and Hugh following. There was still no sight of Del, but a minute later a small yellow dot appeared in the sky. Closer and closer it came out of the west in a long fast swooping dive that brought it overhead. It was the plane Del usually flew, and as he circled above Joan could see him wave. It was Del's way of saying goodby or "Happy Landings."

Back once more in the car they watched the little ship gliding lower toward the airport, and, as it passed the Palo Alto Tree, the two presented an emblematic picture of Stanford—the background of centuries of history and culture that the huge tree had watched pass in review, and man's latest achievement.

"To the future!" Joan spoke softly to herself, "to Stanford, and to all of us. Happy landings!"











